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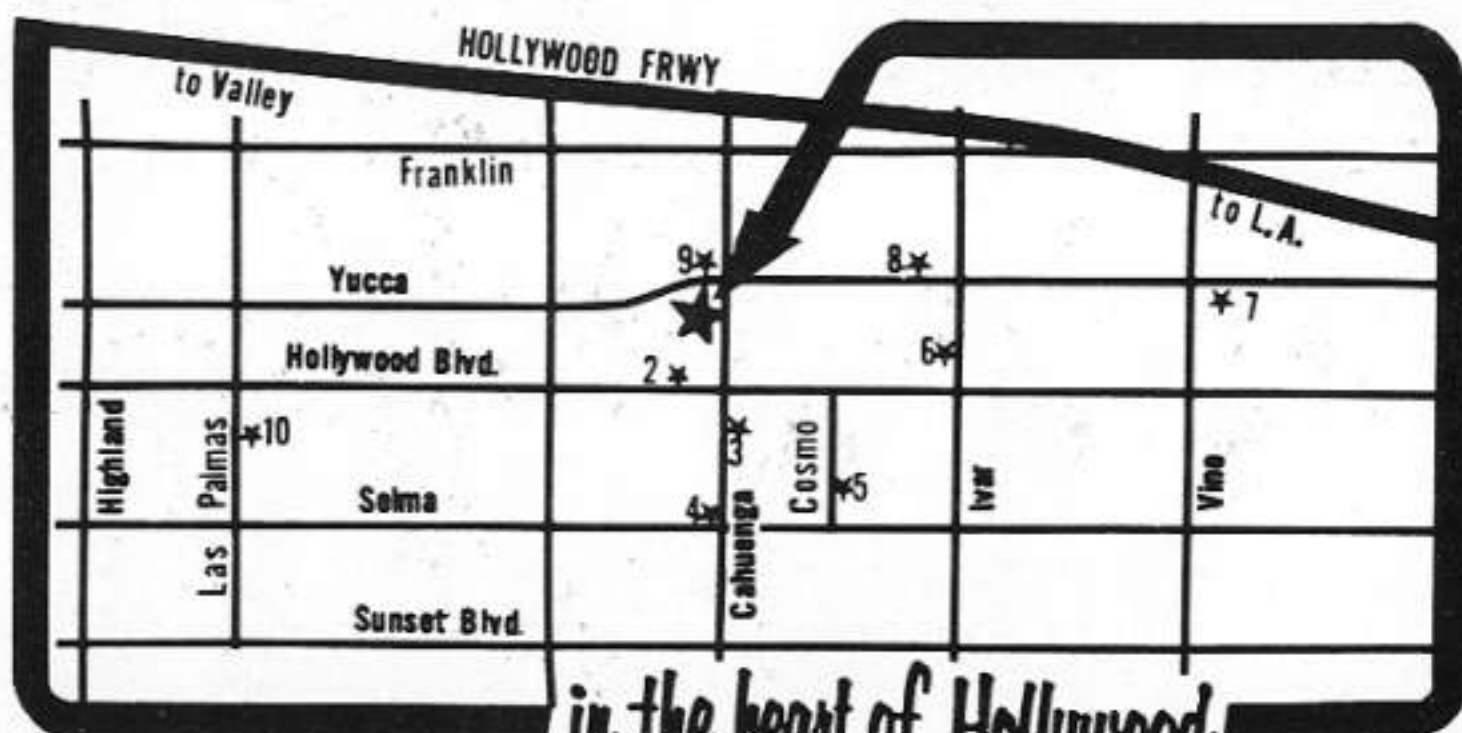
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ISSUE 16



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page 18

IN TOUCH



ISSUE 16



page 28



page 33



page 44



page 89

IN THIS ISSUE:

- 5 Keeping IN TOUCH
- 8 Speaking of IN TOUCH
- 12 IN TOUCH With The Stars: *By Roger Asquith*
- 14 Short Story—Chance Encounter: *By Robert Bentley*
- 18 Things Look Swell For Mama Rose: *By Douglas Dean*
- 22 IN TOUCH Across The Country:
 - Detroit—My Church Stands Accused: *By Brian McNaught*
 - Douglas Dean's Bay Area Beat
 - Los Angeles: Big Time At Studio One *by Glen Spencer*
- 30 Another Look At History: *By Jim Kepner*
- 33 Special Report—Me Tarzan: *By John Marvin*
- 38 I.T. Arts and Entertainment:
 - Theatre: *Allan Leopold*
 - Films: *John Marvin/Burton Stevens/Allan Leopold*
 - Music: *Burton Stevens*
- 44 Discovery—Ed Haney—A Perfect Form For Art: *By Tod Johnson*
- 50 Wide is the Way: *By Douglas Dean*
- 55 The Oscar: *By Hugh Harrison*
- 59 Rising Star: Craig Russell *by Drew Hamilton*
- 62 Fashion: A Weekend in the Country: *By Bill Arsenault*
- 70 Buzzby's —Not Just Another Bar: *By Drew Hamilton*
- 74 Latter Day Garden of Eden
- 89 Journey—Introducing Ric Ketchum: *By Frank Carlson*

Editor in Chief: *Phil Townsend*

Managing Editor: *Gerry Carroll*

Graphics: *Nielson*

Distribution & Advertising: *Phillip Butler 213—466-6333*

Subscriptions: *Gloria Haber 213—466-6335*

Editorial Assistants: *Douglas Dean—San Francisco*

Hy Chase, Hugh Harrison, Jim Kepner—L.A.

Allan Leopold—Theatre

Manuscripts, drawings and photographs may be submitted to the editorial division of IN TOUCH, Post Office Box 1228, Hollywood, California 90028 and return postage must accompany all submissions if they are to be returned. All rights in letters to IN TOUCH shall be assigned to the publication and may be edited and commented on editorially.

IN TOUCH, Issue 16 (February/March 1975), is published bi-monthly by IN TOUCH, Inc., 256 South Robertson Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California 90211. (C) 1975. Publication of the name, photograph, or likeness of any person or organization in articles or advertising in IN TOUCH is not to be construed as any indication of the

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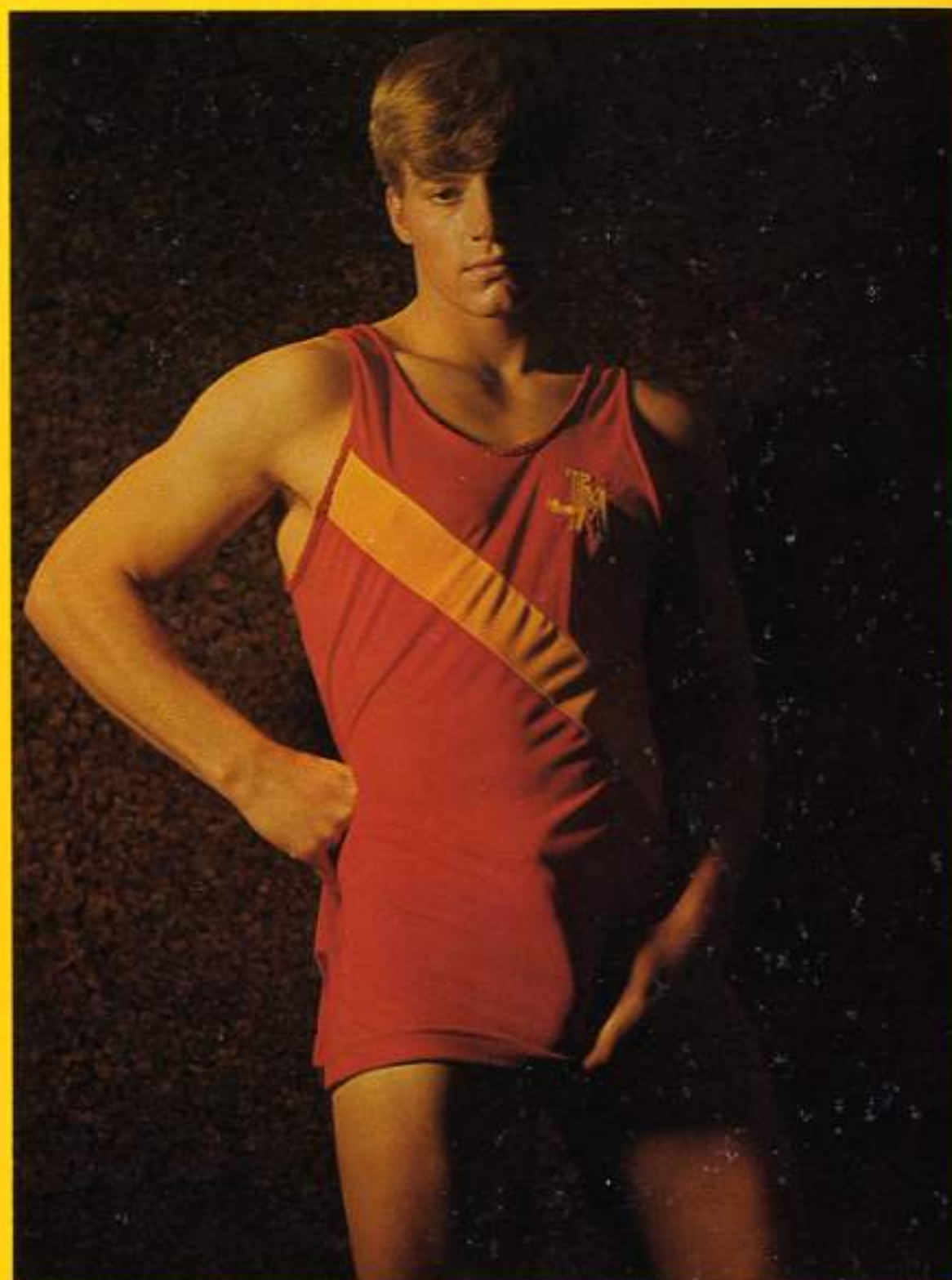
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KEEPING *In Touch*

Dear In Touch,

I have the September issue of IN TOUCH, and must say as a retired person I enjoy the magazine very much. Recently I saw a movie called "Papillon." In one scene a very good looking boy, played a homosexual role and was openly groped. Could you tell me who played the part. The movie itself was very interesting.

Thanks,

John Mickey

The Motion Picture Academy library tells us the part was played by Robert Deman, portraying a homosexual convict—Maturette.

—Ed.

Dear Sirs:

Here is my renewal for IN TOUCH. I don't want to miss a copy. IN TOUCH has gotten better and better and this month (Sept.) is super from cover to cover. Although your discovery, Wally, is still the best in my opinion, John Millious comes close. Douglas Dean's story was so personally written — he was so attracted to John that the whole article seemed sharper and more real. Keep up the good work. Mark, you may not really have thought much about the short note you put in with the renewal information to answer my question, but it made IN TOUCH seem more real to read the note from a real person bringing it to us each month. Thanks!!! The world is so impersonal that a touch of personality helps tremendously.

Sincerely,

John K. Lay

P.S. Sometimes the stories don't quite pin down whether the guy is gay or not. I'd rather know in plain terms.

When circumstances permit we'll try to pin that point down for you a little more firmly.

—Ed.

Dear In Touch,

Let me start by saying I love your magazine! It's the first openly gay publication I was not ashamed to buy or insulted in reading. I'm glad IN TOUCH recognizes there is more to life than sex, camp, and bitterness. Your sections on the home, food, and health offer an invaluable guide to singles — straight and gay, alike. However, there are a few small points I would like to make:

1) I'm sad in seeing so many special reports on old stars, glitter—Hollywood, and nostalgia. Although they are excellently written and educational, they offer little to us of importance which will improve the readers day to day life. How about articles on auto repair (tune ups, minor things like that), do-it-yourself home repairs (TV's, coffee pots, fuses, etc.)

2) Why not more in-depth gay-related articles (What is GCSC?, what about its \$1.5 million federal grant!? What is SPREE? MCC? etc.) These articles need not be radical/militant, to be educational.

My experience from talking to some friends is that some gay papers are too radical to appeal to the massive majority of gays, who wish only to co-exist. We gays need no more hatred poured into us, than we already feel toward society.

This is why IN TOUCH has such appeal to us non-radicals, and has so much potential as a leading publication.

You could help guide the gays into more productive, less frivolous lifestyles, with less impatience, transciency, and impersonality.

It is depressing to see so many 30-year-old guys existing day-to-day, on petty jobs, because there hasn't been an input of incentive, pride, and understanding. I can see this already, and I'm only 21.

Respectively,

R. Bryant,
Glendale

Dear RC,

Stay with IN TOUCH for bigger and better things in future issues. What you ask for we'll deliver.

—Ed.

Dear Friends at IN TOUCH:

Your SURVEY suggests an opportunity I want to expand, hence this letter.

You're making it safe for successful gay people to come out publicly through the "interview" sections in each issue. By "safe" I mean comfortable and right and natural. As you gain more national acceptance and recognition, your function as such a platform will become more and more important.

Your content is moving more toward a balance of elements, and away from the heavy, single focus "homosexual" approach of your competition. You're appealing to the total interest range of the gay person. The more you do of that, the better, from my point of view.

But one thing bothers me. It's best shown by your cover and article on Marc Singer.

Such attention, even the interview alone, IMPLIES that he is gay, but the text leaves that question begging. I don't think that's fair to him or to us, your readers. We ARE a special audience and we DO want to know. In your interviews — and that includes your DISCOVERY articles, too — I, for one, want to have the question ASKED. In fact, the question is much more important than the answer.

It can be asked in such a way that the interviewee can come out or cop out gracefully. For instance: "Our readers are naturally interested in your own preferences when it comes to love and close personal relationships. Do you feel you can share that with us?" Give us, the readers, the opportunity to see where that person is in terms of interest, honesty and personal development. To put it as a slogan:

Don't tease us, please us.

All the best, and here's to a long and happy association.

Gordon Daniels

Editor, In Touch:

Allan Leopold's "Marlboro Country" is one more example of the sick nature of rodeo.

There are few things more pathetic than these so-called "men" who cause harrassment, and oftentimes injury, to their animal victims. Mr. Leopold has, in effect, given his approval to such events by writing an article which completely fails to seriously consider the plight of the

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animals involved.

The text of the article confirms that
rodeo participants are among the least
sensitive of human beings. They say that
they are in the business for the money, the
glory, and to "conquer" the animals. If
this sheer exploitation of animals is truly
part of our "great American heritage", as
Mr. Leopold states, we are a country of
people far less civilized than I had
suspected.

Sincerely,

Gary Del Mastro



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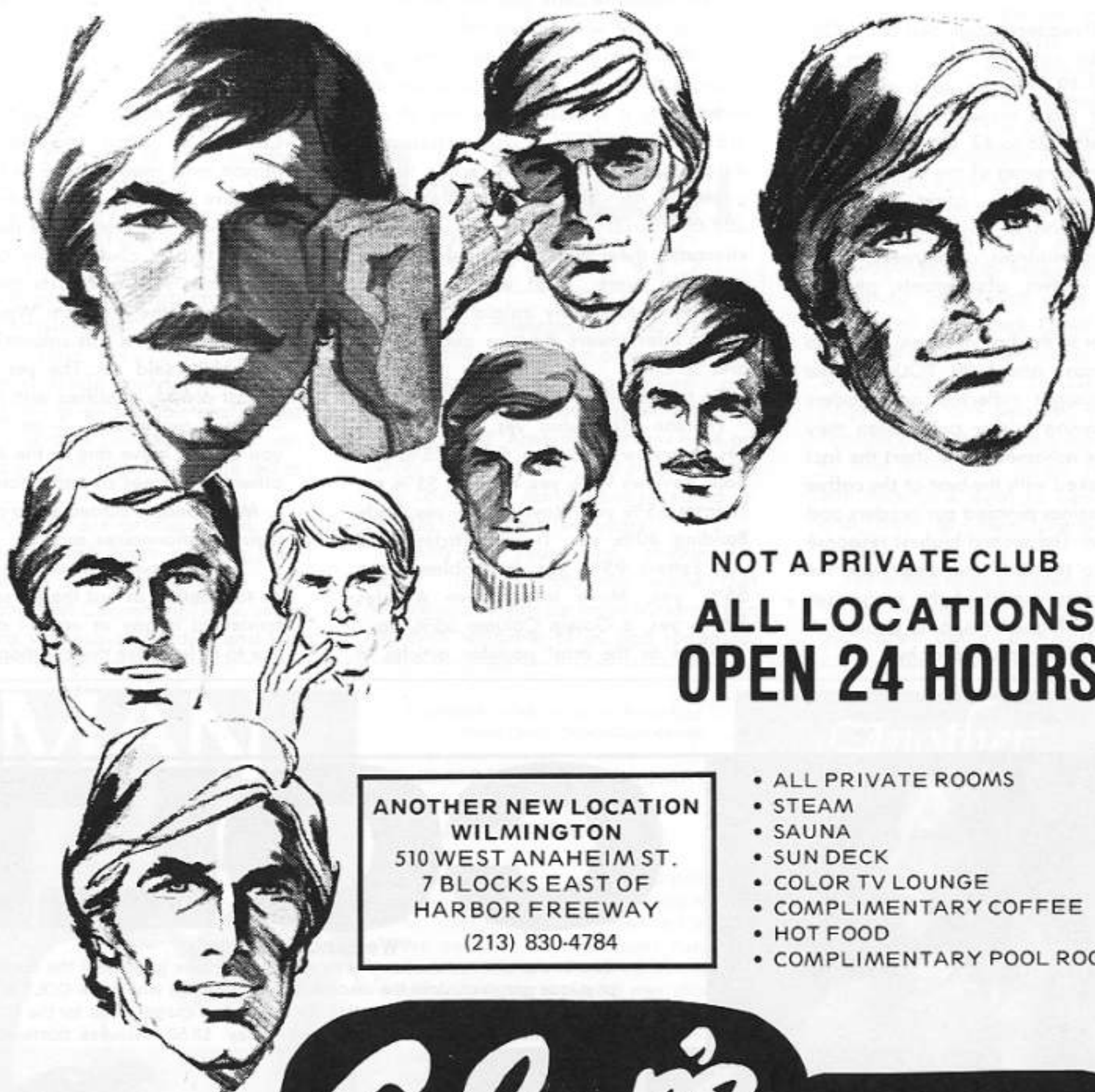
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..... ASK YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT GLEN'S

SPEAKING OF InTouch

Over 100 readers responded to our October survey varying in ages from the youngest of 19 — to the oldest of 70. The majority of those responding fell in the age bracket of 26 to 42. Our readers are quite a fair sampling of the occupational scale, varying from cooks, teachers, students, janitors, lawyers, doctors, retired professionals, engineers, psychologists, writers, accountants, and on and on.

In answer to the first question: What do you like most about IN TOUCH? The highest response reflected our readers pride in having a gay publication they need not be ashamed of. In short the fact that I.T. ranked with the best of the coffee table magazines pleased our readers and they said so. The second highest response was akin to the first and dealt with the gay-awareness aspect of the magazine, and the third highest response dealt with the quality of the photography.

To the question: What do you like least about I.T.? The highest response was "nothing" — or "I can't fault it" — while we appreciate our readers enthusiasm we must look for criticism which will help us improve our publication. The second highest response dealt with two factors — the quality of writing and the volume of ads. While we are continually looking to improve the first — the second is not only a necessity it is close to the life of any magazine. Without advertising a magazine would soon cease to be published. While we try to balance our ads to a certain degree it is impossible to eliminate them altogether. Some other responses were: "Not enough nudes," "You have too many insipid interviews," "Your interviewers have a cutse style," and so on.

To the question: Would you like to see:
Fashion 90% said yes, Fiction 85% yes, Interviews 90% yes, Satire 75% yes, Book Reviews 90% yes, Records 55% no, Theatre 55% yes, Movies 60% yes, Body Building 80% yes, Travel Articles 95% yes, Letters 95% yes, a Problem Page 55% yes, More Informative Articles 100% yes, a Gossip Column 55% no.

Listed as the most popular articles in

the October issue were:

Discovery: Dennis Coats — All This . . . And Funny Too by Hugh Harrison. Rising Stars: In Search of Gay Heroes by Neal Weaver. Personality: Marc Singer in the Classic Mold by Allan Leopold. Ideas: Gay Unity — Its Values and Problems by Jim Kepner.

Listed as the most unpopular article was

Special Report — Sports: Marlboro Country by Allan Leopold. The basic reason most readers gave us for their displeasure with this article seemed to be that it was not relevant to the gay scene — or that it could easily be found in magazines such as Sports Illustrated.

Lastly to the question: Would you like to see a personal ads column? 49% said yes, 51% said no. The yes votes were almost always qualified with if "you do it — don't get trashy" — or "I really feel you should leave this to the Advocate or other magazines already doing it."

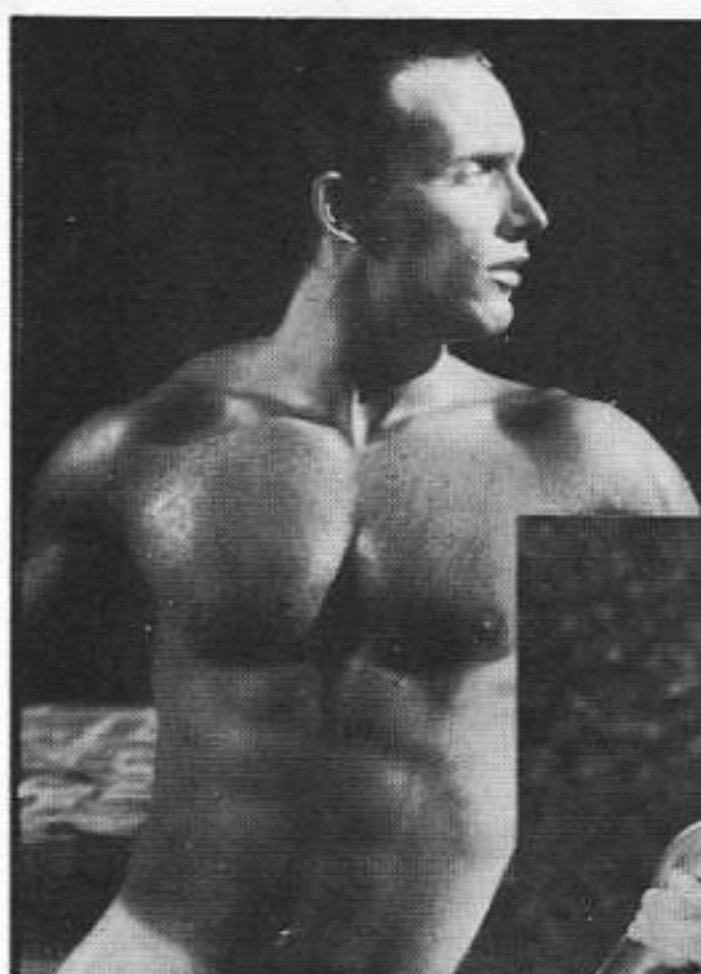
Many people added extra comments to their questionnaires such as:

"Your interviews leave me wondering as to whether or not the person being interviewed is gay or not — and I would like to at least see the question asked even

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if it is not answered."

"It would be neat if you went through some of the old movies that show on TV, too. Brief reviews of films that aren't gay oriented: so we have a feel for what's just good entertainment. And new flicks that are coming up on TV for the first time."

Re: Body Building: "Yes, how about something more on the proper diet and nutrition, not just 'body building.' How about a section on home made beauty aids (if you'll pardon the expression) like oils & herbs that help the skin whether taken internally or externally."

"I've really enjoyed articles that explore some aspect of gay life or gay sex or health or whatever. Gay psychology and helping gays with problems relating to their hassles and exploitation in 'straight' society."

And we've really enjoyed conducting this survey. It's given us some real insight into our readers' minds. We've implemented many changes and more still to come.

Soon to come are articles about: The Gay National Task Force and the Electronic Media, Job Discrimination and Gays, a Financial Column for Gays, some outstanding Community Leaders and Ris-

ing Stars and more. We've initiated an IN TOUCH across the country with regular features about Chicago, L.A., New York, San Francisco and watch out — we may feature your city or town next month! We'll have a story on gay prisoners — another story on gay lawyers — and we won't stop until we bring you — IN TOUCH — with as much as possible in the ever active gay community we live in.

Editor.

IN TOUCH COMMENTS

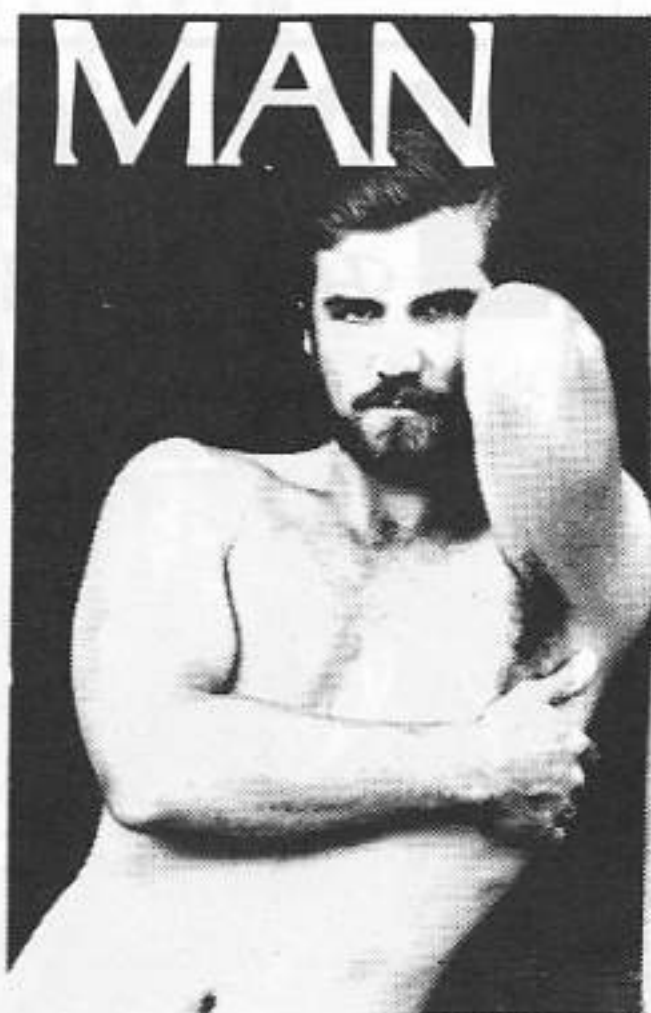
America's movement for Gay freedom, dignity and cohesiveness grew slowly from its Los Angeles beginning 25 years ago until 1966 when it spread rapidly out into the heartland. Amazing changes have occurred in the character and position of the Gay community during that time and especially in the last five years.

Twenty-five years ago, though Dr. Kinsey had just told the world that homosexuality was far more common than the most sanguine of us had supposed,

what we recognized as the Gay community was relatively small and secretive. There were plenty Gay bars, rarely owned and operated by Gays, and they featured a lot of sentimental sing-alongs around the piano, a lot of groping and kissing, sometimes a drag show — but never any kind of poster on the wall that identified with Gay interests. If you identified yourself as Gay, you were expected to be "obvious," otherwise you were thought of as "rough trade" or some such. Gay bars catering to masculine types were pretty rare, and I know of no one who knew of any leather-bars before about 1957.

There was no Gay press. The small publications being issued in Amsterdam, Hamburg and Zurich were unknown to almost all Americans. Other publications mentioned the subject only when there was a campaign to clean up sex degenerates and perverts, and even the handful of books on the subject were hard to find, technically illegal to possess (if you weren't a legal or medical student) and most of them pretty depressing anyhow.

There had been a dozen or so attempts to get some sort of organization or publication going, but most Gays were



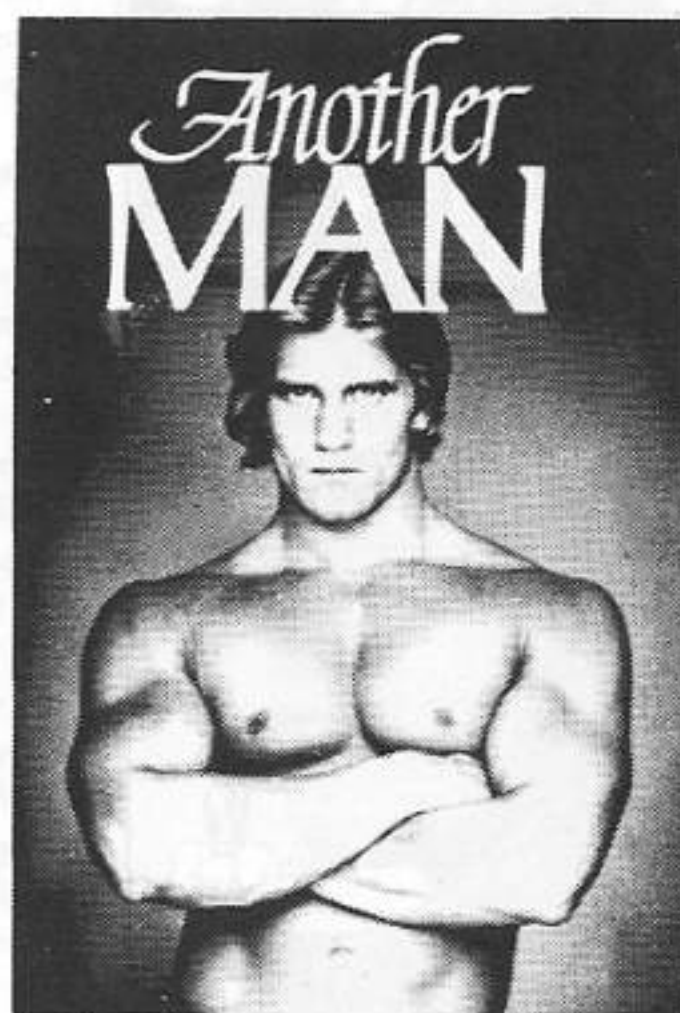
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convinced with very good reason that anyone joining such efforts would be likely to spend time in prison for it. They also felt that Gays couldn't get together anyhow.

The first organization and the first magazine to be sold openly espousing the Gay cause were tremendously exhilarating, but small, and bearing all the disadvantages of smallness and inherent fearfulness of most of their supporters. They were brassy, but as is often the case when the problem is vast and many-faceted, these tiny groups couldn't find ways to get any solid grip on the problem. So new groups came along, several generations of new groups, with new approaches, new languages, new philosophies.


But the work paid off. A gain here and a boost there. Whole new segments of the Gay community, previously invisible even to most of us, came out in the open. We won a few small legal victories, then bigger ones. One state changed its laws with very moderate help from our movement, but it took almost ten more years for several other states to follow suit. A small percent of Gays arrested (particularly in raids) began to fight back, and — what was previously unheard of — many of them won their cases. Gay spokesmen appeared on radio or TV programs perhaps a dozen times during the 1950's — in the whole of the U.S. By the mid-1960's, they were appearing more often than that each year, and now I would estimate that Gay spokesmen appear somewhere in the country on TV or radio more often each day than in all the decade of the 1950's, and what they say is more open, and far less detracted by antagonistic or idiotic questions by the moderator.

In 1967, while a National Conference of Homophile Organizations was meeting in semi-secrecy at Georgetown University, we went in delegations to speak to several congressmen and a few senators — and some of us told even the most liberal legislators that of course we wouldn't expect them to make an open commitment on this subject. Now we are getting such commitments each year even from politicians not likely to win our support. Several major candidates have openly espoused our cause, and won coming from behind. We've lost a few, but our score has been good.

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continued on page 82

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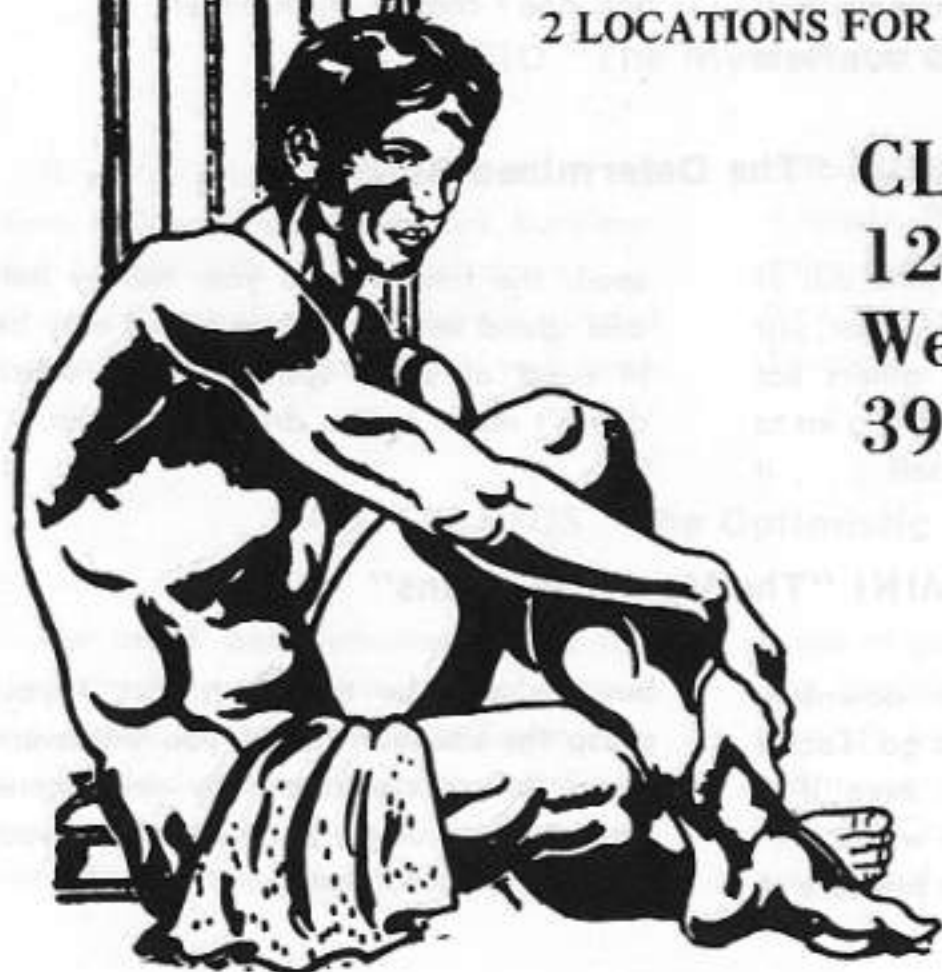
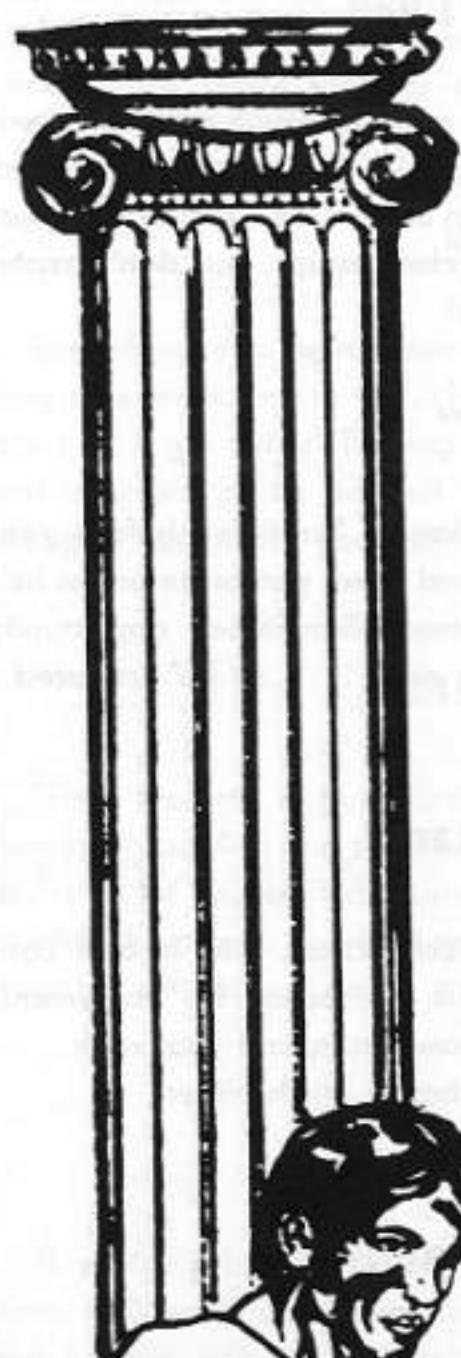
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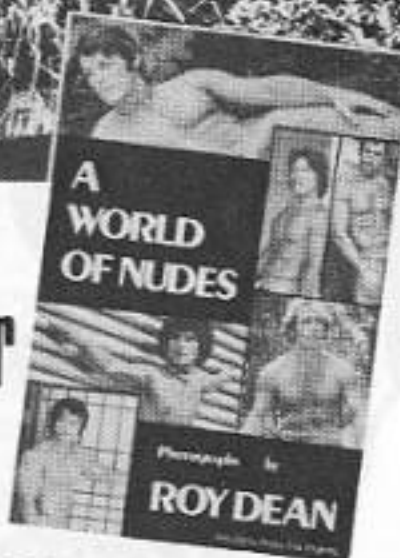
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COMPLETE ROY DEAN CATALOG 50c

IN TOUCH WITH THE STARS

CAPRICORN "The Ambitious Goat"

Your keen observation and insight will allow you to see things from another angle and save you much hardship. Your employer may find you have much more to offer than he at first anticipated, but

don't take this the wrong way. You may be in line for an expensive gift . . . with a little string attached . . . but don't bite off more than you can chew.

AQUARIUS "The Lover of Life"

Chances are you will meet a special person this month, nevertheless beware of strangers bearing gifts. Take a few chances when they arise, but don't expect too much. Some friends will hide their

light under a bush, which means you will have to dig a little deeper to enjoy what they have to offer. Don't hesitate to enjoy your new relationships, but don't expect them to last.

PISCES "The Dreamer"

Many will advise you to watch your step this month, it's good advice. Stick to your old friends, however if a new and interesting subject appears near at hand and offers you companionship, it's worth

taking a chance. Scrutinize before your fraternize and never patronize unless he's under eighteen. Remember opportunity only knocks once . . . so be prepared.

ARIES "The Adventurous Ram"

Sporting events will take up some of your time this month and you will have ample energy to cope, but save some for nocturnal affairs and never leave yourself too pooped to pop. A new job may loom

on the horizon, check into it and contemplate. 'Tis the season for enjoyment, but watch how you spend your cash . . . and don't charge much either.

TAURUS "The Determined Bull"

Your appetite may get a little out of hand, especially for food and liquor, just watch the waistline and let others eat themselves into oblivion. You have a lot to offer, don't keep it to yourself . . . it

spoils the fun. Tighten your money belt and spend wisely. A close friend may be in need of some spiritual help, which doesn't mean he's a drunk, help him.

GEMINI "The Versatile Twins"

Daydreaming can be your downfall, you need a lot of get up and go. Tackle the problems as they arise, even if it means taking things in hand which normally are done elsewhere. The pressure of

business may be too much, but if you grasp the situation firmly, you will overcome. Your sex partner may need more coaxing than usual, but never fear, you will rise to the occasion.

CANCER "The Emotional Crab"

Watch how you distribute your time this month, always complete your normal routine and leave the extra marital affairs until later. Your emotions and other assets are high, so enjoy, but don't overdo it. A

close friend may become even closer, encourage the relationship and never fall asleep on the job. A little intimacy lowers the heating bill.

LEO "The Proud Lion"

Be on the look out for unexpected guest this month. It's the time to renew old relationships, but new ones can also be very stimulating if you know where to look. Many advise that for things to be

done right, you should do them yourself, however it becomes quite a drag after awhile. Take chances and let someone else have a go.

VIRGO "Nature's Child"

Something you have been wanting a long time will come to you, cherish it and don't let it get away. Turning over a new leaf may not be as difficult as you first thought, you know you have some bad

habits that need changing. Show a bold front when friends ask your advice. You have a lot to offer and the wise ones will take it. Don't be shy.

LIBRA "The Beautiful One"

This is the time to put a little organization into your life and hold in check your desire to let yourself go. Money won't be as plentiful as you are used to, but a little frugality will do you good. A close friend

will seek favors from you, give until it hurts, he's worth it, but don't lend him any money. Avoid arguments, they sap your strength.

SCORPIO "The Mysterious One"

If you're planning to move this is the time. Business deals should click, but never get caught with your pants down . . . financially speaking . . . there is a Judas around waiting to stab you in your bank

account. You will have a lot of energy, use it wisely. Playing ball doesn't always involve a spherical rubber sphere and oft times can be a lot more fun. Watch out for Taureans.

SAGITTARIUS "The Optimistic Archer"

The ardor and enthusiasm of a fire sign, together with the joviality of the ruling planet, Jupiter, makes the Sagittarian a well liked person. Eager to travel and explore, he never misses a chance to find out what's at the end of the rainbow, be it

a pot of gold . . . or just pot. But check any impulse this month for wild adventure, it's best to stick close to home and warm your affections at a friend's fireside. Check your impulse to be blunt, it could lead to misunderstanding.

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D.D.
The Mark of Quality



CHANCE ENCOUNTER

By Robert Bentley

On Friday evening, there's serious drinking done at the Plaza's Oak Room in New York. Other nights, it's a place for a quick one before the train. On Friday, people settle down, feeling less rushed because of the leisure days ahead.

Bill McKenzie sat at the bar with his third scotch. He was a young man with a boyish face, shirted in the latest deep stripes. It came to him as he nuzzled the glass that a man across the rectangular bar was watching him closely. He was surprised to realize he had not seen it before. Now that he did, he knew just how long it had been going on.

He happened on the man's gaze again and there was nothing to do but offer a light smile. He gauged it carefully so as to honor the silent communication but not encourage. The man was not his type.

He gauged it wrong. After a decent interval, the man stood behind him. In so crowded a place, the movement was obvious only to Bill.

"If you're wondering why the ice cubes

are so clear, it's because they use distilled water."

He had been staring hard at them; the man behind was no novice at this sort of thing. Bill turned, reluctantly, on the stool. "I'd wondered, yes." He did not smile.

"They freeze them quickly, too. A lot faster than in a regular 'fridge. It forces the bubbles out."

"Is that a face?"

"You look like you could use some more. May I?" The man gestured to Bill's half-empty glass.

To Bill, it seemed half-full. "You needn't, you know."

"I know." The man summoned the bartender and there was a flurry while his check was brought over. Others nearby had left; the man sat next to Bill on a stool. They introduced themselves by first names. The man was in his forties, trim and muscular, handsome. His name was Evan. "Do you come here often, Bill?" he asked.

"No. Now and then."

"It's marvelously subtle, isn't it?" Evan stretched his neck, looking around, waiting to see if his fishing would be well received.

"Yes," Bill said simply.

Reassured, Evan looked more closely, intimately, at him. "Very noisy, though. Is there a quieter place you know of?"

Bill smiled. "You mean, like my place?"

Evan grinned broadly, helplessly. "If you insist."

Bill looked at him almost fondly. "I can't insist, Evan."

"No?"

"A matter of type," Bill shrugged. "Nothing personal, nothing against you. Just type."

Evan took it well; the pleasant, expectant look on his face faltered only slightly. "That's . . . too bad," he said after a moment.

"And I have a date tonight. A very important one."

"Tell me about him," Evan suggested, trying to resurrect a footing.

Others nearby were in their own conversations. Bill spoke softly. "It's a boy, a young boy. He's very beautiful. I met him a week ago on Fifty-third Street. The wind had blown something in his eye and it was hurting him. I helped him get it out."

"Patch a bird's broken wing and it'll live you for life," Evan nodded.

"We talked, had coffee in Paley Park. He's only sixteen, never done anything before."

"And tonight's the night."

Bill nodded. "We talked about it very openly. He wants to experience it. With me."

"He's lucky, Bill."

"Not really. I'm the lucky one. His folks are going out tonight and he wanted me to come there."

"And just how are you going to defile this beautiful young virgin?" Evan asked playfully.

"I don't know," Bill said. "We'll find a level somewhere. We got very close in just that one meeting."

"It can happen."

Bill thought for a moment. "I know what I'd like to do with him," he said quietly.

"Tell, tell."

Bill whispered in his ear.

"Oh, wow!" Evan grinned, delighted. "And I'll bet he'll love every minute of it."

"I hope so," Bill smiled.

They lapsed into silence and their drinks for a moment. Evan asked with his hand and his expression if Bill wanted another.

"No, I've got to go soon."

"Can I call you sometime? See how it turned out?"

"Of course." Bill reached into his suit coat for a pen and wrote his number on the bar napkin. "And yours?" he asked, handing Evan the pen.

"I'm sorry, I can't," Evan said. "I'm married, and have a child. It means being very careful. Not that you'd do anything stupid, but . . ."

"I understand." Bill took the last of his drink and eased off the stool. They shook hands.

"Good luck," Evan said. "Make him love it."

Two hours dragged unmercifully at the apartment, getting himself ready. Bill straightened, too. They would probably end up here. He certainly wasn't going to make it with little Marty Stone at his apartment. It had happened, once, to a friend of his at the Waldorf. The parents came back right in the middle of things

and his friend had fled, leaving the poor kid from Minneapolis with his pants down around his ankles to explain. They had laughed over that story often, which was unkind.

But it had made Bill cautious. Marty had agreed that if anything happened, they would say Bill was a student teacher at his school. But then, nothing would.

He was precisely on time at the Park Avenue apartment, hoping that Marty's folks had been prompt in their dinner and theatre date with friends. The moment he rang the doorbell, he knew it was bad. From close within the apartment he heard a woman's voice. "Oh, dear," it said.

His first instinct was to dash away, wait in hiding in a stairwell until they left, but the door opened before he could even complete that thought. She stood, dressed smartly for the evening, a questioning look on her face.

"Is Marty Stone here?" he heard himself saying.

"Why, yes . . ." she began, confused, and then behind her Marty came into view. Bill was impressed with how well he did it.

"Mom, this is Mr. McKenzie, one of the junior teachers at school. We were going to go over some things in math."

"Oh," she smiled graciously, stepping back, inviting him into the hall. "We're in an awful rush, Mr. McKenzie. Will you excuse me?" She made for the bedroom.

Marty gave him a childish, exasperated look and then, in this moment of privacy, gave in to Bill's smile and his face became a new thing, washed with anticipation and excitement.

In the livingroom, Marty fidgeted, wishing his folks gone, thrown by the complication. "Would you like a coke or



something?" he asked.

Bill, too, felt strained. "Yes, thank you." He watched the boy disappear into the kitchen.

He felt someone behind him. Marty's father had come in from a bedroom, stood in the doorway adjusting a cufflink. Bill turned as the man spoke pleasantly. "Janet tells me you're here to . . ."

There was an awful, blinding moment of silence. It was Evan standing there, the link dangling from his cuff, his mouth an astonished canyon on a desolate face.

For a moment, Bill forgot to breathe, and the two men simply stared at one another. But others made them break away from this painful, silent confrontation. Marty came, carrying with great care a brimming glass of cola, to introduce his father from across the room; his mother brought a suit coat for her husband and fretted with her hair.

It was difficult to show nothing in this wild, confusing time. Marty's mother was pushing to go. Evan hesitated with guarded panic in his eyes, trying to think, to decide what to do, knowing he could not speak out. Bill, in one of their silent glances above the confusion where everyone talked and moved at once, tried to tell Evan with his eyes that it would be all right, that nothing would happen now, that he would honor the man with silence. He couldn't tell if Evan read it there, but he thought not.

His wife got them to the door. There was a moment of last minute instruction to Marty and she noticed the cufflink on the floor where her husband had dropped it. She fixed it quickly on his shirt, gently admonishing him.

For one instant as they headed out, one tiny instant, Evan could speak to Bill. His voice was quick, tight. "Please be careful." Then they were gone and Bill stared after them, remembering having whispered what now seemed vile things to Evan in the bar, remembering Evan's face as the most pathetic picture he'd ever seen.

When he turned back to the room, Marty was standing smiling by the coffee table, still holding the glass, his head cocked jauntily, expectantly. "Wow, what a righteous mess that was!" he said.

"Yeah," Bill agreed. It was better now; he could smile.

"Scared me. How about you?"

"Just bad timing, Marty. You got us out of it well."

Pride. Pride on a young face is

beautiful. I've done something well which pleases someone I like. "How about that math lesson? I had to think quick for that. It's my bad subject."

"They'll come home and expect you to be an expert."

"No," Marty snorted. "They know I'm pretty dumb about it." Then: "Would you like something to drink? I feel pretty silly standing here holding this."

"Put it down."

"Thank you," Marty feigned relief. He came to stand very near Bill. He was a head shorter and looked up into Bill's face. His arms reached out and he held Bill awkwardly around the middle. "What shall we do?" he asked after a moment.

"I would like to take a walk with you," Bill said carefully, spacing the words to give them emphasis.

Marty bent back, looking at him, his face screwed into a frown. "A walk?"

"Yes. A walk."

For perhaps the first time, Marty realized something was not as it should be. He struggled with it for a moment. "Okay," he said, but there was a condition in his voice.

Bill held him, then, for a moment. Tightly, snugly, wanting so much for his arms to be a home for the boy.

"Do I need a jacket?" Marty asked.

"No. It's warm."

They let themselves out; downstairs Marty traded banter with the doorman, introducing Bill.

They walked down Park. In the second block, Marty asked "What's the matter?"

"Nothing. I just thought maybe we should talk some more."

"Fine," Marty shrugged.

Another block happened.

"Well?" Marty asked.

"Are you sure this is what you want?" Bill looked sideways at him.

"I won't know until I've tried it, will I?" the boy said.

"There's a lot more to it than sex, Marty. You know that. We talked about that."

"Can't I worry about the rest of it later?"

"No," Bill said. "If you like it, what we do, then it's not so easy to come back. We've both got to be sure it's an experience you really want to have."

They were stopped by the traffic on Eighty-third Street. "You're not going to get a guilt complex about it, are you?" There was a touch of chiding in Marty's voice.

"No."

"Because you don't have to, you know. I told you. I've been thinking about it for a long time. Come on . . ." They dashed across the street, slowed at the curb. "You didn't pick me up any more than I picked you up."

"You mean you didn't really have something in your eye?" Bill grinned.

"Yes. But it didn't hurt as much as I made out."

"I see."

Marty became involved with the sidewalk. "I read a story once; somebody at school had it. This one guy raped another one. I don't want it to be anything like that."

"It won't be."

"I know it won't." The boy's arm looped in Bill's and held it for a few steps. "Is your apartment down here? Is that where we're going?"



"Further down. In Murry Hill."

"We better get a cab." Marty stopped and looked up the street in search of one.

"No, not now. Come on." Bill kept walking.

Marty took a few quick steps to catch up and stopped Bill. "Are you going to put me off?"

"For now. For tonight."

"But why? We'd agreed on tonight. I've been looking forward to it all week."

"I could be doing something very wrong with you, Marty, with your head, if you're not absolutely sure. I wouldn't want to do that. If you were just a kid with hot pants, we'd be making it right now on your livingroom floor, because I wouldn't give a damn. But you're not, and I give very much of a damn."

"What can I do to convince you?" Marty looked hard at Bill, then laughed ner-

vously. "Look at me, trying to convince you. I don't even really know what it is I'm talking about. I'm afraid enough, without this."

Bill looked at him, saw the breeze disturbing the crown of his sandy hair, felt heat inside him spreading. "I won't let you be afraid, Marty, when the time comes. I just think we should both think about it for another day."

"That's a cop-out." Marty's voice was strong; there was the beginning of anger in it.

He was right, of course. But there was no way to tell him why it had to be, why there was a block to it now which had to be settled.

"I'll call you tomorrow at seven. If you still feel the same way . . ."

Marty turned on his heel and started walking uptown, back toward the apartment. Bill looked after him for a moment, then followed behind.

They did not speak again until they were in the elevator. "Can you get away tomorrow night when I call?"

The boy looked at him petulantly. "If that's the way you want it."

"What I want, Marty, is you. Very badly."

Marty looked into his eyes for a moment, then reached out and hit the emergency stop. The elevator halted. He came to Bill's arms, fumbling, not knowing how, but wanted very badly to. They kissed for a long time. "I believe you," Marty breathed. "I'll wait."

At his floor, Marty got off and Bill pushed the down button. "Tomorrow at seven," he said. The door closed on the boy's nod.

The phone rang just after eight in the morning. Bill reached for it from the bed. "That was a hell of a surprise you gave me last night." It was Evan's voice.

"You're telling me."

"What happened?"

"You mean, after?"

"Of course I mean after."

"I didn't touch him, Evan."

"What do you mean you didn't touch him? That coke was sitting full up on the coffee table when we got back last night, and when I asked him how the math lesson went, he told me 'just fine'. What do you suppose I thought when he said that?"

"I didn't touch him. I kissed him, that's all. Actually, he kissed me."

"Kissed? Do you mean really kissed?"

"Yes. Really kissed."



"Jesus God," Evan breathed.

"Look, Evan, I didn't start this thing with him, and I'm not going to let it go any further without talking with you first."

"You don't expect to see him again, do you?"

"I hope to. I hope tonight."

"Well, forget it. If you stayed away from him last night, I appreciate that. Now just forget it. Go look for a nice young kid somewhere else."

"Evan, I could forget it, but he won't. He's ripe for it. I didn't make it happen, I just came along at the right moment. He told me last night he thought he was picking me up when we met."

"Where did he learn that? How could he know about that?"

"How did you in the beginning? How did I?"

There was no answer to that. "He lied to me," Evan countered. "He's never done that before. All that bullshit about a math lesson."

"What did you expect him to say — 'Dad, I want you to meet the guy I'm going to screw with'?"

"Well, you're not going to screw with him and nobody's going to screw with him."

"Evan, how're you going to stop that? You can't put the kid in a cage. Now look, you and I met for ten minutes in a bar yesterday and you don't know me at all. But I want you to believe that if I didn't give a damn, or if I hadn't met you, I'd have been balling all night with your son. I waited because I knew you'd be calling today. I waited because I want your permission."

"My permission? To make a pervert of my son you want permission?"

"Those are strong words for us to be us-

ing, Evan."

"Well, that's how I feel about it. You do not have my permission, you will not get my permission, and I don't want you to ask for my permission."

Bill was up on the edge of his bed now, trying to think, trying to make sense of it. And trying to do so now not only for himself, but for Marty. "Evan, the boy is going to do it. He wants to do it. There are strange feelings in him. Maybe it's just curiosity at this stage, but he's going to find an outlet for it. He doesn't know where to look but he won't have any trouble finding one. He's beautiful, Evan. Jesus, you must appreciate that. All he's got to do is say the right things and someone'll be there."

"Bullshit. I'll talk to him, get him a woman. Something."

"He's going to be gay, Evan. It sticks out all over him. You must have seen it. There isn't any way in God's earth you can change that."

"And you just happen to be standing by, ready to help out, right?"

"If you want to look at it that way, yes. It's no secret I like him. Who wouldn't?"

"Jesus, I was up all night thinking about what you told me in the bar, what you were going to do to him."

Bill covered his eyes with his free hand. "That was an unfortunate thing, Evan. It was said in the spirit of the moment."

"Yeah, but that's what you want to do, isn't it?"

"If that's what he wants, yes. I don't intend to push it. What do you think I felt like last night when I saw you, knowing that I'd said that?"

"Yes, I can imagine."

"Evan, the point is that it can start with me, with some kind of tenderness, some kind of friendship, or it can be a furtive, dirty thing in the bushes somewhere. Which do you want him to have? Someone like me, or a dirty old man who doesn't give a damn for him or anything but getting his rocks off up some pretty behind?"

"And you care more than that, do you?" The voice was derisive, challenging.

"I didn't touch him. Did I?" Bill said softly.

"God damn it."

"Do you remember what you said to me last night just as you were leaving? 'Be careful', you said. Not, 'don't do it', but 'be careful'. That was really what you were thinking, wasn't it?"

"I don't know what the hell I was think-

ing. I was dumbfounded, numb."

"That's my point. That's my whole point."

"Well, what the hell am I supposed to do? Just stand by and watch it happen? With my permission?"

"I hope you'll do what's best for him, Evan. That's all. He's a gentle, sensitive boy. He's impressionable, and right now he's very vulnerable. I want to give him something he won't find on the street or in a subway car."

There was a silence. Then Evan's voice came lightly, and there was a touch of resignation in it. "How did you leave it with him last night?"

"I said I'd call him at seven. I asked him if he could get away."

"And?"

"He said he thought he could."

Evan took a deep breath; it shuddered slightly all the way out. "I want to think about it some more, Bill. But call. Go ahead and call. You have my permission to do that."

The day was misery; nothing went right and all the wrong was slow. At seven, he dialed.

Evan answered.

Bill made an involuntary grimace. Then, not at all tentatively, he said: "This is Bill McKenzie. Is Marty there?"

A pause. "Just ah . . . just a moment, Mr. McKenzie." Bill heard him cover the receiver, heard a muffled call: "Marty — phone."

And then, as the instrument was passed into the young hands, Bill heard — knowing that he was meant to hear — "It's your teacher, son . . ."



"George Gershwin once advised me never to take a singing lesson, and I never have. So I'm certainly not going to start now."

It was a living legend speaking — Ethel Merman, the star of fourteen Broadway shows, beginning with "Girl Crazy" in 1930 and continuing through "Panama Hattie," "Annie Get Your Gun," "Call Me Madam" and the fabulous "Gypsy" — not to mention several movies, TV specials and one-woman shows. Her voice, still clear and strong after all these years, is ample evidence that Ethel's got all the equipment she needs to thrill modern audiences (just as she did in the '30s and '40s) so why the hell should she bother with singing lessons in the 1970s?

La Merm was in San Francisco in late October for three concert dates in the Bay Area. I met her at a cocktail party and reception which her producer gave for her at the Sir Francis Drake Hotel.

She had just returned from a two week engagement at the Palladium in London. Oh, those English," she said, rolling her famous eyes. "When they like you, they like you. But when they love you, they really LOVE you!"

She described the ovation she had received at her first performance. "It went on for about five minutes, I guess. Great waves of love and affection just cascaded over the footlights!"

It's easy to believe this. Of Ethel's three dates in the Bay Area, the one I caught was at the Oakland Paramount and the ovation she received by that audience was nothing short of tumultuous. In her one-woman show, during which she sings a large number of the songs she made famous (and one or two she didn't) Ethel is free of the boredom of a long-run musical. She's in her element, just standing there simply gowned, in front of an orchestra and belting out all the numbers that are her favorites. She performs at gut level. I had the feeling as I watched her that she was giving her all — as she must have done during auditions in those days way-back-when, before she had it made. And when Merman gives her all — brother, watch out! She tears the roof down. The Oakland audience was on its feet again and again applauding her vitality and enthusiasm and begging her for more. It was a night to remember.

At the Sir Francis Drake she told how her career began.

"I always wanted to be in show business. I was a secretary — and I can

Things look swell for Mama Rose

By Douglas Dean



still type and take shorthand, incidentally, did you see me demonstrate that on the Johnny Carson show? — but I had an understanding boss and an easy job. I only had to put in two or three days a week at the office. At the same time I played dates in and around New York, at conventions and special meetings. It was great training and I enjoyed it."

She sat relaxed and casually dressed, a string of pearls at her throat and her hair drawn back into a bun at the nape of her neck. She seemed much warmer and less brassy than the personality she had projected in her most famous roles.

Remembering Mama Rose in "Gypsy" I asked, "What about your own mother,

Ethel? Did she encourage you or push you?"

"Listen. Of course she encouraged me. But she never came near where I was working unless I invited her. 'I never go to your father's office,' she used to say, 'so why should I bother you while you're working?' . . . No, she was never in the least a typical stage mother."

During her one-woman show Ethel explains how producer Vincent Freedley caught her act when she was appearing at the Brooklyn Paramount, contacted her agent and took her to meet George Gershwin. The two men were casting "Girl Crazy" at the time, a show for which Ginger Rogers had already been signed as the star. Ethel got a job in "Girl Crazy," introduced Gershwin's "I've Got Rhythm" — and the rest is theatrical history.

"When young people ask me how to get started in the business I never know what to say to them. I never really had to struggle much. Everything just happened right for me."

"You were lucky."

"Was I! Oh, have I ever been lucky! Just think of all the great roles I've had and the great talents I've worked with — not only Gershwin, but Irving Berlin and directors like George Abbott and Josh Logan. I've had the best . . . Incidentally, when I was in 'Girl Crazy' do you know who played the piano in the pit? Roger Edens, who went on to be musical director of so many of those fabulous films at MGM. But Gershwin used to come into the theatre and take over the piano from Roger — just at the point where I was ready to sing 'I've Got Rhythm.' It was always a thrill to do the number with him accompanying me."

"Will you ever do another Broadway show, Ethel?"

"I don't say I won't, if the timing is right. But staying with a show for two or three years gets to be very exhausting and a bit dull. I was offered 'Hello, Dolly!' you know, but I turned it down because I needed a rest after 'Gypsy' . . . I finally played the part at the end of the run, and they put back a couple of the songs they'd planned for me originally. I always say, maybe I didn't open 'Hello, Dolly!' but I sure as hell closed it," she added with a characteristic chuckle.

"What do you look for when you consider a new show?"

"A good book and a good score. A lot of people ask me if I have a favorite song,



"Alexander's Rag Time Band"

if I identify myself with one number above all the others I've introduced. I don't. But I do have a favorite show, and that's 'Gypsy', because it's got such a sensational book. You can't miss in the part of Mama Rose. 'Gypsy' has such a good story line, it could be done without music and it would still be a success . . . I'd really like to do a play without music someday. Jerome Robbins wanted me to do 'Mother Courage,' and I was very flattered by that invitation. I was also asked to do 'The Killing of Sister George' — but I thought oh, no, I'm not about to make my debut in straight drama in a play or a part like that!" (She didn't say this indignantly; she seemed amused that she would be even considered for the part of the cigar-smoking lesbian.)

"What about TV?"

"Oh, a sit comedy, I'd love to do that. But in general, TV is too confining for me. I like to move around, you know . . . The same with films. My style is too broad to be cut down into such a frame. Toeing all those chalkmarks — I can't do it."

"Still, some of your films were quite good."

"Yes. I loved 'Call Me Madam' and I liked 'No Business Like Show Business' and 'It's A Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World.' They were fun."

"Ethel, you've worked with some of the all-time great directors and sung the songs of the greatest musical comedy composers, but you've also co-starred with some of the theatre's and film's best loved entertainers — Alice Faye, Bob Hope and Marilyn Monroe, in addition to those you've already mentioned. How did

you find working with Monroe, by the way?"

"I never got to know Marilyn. I don't think many people did, really. She was a sad girl. She used to drive poor Walter Lang (the director of 'No Business') up the wall with her tardiness and all her other problems."

Our talk concerning Ethel's many long-run hits continued and I asked her about her own attendance record and how she felt about the old adage, "the show must go on."

She shrugged and made a face. "Oh, that expression is absurd. The only reason the show must go on is because the producer needs the money . . . I've

always felt I had a certain responsibility, however. When a complete show has been built around you, and the audience has paid its money to see you perform, you do have an obligation to show up and do your job . . . I never stayed away from a performance unless it was physically necessary. Once while I was playing 'Panama Hattie' I had an infected finger, and I had some pain, but I never missed a show. I remember, too, when I was in 'Annie,' my daughter Ethel was ill, but I still went regularly to the theatre. She was in the hospital and had the best care possible, so there was nothing I could have done for her — I mean, I couldn't have helped her in any way by staying



There's No Business Like Show Business with Dan Dailey



The Art of Love — surrounded by a bevy of beauties

out of the show. But I still worried and my thoughts were with her during the performance. I remember how I cried backstage, thinking about how ill she was and what might happen to her."

Ethel, Jr. is now deceased, but Merman's son Robert lives in the Bay Area where he is a technician with the American Conservatory Theatre. He went with his mother to do the lighting for her act at the Palladium. "I don't know what I would have done without him," she remarked with maternal pride.

Annie Oakley in "Annie Get Your Gun" was one of Merman's greatest roles, a part which she played in New York for three years. I told her that I had seen the opening performance on Broadway as well as the closing performance three years later (I had friends in the chorus.) She seemed pleased when I told her that I liked the last show better.

"How did it all start? How did you get involved with a musical based on the character of Annie Oakley?"

"It was 1945 and I was in the hospital. I got a call, it was just three days after Bobbie was born. It was Dorothy Fields. 'How would you like to play Annie Oakley?' she asked. She told me Rodgers and Hammerstein wanted to produce a show

based on that character, and Jerome Kern was willing to write the music . . . They were all willing, if I was willing. 'Listen,' I said, 'let me get on my feet first, will you? Then we'll talk about it!' . . . So we had some meetings when I got out of the hospital. Unfortunately—or maybe fortunately for the show, who knows? — Jerome Kern had a stroke and Irving Berlin took over and did the score. Jerry Kern wrote some great music in his time, but when I think about it now I can't imagine him turning out songs for a character like Annie. Berlin's style, on the other hand, was just right."

So now we know how quirks of fate affect the history of the theatre. If Jerome Kern had done the score for "Annie" would we have had classic hits like "'S Wonderful" and "Doin' What Comes Natchery" and "There's No Business Like Show Business"? Probably not. We might have had songs just as good, but they would certainly have been different.

"What kind of music do you like best, Ethel?"

"Well, I'll be honest with you. I don't care much for rock and roll. It's all just a lot of noise to me. Where's the melody? I like to hear that melody come through and I want to understand the lyrics. I want

songs that mean something . . . Among the modern song stylists I like Shirley Bassey and Cleo Laine, and of course I loved Judy. Those are the kinds of girls I appreciate . . . People sometimes ask me why I don't do more original material in my one-woman show. I get new songs sent to me all the time, but I'd rather stick to numbers people are acquainted with. That's why I keep on singing the old favorites."

In her act she occasionally departs from songs she introduced, most notably with "Someone To Watch Over Me," but it's probably clever of Ethel to stick to material with which she's identified. The audience bursts into applause and is totally with her from the instant it recognizes the first few bars of each number. When she finishes, it's ovation time.

Someone at the Sir Francis Drake reception asked Ethel to what she attributed her youthfulness. "I live wrong," she quipped.

When the laughter had died down she went on more seriously. "I keep busy. Some people my age are in wheelchairs. But I keep interested in what's going on — I think that's the key to staying young, if such a thing is possible."



"Call Me Madam"

I asked her if she might consider getting married again. "Oh, please!" She raised a hand in mock horror at the thought. "I've been through all that. Besides, I'm having too much fun this way. I've got a good life — children and grandchildren — what do I need with another husband?"

Someone present asked her to comment on her marriage to Ernest Borgnine. (The dissolution of this union has been cloaked in mystery and innuendo.) For the first time during the interview Ethel did something of a freeze and spoke shortly. "I never talk about that. It's an incident in the past and it's closed." So the inside story on that episode in Merman's life remains just that, an inside story.

As for the next couple of years, well, it looks as if Ethel Merman will go right on keeping busy, and consequently out of that wheelchair. At present she's recording for London Records, and a whole series of albums is being planned — "Merman Sings Gershwin," "Merman Sings Vincent Youmans" etc., etc. This will occupy her for quite a while. She's excited about playing the Palace in New York on January 12th and she'll continue with her one-woman show, not just around the country but around the world.

She'll probably go on getting ovations, too.

In special material with which she starts her act she sings, "You wouldn't want to see me . . . as Mimi from Bohee-meee . . ." but the truth is, the people would

pay to see Ethel Merman in almost anything. Or doing anything. As long as she belts out the songs in that inimitable, one and only style.

For Mama Rose there's "nowhere to go but the heights."



"Happy Ending"

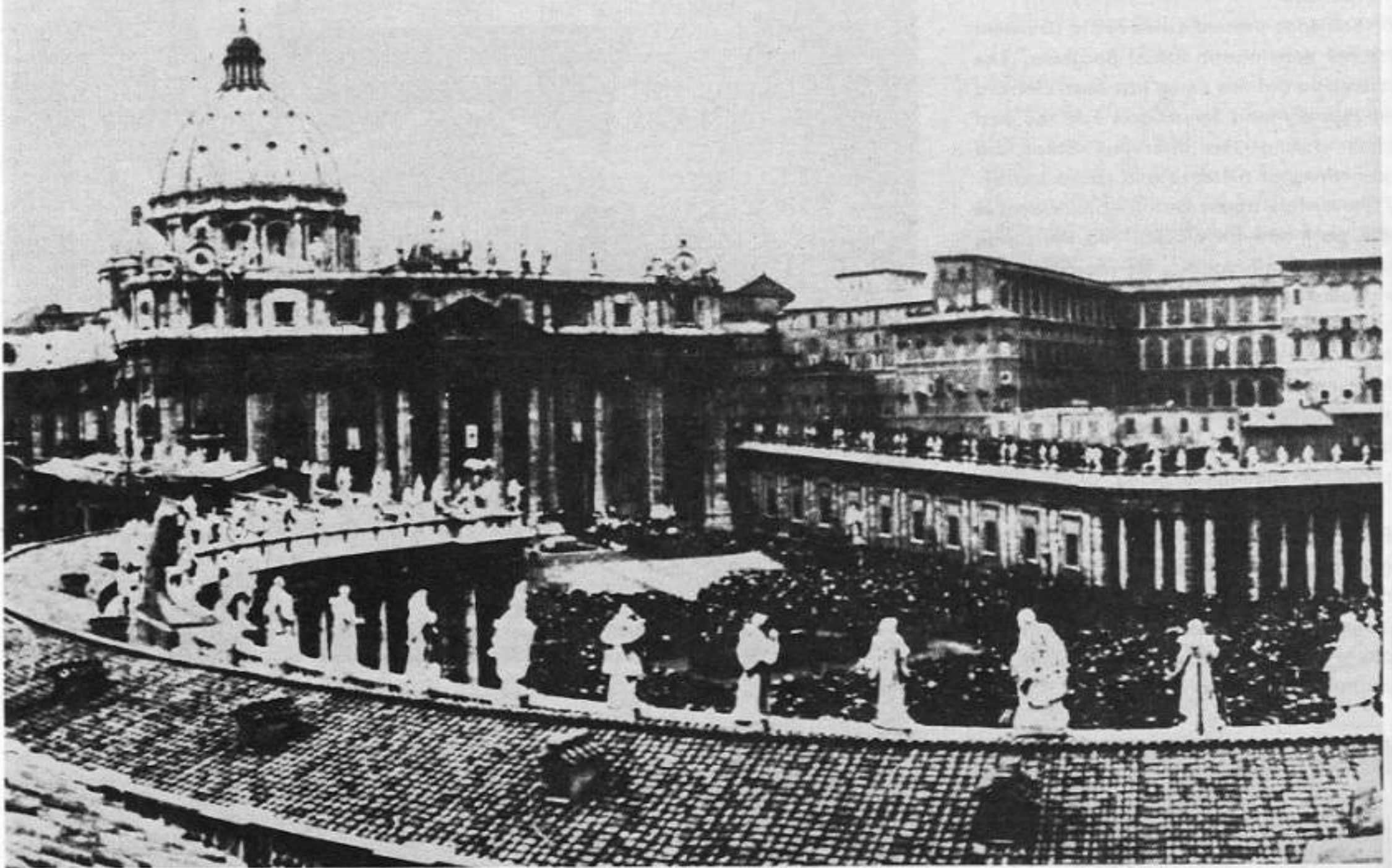


"There's No Business Like Show Business"



"It's A Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World"

MY CHURCH



...STANDS ACCUSED

By Brian McNaught

From a \$258-a-week job to an unemployment line; from a comfortable closet to the public title "avowed homosexual"; from a home in the country to a flat in the block where the '67 riot began . . . all so fast it is difficult to pinpoint how.

Eight months ago, thousands of Catholic mothers in the Archdiocese of Detroit were taking my weekly column, dropping it in their son's lap with the advice: "Read it and learn." Those same mothers now change the channel when Junior tunes me in on a local talk show.

Coming out as a happy Catholic homosexual and challenging the Church to recognize itself as the greatest oppressor of the gay community in the

history of man was an unplanned journey which has tasted success. But it hasn't been without a struggle. For as many "good Church persons" as there were screaming at me to leave my sinful ways behind, there have been an equal number of "good gays" demanding that I leave my sinful Church behind.

Gay and Catholic. What a combination!

The fact, though, that I had been able to successfully integrate the two in my own life . . . the fact that I was happy being both Catholic and gay, led me to the decision that it was something that had to be shared . . . shared with other gays who were tortured by the presence of gays in the Church. Dignity seemed the

natural answer.

It was through correspondence with the national office of Dignity in Boston that I learned of the Bergamo Conference on Christian ministry to the homosexual. A week in Dayton with Frank Kameney, Jim Kepner, Fr. Paul Shanley, Brother Grant-Michael Fitzgerald, Sr. Jeannine Gramick and the host of beautifully-together people from the Salvatorian Gay Task Force and Dignity was enough to prompt a column in the next edition of *The Michigan Catholic* . . . a column to end all columns, so to speak. The fuse was lit.

Graduating from Marquette University in 1970, I first began writing for *The Michigan Catholic* as a conscientious objector and then as a profession. A weekly

column of opinion was part of the job and my main source of communication with the 104,000 readers.

Brian McNaught had a reputation for being the nice Catholic boy . . . a romantic; an idealist . . . a bit misguided at times, especially when he wrote in defense of amnesty, the United Farm Workers and the ordination of women . . . but all in all he was a fine writer who said beautiful things about the love of Jesus.

Prior to Bergamo, I took the priest editor to lunch and after pushing a piece of Salisbury steak around the plate for a half an hour, told him that I was gay and was intending to start a chapter of Dignity in Detroit. He stated that he had no difficulty with that revelation and that my job was secure.

Following Bergamo, I wrote "Gay or Straight, Love is the Goal," a carefully-prepared column which took the Church to task for its role in the defeat of Intro II in New York and for its traditional position on homosexuality. I suggested that the love of Jesus embraces all persons, regardless of their sexual orientation.

"If we believe that man was made in the image and likeness of God, then all men, regardless of sex, color or sexual orientation are made in the image and likeness of their Creator. If the Creator is normal, then so too are His mirrored creations.

"If we believe that God is love and firmly believe that all men are called through Jesus to share in that love, how dare we tell the homosexual that he may not love?

"Sexual expression is a sacramental gift, which, when used as an expression of inner love, is raised to the divine level. All men are given the gift. All men are challenged to express it divinely."

Approximately 30 letters arrived at The Michigan Catholic, for the most part condemning the heresy involved in my presentation. The following week, the priest editor who had helped polish the column left the paper and the diocese in a dispute over Canon Law. The women's editor, Margaret Cronyn, was made acting editor.

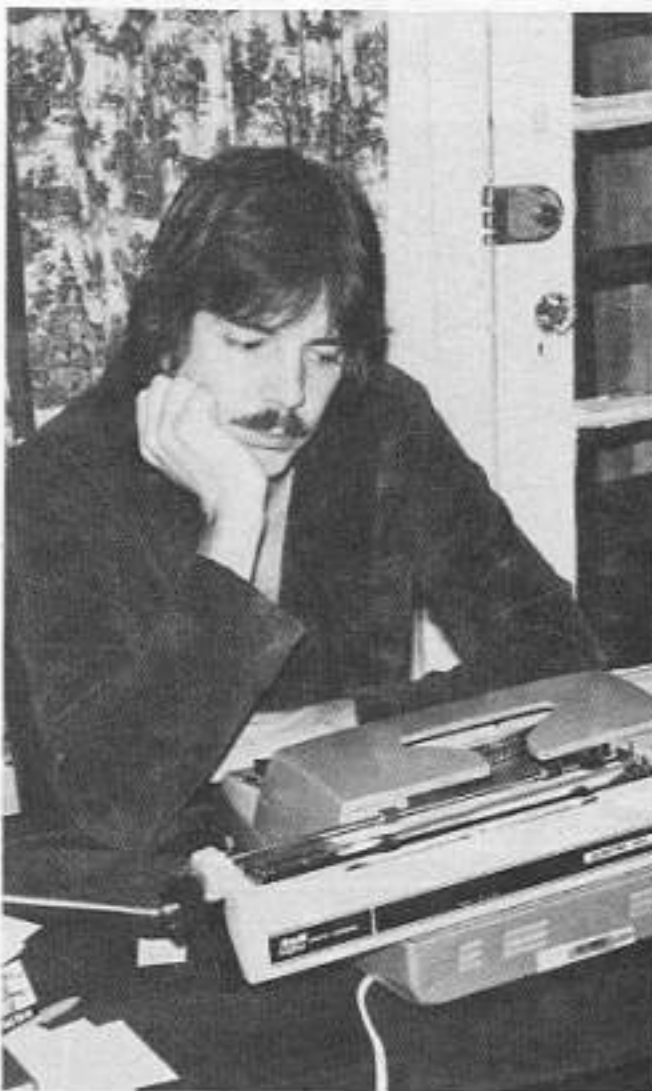
Two weeks later, Nancy Manser, a good friend who is religion editor of the Detroit News called. "Brian, I'm doing a story on religion and the homosexual. I called the Archdiocese and asked them for Dignity's number. They gave me yours."

At that point it was a little late to say,

"Nance, there's something I've been meaning to tell you."

Knowing full well that a story in the Detroit News was going to cause problems, I also realized that Dignity was going to go nowhere unless people knew we were in Detroit. If the MCC was going to be featured in the article, then so too must Dignity.

The call came on a Wednesday. Thursday I informed Ms. Cronyn and the rest of the staff that the article was going to



appear in the Saturday News. I also quickly sought out people I had not as yet "come out" to and explained to them, in the privacy of their livingroom, where I was . . . explained before they read it in the News.

The article appeared on Saturday, quoting Brian McNaught as stating "You can live with a homosexual orientation in accord with the message of love of Jesus Christ. My sexuality and the expression of it does not deprive me of my spirituality and the Kingdom of Heaven."

A fear-coated tongue accompanied me to the office Monday morning. While the editorial office had all been enlightened as to the "real me," the rest of the building hadn't.

Silence permeated the building until Monday afternoon when Jim Stackpoole, the news editor, called me into Margaret Cronyn's office.

"I'm dropping your column."

"Why?"

"I have prayed long and hard about

this, Brian. I will say it is because of space limitations. But I know you want me to be honest with you. You are just too controversial now. We can't afford to lose any more subscriptions. I see the mail. You don't."

"I will fight you."

"What?"

"I said, I will fight you."

"How can you fight me? I'm the editor. Don't you think I have the right to put anything in the paper that I want?"

"No. Not when you violate the contract and the city charter. (Detroit's new city charter, enacted July 1, seven days prior, prohibits discrimination based on sexual orientation.)"

"Well, I don't know how you are going to fight this, but my mind is made up."

I didn't know how I was going to fight it either. But I did know that it would be one more defeat if I were to return to my desk and happily edit obituaries.

Returning several times that afternoon to her office, I convinced Margaret that it would be a good idea to talk to someone downtown about her decision. I told her about the press the Church received for its action in New York City, Worcester, Mass. and Philadelphia. She agreed to talk to the Director of Communications on their ride home. They have a ride pool to the suburbs.

That evening I called Fr. Paul Shanley in Boston, and Paul Diederich, national president of Dignity in Boston. Both Shanley and Diederich concurred that if I was physically and psychologically able to fight it that I had to.

The following morning Ms. Cronyn informed me that her decision stood . . . but that I was to understand that there was nothing personal involved. "Still friends?" she asked.

"Sure, as long as you realize that there is nothing personal involved in the fight I will mount against your decision." Her smile straightened.

Fighting Margaret Cronyn and The Michigan Catholic was not something I had ever envisioned. It was a nightmare more than a dream. I would have much preferred to have maintained my column and worked with Dignity as an extra-curricular.

How does one fight an Archdiocese? After all, the chain of authority in all Catholic matters leads directly to the Ordinary of the diocese, in this case Cardinal John F. Dearden. He is the publisher of the paper. Any decision made by the

editor can be overruled by the publisher.

Not at all familiar with the political side of the gay scene in Detroit, I stumbled about until I met Franz Martin, a whisp of a crusader whose main claim to fame, by his own admission, is that he has stuck with the struggle longer than most.

Franz would put me in touch with Jim Toy, the advocate at the University of Michigan and with Detroit's rank and file gay activists . . . those few willing and able to carry picket signs and distribute leaflets.

Two days after the column was dropped, friend Nancy Manser called me at the paper to see if there had been any reaction to her article.

"Yea — they dropped my column."

"Let me get a pencil."

A little later in the same day, a reporter from the Detroit Free Press, the only competing daily newspaper, called with some questions he had on an upcoming article on Detroit's gay community.

When informed of my current status he too took notes.

Thursday morning both papers carried long articles and banner headlines: "Weekly Catholic Paper Drops Column by Homosexual."

We were off and running, but not all together. Family was ashamed and infuriated. Friends were conspicuously silent. Ed, more than anyone else, was there and would continue to be there through the entire battle.

Confidant, comrade, cohort . . . what term fit Ed? None really. Neither did "lover" though we shared as I had never shared with a lover. We would spend hours on the phone at night, going through the day's activities. Ed would call me at work to break the tension of the office. Knowing he was there was a strength I could not have continued without.

Radio and television station talk show hosts began requesting interviews. We solicited none but accepted them all.

Soon we had a picket line in front of the paper . . . a line of young gays from Detroit and Ann Arbor . . . a line which was greeted from within the building by such classics as "Which one of those fairies owes me a quarter for my tooth?"

Silence was the favorite tool of harrassment by The Michigan Catholic employees . . . that and a statement they sent to the press giving their support to the decision made by management.

The union, The Detroit Newspaper Guild, took another view though. The con-

tract had been violated and they wanted to fight. Though there is no sexual orientation clause in the contract, there is a provision which states an employee cannot be discriminated against because of outside political activity. e.g. Dignity.

Meanwhile, Nancy Manser contacted a maverick lawyer friend of hers who, though he belonged to a prestigious conservative firm, had stuck his educated neck out a number of times for the sake of civil liberties. He called me and we set up an appointment.

Present at our first meeting was a



friend of the attorney and of Nancy, Fr. James Meyer, a priest-lawyer who has been a thorn in the side of the diocese since he passed the bar, and a young law student who has been involved in defending nearly all of the gays arrested for accosting and soliciting . . . a guy who took an interest in the gay community because of the pain his gay brother went through in coming out.

The warnings they all issued were fairly strong. "Be absolutely sure that you want to go through with this. Your opposition will be ruthless . . . we have seen diocesan attorneys at work."

Feeling somewhat like Thomas Eagleton, I revealed the only skeleton I could imagine anyone would be interested in . . . an attempted suicide a year and a half before . . . the impassioned plea of a hopeless romantic for a love affair which would last.

Shortly after our initial session, a visit was made to the new Detroit Human Rights Commission, which took down the complaint against The Michigan Catholic. A heavy-set Chicano raised his eyes only slightly as we began the story.

The human rights commission is currently as weak as was the Chicano's interest. Though the charter has been passed, there are no ordinances which give the commission any power as yet. When Common Council passes the ordinances which are now being prepared by the legal department (December, 1974), the commission plans on taking on my case as the first test of the charter.

Meanwhile, as gays were marching in front of The Michigan Catholic and the chancery of the Archdiocese, and lawyers were plotting strategy, and the union was probing arbitration, and Brian was dodging silence at the office and commercials on the air, Dignity/National in Boston was mailing out their newsletter to members across the country, explaining in a front page editorial what had happened at the paper and what all might be doing in a united effort.

Letters began pouring in from all over the states . . . into the editorial office of The Michigan Catholic and into the chancery of the Archdiocese. Ms. Cronyn refused to print any of the letters. The cardinal's secretary told all letter writers that the problem was the domain of The Michigan Catholic and not the Archdiocese.

While at the Bergamo conference in June, I extended an invitation to the Salvatorian Gay Task Force and Dignity/National to meet in Detroit over the Labor Day Weekend to parley on areas of mutual concern. Having dedicated themselves as ministry to the gay community, the Salvatorians were the only religious body in the country within the Church which had anything in common with Dignity.

With the action by The Michigan Catholic, the Labor Day weekend presented itself as a perfect opportunity to rally local gays, solidfy the national effort and sensitize Detroit clergy and religious.

continued on page 66

Douglas Dean's Bay Area Beat



Leonard Juarez as "Spanish Sunrise"
2nd prize—Best Female Costume



Carlos as Mr. Vegas—Best Male Costume

Estuarta a vision in feathers—Best Female Costume

photos by Douglas Dean

SAN FRANCISCO. In spite of predictions, Herb Coen (the famed Chronicle columnist) and Stanley Eichelbaum (the noted drama critic of the S.F. Examiner) did not win the prize as best dressed couple at any of the local gay bars on Halloween. In fact, they didn't even appear together — which shatters the persistent rumors concerning their sizzling romance. (See — I told you, you should never put any stock in malicious gossip!)

Nevertheless, all of the leading bars and restaurants did feature Halloween delights—with drinks, dinners, and dancing — and most of them employed at least one (and sometimes more than one) celebrity who served as m.c. and introduced other celebrities as they arrived.

Traffic that night was heavy in the streets. Crowds jammed the sidewalks, and many bar owners put up bleachers to accommodate the happy throngs of on-lookers. Customers inside the bars found themselves packed like the proverbial sardines, and it was often difficult for them to elbow their way through the mobs.

Police stated that approximately 2200 people roamed the most famous blocks of Polk (strasse). Michelle, one of S.F.'s best loved impersonators, and who's always a vision on Halloween, declared that it was

the most fabulous October eve in his memory. At Buzzby's the three m.c.'s were La Kish, Wally Rutherford and Mike Matthews. According to manager Don Berry, "25,000 balloons filled the bar" — in addition to the people, of course!

Jim Bonko, the genial manager of the P.S. on Polk Street, reported that the popular bar-restaurant was busy from early evening until the wee small hours. Two different entrances were used by the arriving contestants, and two stages were occupied inside the bar itself. Polk Street Sally, better known to his intimates as Dixon, was the m.c. at this location.

Empress Reba reigned at the End-Up and Patsy, Miss Gay California, was the m.c. at the Round-Up. These two bars cater to the leather-western crowd, south of Market, and each of them offered cash prizes of \$150 to the winning contestants. The Boot Camp didn't encourage drag attire, but offered its own jockey shorts contest (continuing to live up to its enviable macho reputation.)

These are but a handful of the 150 or more bars and restaurants in the S.F. Bay area which welcomed customers and contestants alike on Halloween.

I was a costume judge at the Olympus Club on Columbus Avenue and that kept

me pretty busy for the shank of the evening.

Ed West and his partners at the Olympus said that the club had 400 reservations for dinner, but that 1,000 people passed through the doors during the night's entertainment. I don't doubt it. The main floor and balcony were packed, the bar (whenever I visited it) was busy, and tables were also set up on the lower level, where contestants were welcomed as they first arrived.

Costume judges for the night, in addition to this reporter, were Kimo (the well-known producer and entertainer) accompanied by his attractive lover Craig, Jean Martin (the choreographer of Kimo's production of last season's "Applause") and the indefatigable Naomi Murdoch — to whom no other adjective need be applied. That jolly cherub is just inexhaustible, and how he keeps his fingers in so many pies I'll never know. (Well, yes, I do know, but I'm not going to say it in print.)

A real scoop of some sort — or should I call it a coup de grace? — was accomplished by the Olympus managers when they secured the services of not one, not two, but three celebrities for m.c.'s. Charles Pierce, Lori Shannon and Claude

Sacha were together, not again but at last — doing alternate duty downstairs, upstairs, and in the balcony. It was a hectic night and somewhat disorganized, but Charles and Lori and Sacha managed their costume changes, their repartee with each other (sometimes a little bitchy, girls!) and their songs and patter and contestant introductions — all with professional poise and aplomb. No sequins were dropped, all wigs stayed in place, and the make-up on this wild trio looked fresh until 2:30 a.m. — at which time, I have no doubt, they took off for Ritch Street to take a sauna together and calm their shattered nerves.

Previous rumors had it that both Truman Capote and Andy Warhol had made dinner reservations and would be on hand for the night's festivities at the Olympus, but if they showed up they escaped recognition in the mob. (Do you suppose they were the two who appeared in gorilla heads?)

The contestants? Well, they were fantastic. I couldn't possibly list them all, so I'll just tell you that at the Olympus the prize for best bus went to the Casino de Las Vegas group (with the Pink Palace girls a close second), the best couple award went to Pat Campano and Faye for their Sonny and Cher impersonations (they had also won a prize at the Beaux Arts Ball a few nights earlier), the award for best male costume went to Carlos as Mr. Vegas and the prize for best female costume went to a young man named Estuorto.

Whew! What a night. Aren't you all glad it won't happen again until next year?

DEAN'S DIVERSIONS. How lucky many of us were to catch Ethel Merman's show in the beautiful Oakland Paramount instead of waiting to see her in San Francisco at the Masonic Auditorium! Although everybody agreed on the high quality of her act, poor Ethel was plagued with a faulty sound system at the Masonic, leaving even her most loyal fans very unhappy.

The Now Singers, who were openers for Merman's show, have been dubbed by many (perhaps unkindly) as the Nowhere Singers. These kids, several of whom have appeared in gay theatre hereabouts, are attractive to look at and they tried very hard to be smooth and professional in their repertoire and staging. Unfortunately, they didn't click, even half-way, and



Gary Gage, Liz Sheridan, Gary Beach, Pamela Myers, Jack Schmidt, in the American Conservatory Theatre Production "Something's Afoot."

there is a lesson here for all gay "performers" if they are perceptive enough to guess what it is. (I won't be brutal enough to spell it out.)

Julie Wilson, still svelte and lovely, was a smash at her brief engagement at Jackson's Penthouse. What style and class this woman has! She sang some oldies, of course — a Cole Porter melody and "I'm In The Mood For Love" and stopped her own show with "I'm Still Here" from "Follies." A lot of Julie's numbers are highly original — i.e. "They All Come Home To Me" and her bright new and slightly risqué lyrics to "I Did It My Way." A sock performer is Julie Wilson, and a beautiful lady at the same time.

In early November the Olympus Club opened a double bill — Steve Silver's "Beach Blanket Babylon," with the new Charles Pierce Show following as the piece de resistance.

"Babylon" was a spoof of the songs and the period of the '40s and '50s — with Beach Boys (surfers) impersonations of Carmen Miranda and Rita Hayworth, Connie Francis, etc., etc. Nancy Bleiweiss wore a headgear which traveled all the way to the ceiling as she impersonated Miranda and she brought down the house with her fractured English. ("You can buy fame, and you can buy fortune — but you can't buy sexual.")

Charles tried out a lot of fresh material in his act. All to the good. At his opening performance, however, costume and scenery changes were somewhat rough.

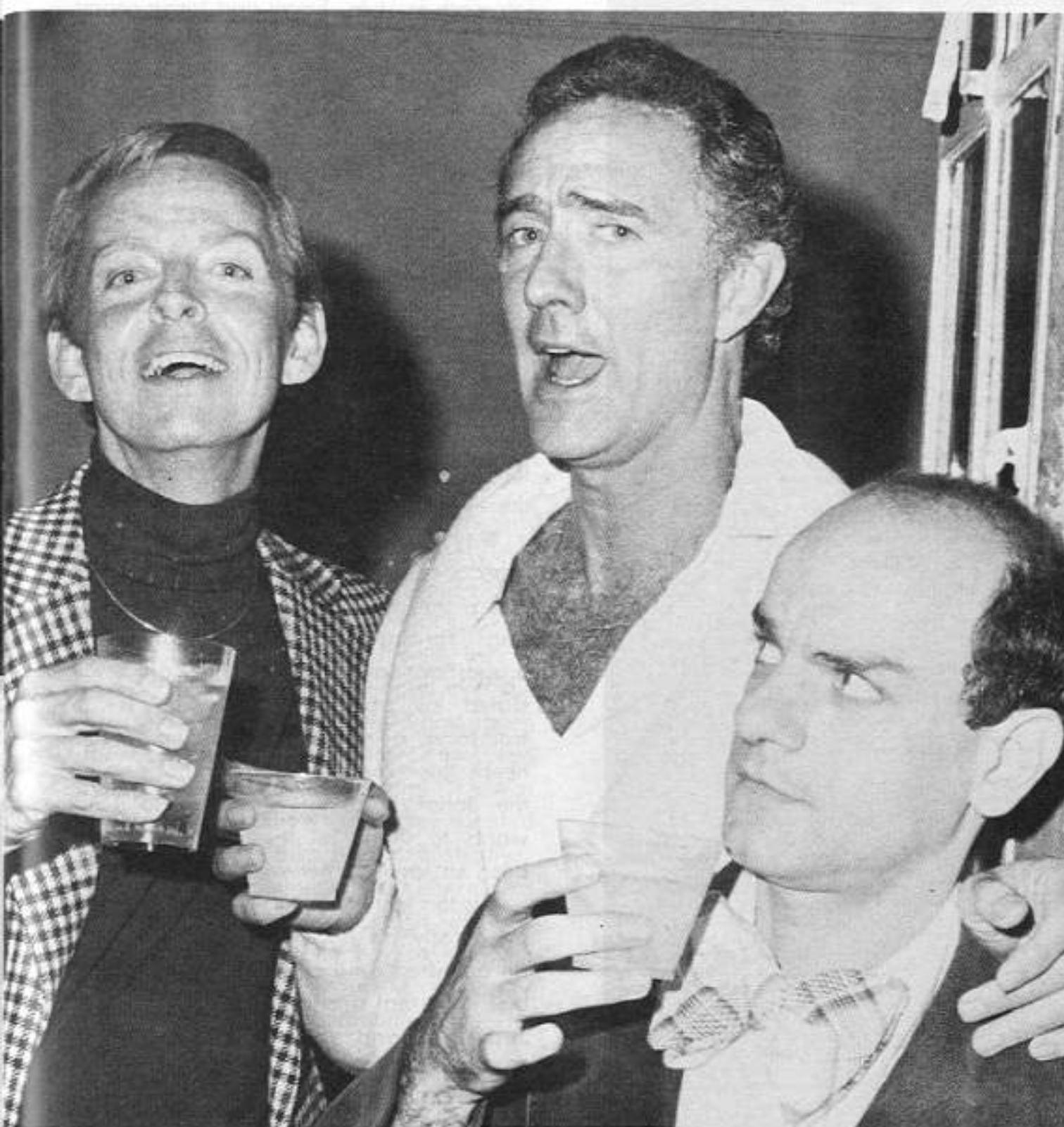
Charles was his usual bright and witty self, in spite of this drawback, and he told me later (in a phone conversation) that on the second night he managed to pull things together and the performance was a lot smoother.

(At press deadline I was informed that the Olympus had had some threats from the musicians' union, Charles Pierce confirmed that he had left the show, Ed West departed his post as manager, but "Beach Blanket Babylon" — according to a spokeswoman for the new management — was scheduled to continue for a few more weeks. Nothing is ever dull in the gay bar and restaurant business!)

MUSICAL MYSTERY. Like "El Grande de Coca Cola," which had a moderate run in San Francisco last year, "Something's Afoot," which ACT opened as an extra attraction at the Marine's Memorial Theatre in mid-November, is a one-joke idea which begins delightfully, sags in the middle and then peters out completely at the finish.

The whole thing sounded promising. A musical spoof of all those corny Agatha Christie stories? Heaven. Sliding panels, crashing thunder, fiendish mechanical devices, zany characters who (like in "Ten Little Indians") are murdered, one by one? Delicious. With decent song and dance routines it should be a smash.

It isn't. Not that everybody didn't try to make it a smash. The music and lyrics to this show are quite good, the cast is



Charles Pierce with the director from Lincoln Center and Charles Ludlam

polished and the director has done a superior piece of work. But what audience can laugh for two hours at a single joke? The book (when one reflects on it) is really dull, and it's only the spirited actors and the inventive director who supply the chuckles along the way.

A young man named Gary Beach, singing "The Legal Heir" just before his demise at the opening of Act II, is the single character who stops the show. Lu Leonard, a hefty woman playing a Margaret Rutherford sort of role, bounds about the stage, sings well and isn't a bad actress — the trouble is, she just doesn't have enough sock material to make her the star of the show, which she ought to be. The other performers are in a similar predicament; they're obviously talented and they do their jobs well, but with the exception of the aforementioned Gary Beach, they just don't shine.

"Something's Afoot," all right, and something's also missing — a book with enough freshness and originality to sus-

tain audience interest for a full evening.

DOUG'S DOODLES. It was the late Dorothy Parker who said it (when asked if she had enjoyed a certain cocktail party). "Enjoyed it! One more drink and I'd have been under the host" . . . Well, I've often felt the same way myself, and without the extra drink . . . The ACT production of "Cyrano de Bergerac," back in the company repertoire for the third consecutive season, still has Deborah May as the lovely Roxanne (she replaced Marsha Mason when the latter scored her Hollywood success in "Cinderella Liberty") but there's a new Christian and a new Cyrano, in the person of Ray Reinhardt. Peter Donat was always fine in the role, but rather cerebral; Ray's performance is emotional and very touching . . . I really miss the Q.T., a former bar and restaurant on Polk Street (out of business since a fire last spring) but manager Warren says the place will be open again soon . . . Charles

Pierce, after his brief and unhappy engagement at the Olympus, swears he's leaving San Francisco "forever." Say it isn't so, Charles! One can hardly blame our well-loved star for being disenchanted. Since the days of the Gilded Cage, he's really had no local home of his own. For a while it looked like Gold Street might be the place, and he did enjoy several fine engagements there, but that didn't work out, either. His appearance last spring in "Applause," under Kimo's banner, was not a great success and the production was plagued by union troubles. Few people know it, but Charles was fined by Equity for his participation in this non-union show. Oh, well, things may be better for our fair-haired boy in New York. Philip Oesterman, the producer of "Let My People Come," is presenting Charles at Top Of The Gate on Bleeker Street, and by the time this appears in print he should be the toast of the Village, if not 69th Street West . . . Ran into Gary Loughner, that blond doll who's one of the owners of The Round-Up and The End Up on a recent Sunday afternoon. Gary was with his new lover (also a charmer) and they reported a wild time they had just had at the CMC Carnival, Seaman's Hall . . . My date to a Castro Valley party in late November was Richard Dawson. Remember him on that Try It, You'll Like It poster a couple of years ago? It was very popular in S.F. and made the cover of The Advocate . . . Handsome, good company, and very busy these days managing various ad campaigns . . . Arnaldo Santana, born in Guadalajara and one of the star models of "Gay Mexico II" (his photo was printed with my story on the Yucatan, last issue) was recently a guest on Barbara Hutton's yacht. Arnaldo is also an actor and dancer and is currently studying with ACT here in S.F. . . . Did you read that recent interview with Fred Astaire in which he declared that "Cabaret" was the last really good film musical, "until they decided to dirty it up with all that homo and porno stuff"? So another idol topples from his pedestal. You'll never get the gay vote with cracks like that, Fred! . . . 30 for this month. But remember, just be careful what you wish for in life — you might get it! ●



BIG TIME AT STUDIO ONE

By Glen Spencer

Photography by Hy Chase



Peggy — Let's Love — a tender moment — a night to remember!

Our group arrived early. It was a little after eight and the guest star was not scheduled to arrive until nine-thirty. Since there was no more daylight saving time to keep that circling sun suspended for a few more minutes before eventide, this particular West Hollywood side street was in deep shadows and the huge monolith which now carried the name of Studio One had a gloomy shroud hanging heavy from its factory-styled upper windows.

The entrance to this club is canopied, giving the establishment a quasiGotham look. And when you confront the silver painted freight elevator on the south side of the building you've completed the cycle

of 70-chic decadency in a short period of thirty seconds.

We rattled and banged the cage as instructed but there was no electrical whirl above and so obviously we were being ignored. Someone in our party mentioned another notice outside. Something about going in through the rear entrance if you arrive early. That was us! We took a short stroll and climbed the wide steel corrugated steps in the back. A happy, smiling security officer waved us inside. Yes, we looked like the type who would be out on a night like this in search of a star from the past. Have a good time!

The interior of this cavernous club is

labyrinth in style. Small and large rooms are filled with chatting couples. No matter what your interest might be there seems to be a space to accommodate it.

Comparison to a New York place of assignation is inevitable. Young men are dressed in jeans and avert their gaze at just the right moment. Most have a cocktail in one hand although generally there was no attempt at recherche sophistication.

"Peggy Lee Will Be Appearing Tonight" say the various poster. This is the reason for our visit. A table has been reserved for IN TOUCH and it is suitably situated near the elevated stage.

Why would Peggy Lee be coming to a bar-dance-restaurant like Studio One? This is the one question which constantly nags throughout the evening. Many suggestions are made. Some are even stated as absolute fact: "She is introducing a new record album." "She needs this exposure before appearing on the Johnny Carson Show." And "She wants to thank all the boys who have been so loyal to her over the years."

It is this last conjecture which is the most provocative of all. Does Peggy Lee have an admitted gay following? Does her image have that strange draw which caused Judy Garland to be worshipped at various levels? There doesn't seem to be any evidence of this, although she must be aware of the propensity of the crowd tonight. Never in the past has there been any direct acknowledgement to the gay community, however.

By now the room is tightly jammed and a rotating crowd is amassed in the rear. It is impossible for the waiters to make their way to the tables. No drinks, no checks! Several calm pleas are made over the loud speakers. No one moves or can at this point. The waiters wear gym shorts with no underclothing. This gives them both a freedom and an instant adulation. How they can remember who is where and for what reason can be considered the eighth or ninth wonder of the world.

Overhead are various shades of plastic flowers ensconced in rope baskets. In the gradually darkening room they suddenly acquire a patina of fresh dew as though someone had mysteriously watered them during all this havoc down below.

Looking around the room at the crowd you quickly realize that many of those in attendance were not even alive when Peggy was belting it out for Benny Goodman back in — oh what was that year

when things were so much cheaper and they didn't have ex-presidents with blood clots?

Had the majority come out of curiosity? Were they collectors of her records and they wanted to see the prototype before poor Peggy went to that great disc show in the sky?

Conversing with your neighbor was difficult since everyone was with "someone." And even though the Surgeon General of the United States has warned us all, the cigarette smoke swirled about as though it were being maliciously pumped in from a competitive bar next door.

A little past ten an announcement was made to the effect that Miss Peggy Lee was arriving through the front door. This was approximately three city blocks away and so all were invited to meet her or possibly view her as she stepped over the threshold. Such a move would have been disastrous since your seat might have been snatched away without apology. This was one group who knew what they wanted and weren't afraid to be demonstrative.

About fifteen minutes later there was the entrance into the room. It was accomplished in that same magical way the illusionists did in vaudeville. First we see the box empty, then you behold the pretty girl.

Without exaggeration I can say Peggy looked the same as I remembered her back in the — well a number of years ago. The smile, the toss of the head, that slightly myopic look over the crowd. A stable of friends and advisors surrounded her but allowed the general crowd a quick

continued on page 72



Miss Lee makes her entrance to an overflow crowd with her escort—the perfect guiding knight.



Peggy — all the appearances of nervous anticipation.



Peggy gets it on — on stage — and she lets you know she likes it as much as you do.



They came in droves to see her.

IN ALL LIKELIHOOD . . .

Homosexuality didn't originate yesterday. It seems unlikely to have been less common in America than in 18th and 19th Century Europe, so we can reasonably ask where it might likely have been found. The early seaboard cities already had parsons, organists, florists and schoolmasters whose brushes with puritan morality occasionally entered the public record, and about 1790, West Indian lawyer Moreau de St. Mery complained of numbers of aggressive lesbians on Philadelphia's streets.

But more men who were at least partly homosexual were likely to have previewed Greely's advice to go West — where pressures for hetero conformity were minimal. It doesn't stretch the imagination to suggest that a good proportion of those who opted for homosocial frontier life (virtually a one-gender society) would have been Gay or at least willing to satisfy occasional erotic urges with other males. Men with a strong need for regular heterosexual outlets would not likely have chosen a life devoid of female company. Granting that financial opportunities would tempt some to sacrifice their hetero options temporarily, and granted that in maritime service at least many were shanghaied, still, not many men would have chosen all-male society unless they found it somewhat attractive. That didn't make the whole frontier Gay: avowed Gays may have been rare. It doesn't imply a general free-wheeling atmosphere regarding sex, though that seems indeed to have been the case in some places. Men who spent much time in solitude tended to be rather taciturn except when drunk — whatever they did was done generally without much jawing. Many would have been open to homo sex only under circumstances not threatening their masculine self-image. Most might be ready to troop together to a whorehouse when opportunity presented itself, but that too is a homosocial game which men in groups play more to score points with each other than for the joy they get from the tawdry sex act.

Many of the mannishly-dressed rip-roaring women who were on the frontier, Calamity Jane, "Little Joe" Monaghan, Pearl Hart, etc., were probably less heterosexual than some of the legends suppose. These heterosexuals always have to rewrite history to conform to their own notions of life . . .

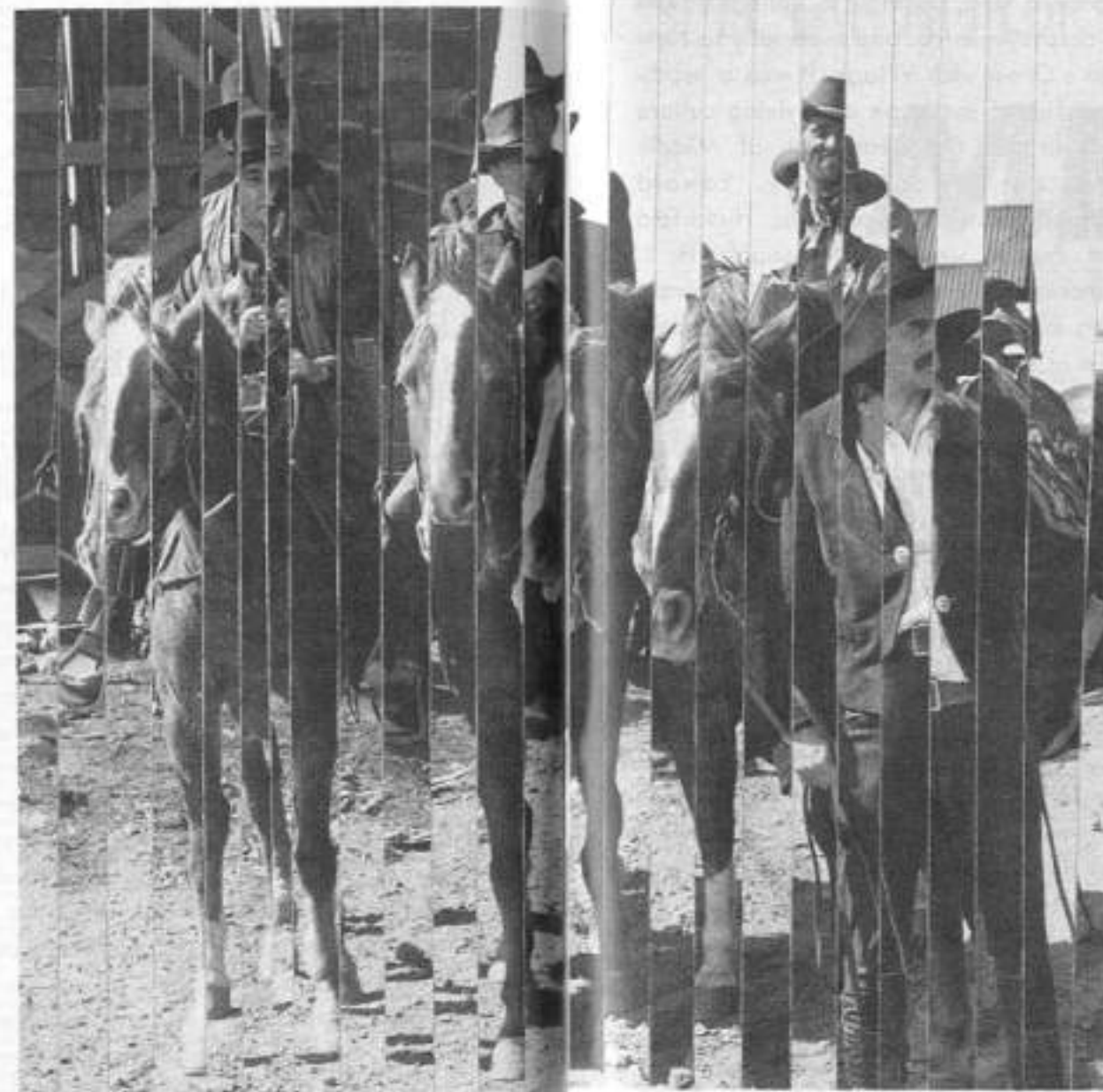
Accounts survive of the blue and green

kerchiefs worn by cowmen, loggers and miners at square dances when there were few or no women, to designate which male dancers would lead and which would follow. A few journals mention learning from the Indians what Ecclesiastes 4:11 taught: that on cold prairie nights, two men could be warmer wrapped together in doubled blankets than each shivering in his private blanket. A few reports survive of pairs of men or pairs of women living as lifelong companions (the recent novel *Patience & Sarah* comes from a journal of pioneer women in the Connecticut Valley who had a constant struggle disabusing passing males of the notion that they were "available"), or of such relationships legitimized by an older man (or woman) adopting a younger one. Still, the specifics are meager. If the taboos were relaxed, even flaunted, on the frontier, men were nonetheless aware of them, so they didn't much talk up their private affairs and even those who could write were cautious about writing some things down. But years after, an aunt who lived for years with a female companion might confide in a nephew she recognized as incipiently Gay, not only about her own life, but about her older brother and his Gay doings on the frontier. I heard a few such accounts many years later.

A friend of mine raised on the Oklahoma frontier says that gentlemen there, anxious to preserve their daughters' virginity while encouraging their son's experimentations in virility, spawned two successive boys' clubs between 1899 and 1910 which countenanced some ritual 69-ing as long as the girls were left alone. (Compare the Pawnee Society of Mischievous Boys described in the Mead & Callas book, *Primitive Heritage*).

The S.S. club (secret service) involved 12-year-olds and some adults in the secret rites. In another town about 1913, he found the Bitted Stallions, whose rambunctious boys avoided the anti-social habit of chasing girls by learning to take "the bit" into their mouths.

He reported that throughout the Southwest discrete enquiry could find satisfaction for even unusual desires — but discretion implied an elaborate game with severe penalties for those who failed to learn its rules. After 1700, the frontier was generally anti-Puritan, but strong on masculine appearances. When the tide of heterosocial settlers swamped it, only those of Germanic or Scandinavian stock



ANOTHER LOOK AT HISTORY

By Jim Kepner

were likely to be sexually tolerant.

Not all homosexuals braved the hard but homosocial frontier. Lord Conerbury, governor of New York and New Jersey from 1702-08, appointed by his cousin Queen Anne, scandalized the contentious Dutch burghers by his monetary policies as much as by his habit of donning women's finery and seeking male companionship near the waterfront. At the time, "gay young blades" in New York were called fribbies (frivolous) for their manner and their "womanish" dress: lavender coats, cinnamon-colored breeches, red-heeled shoes, dainty ruffs and powdered and scented wigs. Meanwhile, the old French custom of Shrove Tuesday drag balls and parade

was instituted in Mobile and later spread to New Orleans, St. Louis and Galveston.

The Revolutionary War gives us a first known woman dressed as a man in the armed services. Deborah Shurtleff spent three years in the Continental Army undiscovered, though she was twice wounded. It also gave us our first major figure claimed by several writers as homosexual: George Washington.

The evidence is circumstantial, as it is also with Presidents Buchanan and Lincoln, but I have sat through trials where men were jailed on flimsier evidence.

Evidence: Washington's extreme idolization of his older half-brother and his near breakdown after Lawrence's death; his devotion then to frontiersmen



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Christopher Gist; the style of his "relationship" with the cultured Sally Fairfax, made much of by hetero apologies, but following the pattern of many a Gay youth, fascinated in every way but sexual by a cultured older woman; his habit of using her unavailability (she was married to his friend and patron) to explain his disinterest in women; the business-like character of his marriage under pressure to the rich, young widow Custis, whom he kept calling Mrs. Custis; his odd adoption years later of two of her four grandchildren; his stiffness, characteristic of many repressed types; his affection for his brilliant aide-de camp and later Treasury Secretary Alexander Hamilton (whose marriage infuriated Washington); his apparent attraction to Lafayette; and the probability that he was blackmailed by General Charles Lee. However, the explicit documents which some students claim to have seen have not surfaced.

AMERICA'S FIRST GAY CULTURAL RENAISSANCE

A major development in American cultural life was the "flowering of New England," the Transcendental Renaissance. One could almost argue that each of the intellectual giants associated with it were of at least partially Gay sensibility. Thoreau's poem "Sympathy" describes a gentle boy to whom he was impulsively drawn, before his inhibitions made both of them draw back, to mourn the tragic loss for the rest of his life. He, like Emerson, wrote of friendship in an inspired way: "... for Friends do not live in harmony, merely, as some say, but in melody. We do not wish for Friends to feed and clothe our bodies — neighbors are kind enough for that — but to do the like office for our spirits."

Bayard Taylor, the most renowned American traveller-lecturer of the 1850-1878 period, was close behind. His travel books, like those of Herman Melville, never failed to note homophilic customs wherever he went. The year before the first edition of "Leaves of Grass" appeared, Taylor's "Poems of the Orient" was almost as explicit as Whitman's first edition. Taylor was a lion of the lecture circuit, and newsmen got almost as campy describing him and his fans as they did later when Oscar Wilde visited the West, leaving a string of Gay stories in his wake.

Herman Melville's interest in the subject seems almost more pronounced and more

consistent than Whitman's. His descriptions of Polynesian homophilic customs are classic. ("Omoo" and "Typee"); "Billy Budd" in a thinly disguised homophilic passion-play; and the portrayal of the marriage of Queequeg to Ishmail in "Moby Dick" is amazingly explicit.

Many open Gays were involved in the Abolition Movement and also in the Women's Rights Movement. It seems certain that the sexual experimentation in the hundreds of "communal societies" that spread across America often covered an unmentioned Gayness. There are records of the early Mormons approving a sort of male-male marriage (sealing) when polygamous elders had monopolized the supply of women. And there were scattered police reports of murders sounding suspiciously like those we have heard more recently (visiting businessmen bludgeoned by youth he picked up on waterfront) and of tavern raids that sound contemporary. Teams of tough women are described mugging gentlemen on the streets.

The Chatauque Movement grew apace to spread culture across America. It was followed by the "Greek Revival," planting Greek architectural touches on every bank, church, palatial home and public building and leading to a proliferation of towns named Athens, Sparta, Corinth, Alexandria, in hopes of a real revival of the glories of ancient Hellas. Lecturers appeared at grangehalls and in the mining camps clad in togas and wearing laurel wreaths. And until the 1880's in the northern cities and decades later in the south and west, education consisted chiefly of reading the Greek and Latin classics, unexpurgated. Many a youngster discovered a rationale for his own inchoate feelings while reading Plato, Ovid or Martial.

One of the most popular writers in American history was Horatio Alger, Jr., a descendant of the Puritans, who in 1866 was separated from the pulpit of the Brewster Massachusetts Unitarian Church when two elders found that their sons had been enjoying sexual relations with the minister. He left the church in disgrace, but his reputation as a writer of over 120 boys books (two have appeared only recently in bookform) was growing, he became revered for helping boys, especially newsboys living on the Bowery. There was never a breath of scandal about his relations with them. He was



tutor to Benjamin Cardozo, later to be one of the most influential justices of the U.S. Supreme Court, and scores of later leaders in American life credited Alger's novels with having molded their character. His importance in the development of the better aspects of American business morality cannot be overestimated, though cynics today would tend to find his books naive or "phoney."

Alger for me was what the Greek classics were for so many, though never explicit. His books were pervaded by a special emphasis on friendship, both between boys, and between a boy and an older man who could help him in time of trouble, and not interfere at other times. He certainly was more effective than Whitman at spreading the gospel of comradeship.

American medical journals after the 1870's contained frequent references to homosexuality, which they confused entirely with masturbation, attributing to it all sorts of physically degenerating diseases, but in 1889 Dr. Frank Lyndstrom of Chicago reported that there were colonies of "male sexual perverts in every community of any size," adding that any man about town knew more about the subject than most medical practitioners. About that time there was a rash of reports of women such as Lucy Ann Slater (died 1883) who lived for years disguised as men, or men disguised as women — and in most such cases, the deceased's partner of many years (sometimes there'd been a marriage) reportedly "had never suspected."

The first Federal censorship law in 1842 led quickly to the career of the fanatic Anthony Comstock, arch enemy of smut and all sex education literature. His campaign drove Gay writers further underground at a time when they were starting to come out.

In spite of Comstock there was a lot of gaiety on the stage. The Gay plays which launched the career of Mae West at the end of the '20s have been much written about recently, but far earlier was William Mitchell's burlesque, "La Mosquito," a take-off on popular dancer Fanny Elssner's "La Tarantula," popular in the 1840s. In the '50s, popular femme mimics, William Burton and John Brougham, did a travesty on "Lady Macbeth," and a "Queen Bee" act that surely had double meaning for those in the know. Mark Smith accompanied them in the role of Mrs. Norman. But then even Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederacy, was rumored to have escaped General Wilson's troops in 1865 by dressing as a woman, and a noted prison break in New York in that era used the same device. Clyde Fitch, a noted comic at the end of the century, created a sensation by his manner of dress earlier at Amhurst College. "The Country Girl," which recently starred Princess Grace of Monaco, was one of his starring roles.

THE SECOND AMERICAN CULTURAL RENAISSANCE

About 1912, "bohemianism" became a gospel all over America, a preview of the hip generation, bringing a surging cultural renaissance to Chicago, to San

Francisco and Carmel, to college towns all across America, and especially to New York's Greenwich Village. It was a heady time, full of the hope of reviving culture and ending the deadliness of Middle America's bourgeois society. Edward Carpenter and Havelock Ellis, Hirschfeld and Freud, were the Messiahs. H. L. Mencken, Carl Van Vechten, Will Durant (who begun teaching a sexual freedom class in the Village), Emma Goldman and Margaret Sanger were the prophets. Dreiser, Floyd Dell and the lovely Edna St. Vincent Millay had begun their rise to fame and Mabel Dodge was the hostess supreme. Gayness was part of the package labelled Bohemian.

Soon there was the Armany Show, the war, the jazz age, the Harlem Renaissance, the lost generation and then Prohibition, all a continuation of the same Gay scene, but many of the principals, like Millay, Dorothy Parker, put up with heterosexual appearances, or else were bisexual. Homosexual behavior was something they felt free to engage in, even to defend openly, but few of them saw it as an exclusive commitment. Goldman's anarchist "boy friend" had a homosexual affair while in prison. Durant had described an earlier intimate affair he had. Sanger seems to have played the hetero role to the end, though hardly the type. Mencken kept mum about his own disposition, and critic Albert Jay Nock just hinted.

But everyone knew about Carl Van Vechten, godfather of the Black intellectuals, and several literary journals were "dedicated to the Gaiety of nations." But the term had a wider meaning in that sense, than just homosexual: It stood for everything that was cultured, free and fun, everything that the "boobosie" as Mencken called them, were against. It revelled in a host of new writers: Mann and Woolf, Gide, Proust and Dreiser, Cather, Mansfield and Lawrence, with the specifically Gay novels of Radclyffe Hall, Blair Niles, Robert Scully and Gale Wilhelm right in there.

In the midst of this intellectual ferment, the yeast of Freudianism was beginning to do its work — and against the background of American puritanism, it seemed to be a liberating force, even for Gays.

* * *

... But all this only gives a glance at the wealth of material that is there for excavation in American history . . . ●

SPECIAL REPORT **ME Tarzan**

By John Marvin

In a recent *Playboy* interview, Rev. Troy Perry of the Metropolitan Community Church confessed to having had a boyhood crush on Tarzan, a crush he undoubtedly shared with countless young, and not-so-young, Gays throughout the world.

Edgar Rice Burroughs' legendary creation, Tarzan, is by far the most durable character in the movies, and possibly in all of literature. Altogether the jungle swinger has appeared in 42 feature films and serials, a long-running radio series, a short-running television series, and an intermittently running comic strip series, all in addition to Burroughs' original 26 books dealing with the character. In the movies, no fewer than 15 actors have donned the loincloth as Tarzan, and in addition there have been several unauthorized European films about the character, as well as many other characters who were patent imitations of the original.

One reason for such popularity is probably that the films offered an excellent, socially acceptable opportunity for sexually repressed women, and men as well, to spend an hour or two admiring a handsome, well-built, and nearly naked young man running around the movie screen. It is interesting to note that Tarzan is suffering the first serious lull in his 56th screen year in this age when the movies are giving us the most attractive young men in the business stripped not just to a skimpy loincloth, but to the bare skin. There have been no Tarzan films released now in six years—the longest fallow spell since the series began in 1918. Who needs Ron Ely, even in his abbreviated mini-cloth, when we have Peter Fonda, Mike Blodgett, Don Johnson, name your favorite, *completely* naked?

Nonetheless, the Tarzan films have provided much entertainment, and no small amount of titillation, for over half a century, so let us now take a few minutes and look back over the men who

have played the Ape Man, and the films that they made, in the hopes that our retrospect will not become an obituary.

From the perspective of modern tastes, the first Tarzan seems an unlikely type. Elmo Lincoln was a massive, barrel-chested Arkansas lawman who had been discovered by movie pioneer D.W. Griffith, who used him in a variety of strong-man roles in several pictures. With his 200 pounds distributed somewhat top-heavily over his five-foot, 11½-inch frame, Lincoln was some distance from our contemporary standard of the Body Beautiful, but the fault is not in Lincoln, but in changing standards. In his day he was considered the epitome of the handsome, rugged man

of the wilderness.

Much of the footage of the original Tarzan film was devoted to the story of how Tarzan came to be in the jungle—the only time that portion of Burroughs' story has been filmed. Tarzan as a boy was played by 10-year-old Gordon Griffith, an attractive, freckle-faced child star of the day, who played much of his part of the film completely nude, in keeping with the original book. Needless to say, he discovered the blessings of clothing before he grew up.

The original *Tarzan of the Apes* proved so popular that it was followed up almost immediately by *The Romance of Tarzan*, again starring Elmo Lincoln. The second film showed Tarzan's journey to civilization and subsequent return to the jungle, and spent much of its time in the sitting rooms of Victorian England, leaving audiences feeling cheated. Elmo Lincoln was done absolutely no justice by a tuxedo!

Lincoln was to return three years later in one last appearance as Tarzan, in a serial called *The Adventures of Tarzan*, but in the meantime, Burroughs had been thoroughly swindled by the producer of the first two films, and so he took his character and went elsewhere.

Judging from his photos, the second Tarzan was the least satisfactory one of the lot, at least in physical attributes. To be sure, Gene Pollard was a giant of a man for his day—six feet two and a half, and 215 pounds—but he was not an overwhelmingly handsome man, and his physique was neither the massive powerhouse type of the Victorian era nor the trim, muscular type of today. He really seems in retrospect to be an innocuous choice for the role, and after a short fling at the movies, he returned to his former occupation as a fireman in New York. His film, *The Revenge of Tarzan*, was generally well received, but audiences could not forget the original impression made by Elmo Lincoln quite so quickly.



Jan-Michael Vincent plays a Tarzan-like character in Walt Disney's "The World's Greatest Athlete." Vincent, one of the most beautiful of the contemporary young stars, probably has the finest physique of any actor ever to don a loincloth.



Elmo Lincoln was the first Tarzan, and was remembered by an entire generation of silent movie goers.

The next film was a 15-chapter serial, *The Son of Tarzan*, in which Tarzan, now played by P. Demsey Tabler, played a secondary role. He and Jane had settled in England in upper-class respectability, but their son Jack dreamed of the life of adventure Daddy used to lead, so he ran off to Africa, where he assumed the name Korak ("Killer" in Great Ape) and grew to manhood before being retrieved by Tarzan. Young Jack was played by Gordon Griffith, who had played Tarzan as a boy in the first film, but he had matured a bit since his nude capering in that film, and so he went directly from his "civvies" of the opening chapters to a loincloth. The adult Korak was played by a Hawaiian actor named Kameula C. Searle, the first actor in the series who would qualify by modern standards to be worth undressing for the role. He was young, strikingly handsome, and had a trim, narrow-waisted, muscular physique that was well served by the loincloth. Searle would have made an ideal actor to carry on the role in other films; however, tragically, he was killed filming a stunt with an elephant in the last days of shooting, and the part had to be finished out by a stand-in.

As Papa Tarzan, the 41-year-old, balding Tabler also made an appearance in the final chapters in loincloth and fright wig, with predictably embarrassing results.

The next Tarzan was the first athlete



Gene Polar was an undistinguished follow-up to Elmo Lincoln's Tarzan, and soon returned to his job as a fireman after his one fling at the role.

to be given the role. Six-foot-four, 225-pound Jim Pierce had been an All-American center for Indiana University before taking coaching jobs in Arizona and finally at Glendale (California) High School. While coaching at Glendale, Pierce oversaw the youthful athletic careers of such future cowboy stars as Bob Livingston, Bob Steele, and a little guy called Duke Wayne.

After a few minor acting parts, Pierce was cast in *Tarzan and the Golden Lion*, which also featured a struggling actor named Boris Karloff as a sinister native. Unfortunately, the censors made Pierce wear an oversized costume featuring short pants and a shoulder strap that fully clothed his hips and a good part of his chest as well. In the Thirties, when

he became the first radio Tarzan, Pierce posed for publicity photos in a more abbreviated costume, but by then it was too late.

Despite his relatively good body, Pierce was a disappointing Tarzan. He was a bit too much the square-jawed, curly-haired, pretty boy to be believable in the part, and he was further saddled with a poor picture. Edgar Rice Burroughs, whose judgments about his own creation always seemed to run counter to public taste, loved Pierce and liked the film, but Pierce himself was a bit more realistic about the project. He was quoted as saying later, "Because of poor



Kameula Searle actually played Korak, Son of Tarzan, but he was among the most impressive of the ape men. Tragically, he was killed filming a stunt from the silent serial.

direction, terrible story treatment, and putrid acting, the opus was a stinkeroo. I emerged with nothing to show for my strenuous effort except being typecast as Tarzan. I was out of a job." Actually, he did get more out of it than that—he subsequently settled down with his new wife, Edgar Rice Burroughs' daughter, Joan. However, his greatest success was to come later, as a real estate developer in the San Fernando Valley.

The next movie Tarzan was supposed to have been stuntman and serial hero Joe Bonomo, but he was injured in a movie stunt shortly before shooting was to begin on the serial *Tarzan the Mighty*, and he was replaced at the last moment by one of the best-looking Tarzans of all, Frank Merrill. Merrill was by

far the most attractive of all the silent movie Tarzans, which makes it particularly unfortunate that he was subjected to the most enveloping costume of the lot. It not only went over one shoulder, covering most of his chest, but it hung clear to his knees as well. What little of him could be seen, however, was interesting indeed. He had a rugged, handsome face, and his body was taut, trim, and muscular.

Merrill was a former national gymnastic champion, and was the first Tarzan to swing by vine through the trees. In addition, he was the first Tarzan to have a youngster tagging along, in this



Frank Merrill was one of the most impressive Tarzans of all, although he was encumbered with a censors version of the jungle loincloth.

case Bobby Nelson, playing the kid brother of Tarzan's mate. His second film, *Tarzan the Tiger*, was filmed in both silent and sound versions, during the transition period of 1929, and for the sound version, Merrill devised a loud cry for Tarzan, a device usually attributed to Johnny Weissmuller.

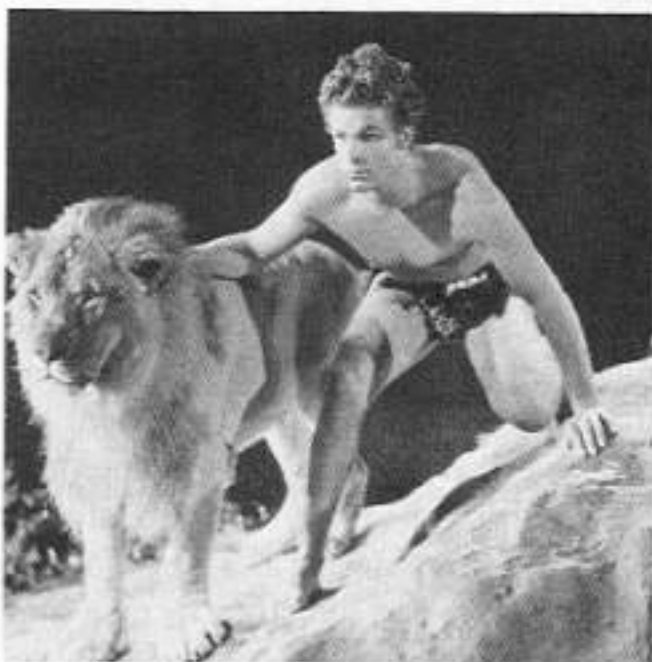
After his stint as Tarzan, Merrill retired from the screen and turned to one of his prime interests—working with underprivileged children.

Johnny Weissmuller, who was to most moviegoers "The Definitive Tarzan," was sixth in succession. Actually, MGM originally wanted Herman Brix, the shot-put champion of the 1928 Olympics, for the lead in their 1932 picture, *Tarzan the Ape Man*, but Brix had

been injured doing another film, and as a second choice, they settled on Weissmuller.

Weissmuller had been born 28 years before, a sickly, puny little boy who had eventually taken up swimming, on the advice of his doctor, to battle his weakness. He not only overcame his handicap, but before he gave us his amateur standing, he had won five Olympic gold medals, 67 world and 52 national titles, broken 174 individual records, helped break 21 relay records, and held every freestyle record from 100 yards to the half-mile.

Finally in 1930 he surrendered his amateur standing to sign a five-year contract to endorse BVD swimwear, and then his troubles began. Shortly afterward he filmed a scene for Paramount's musical, *Glorifying the American Girl*, in which he played Adam, clad only in a



Buster Crabbe was Tarzan in one film and a pseudo-Tarzan in another before going on to fame as Flash Gordon and then as Buck Rogers.

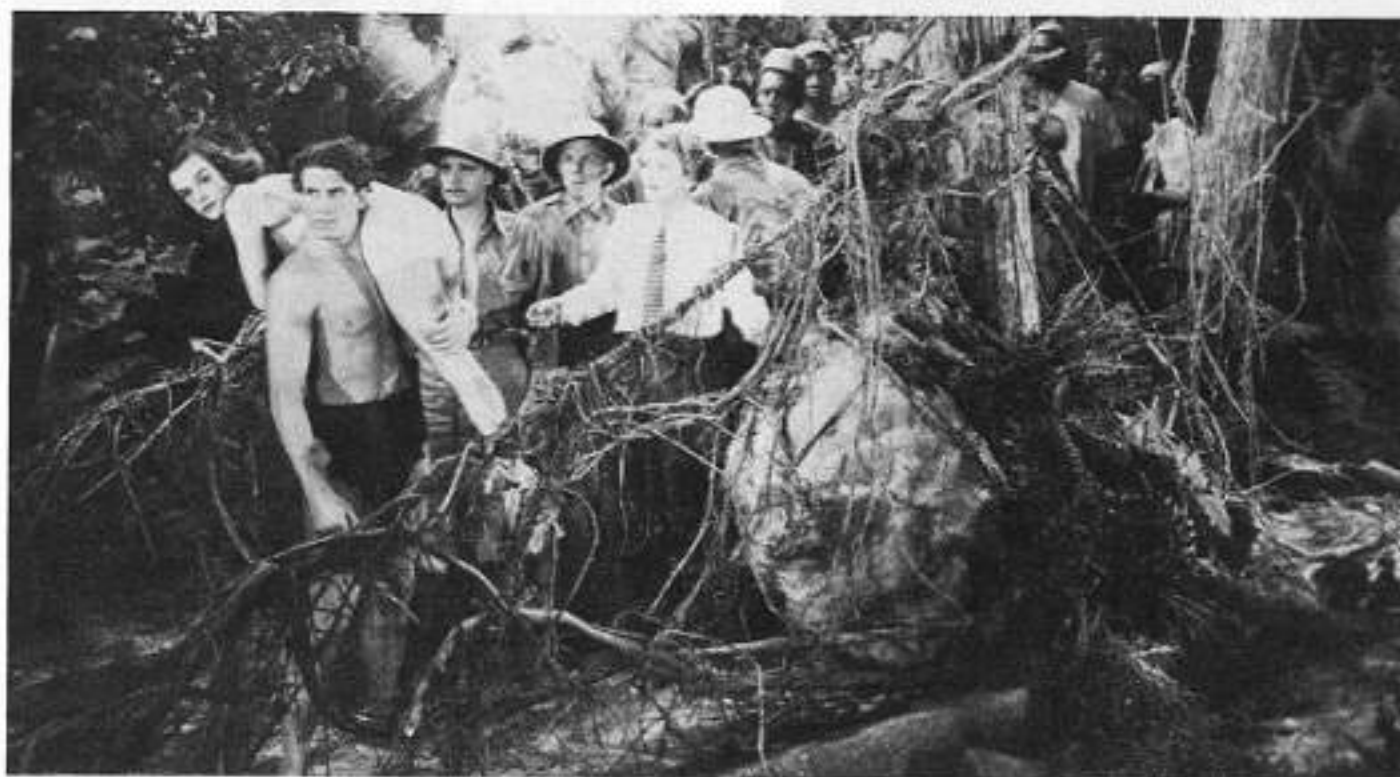
figleaf, standing atop a model world with Eve perched on his shoulder.

However, the powers-that-be at BVD decided that it was not good for their image for Weissmuller to be seen *not* wearing their swimwear, and they forced Paramount to delete the scene. Then, when MGM decided on Weissmuller as Tarzan, BVD would have none of it. They weren't about to have their boy making money for some other company, especially since he wouldn't even be wearing his BVD's in the film! Finally, after negotiations that would make the Paris Peace Talks look simple, MGM got Weissmuller, and BVD got publicity photos of every star under MGM contract—a remarkable constellation at the time—wearing BVD swimwear.

And so began the career of *the* Tarzan, Johnny Weissmuller. He certainly did cut a striking figure in 1932. He was trim and lithe and exuded a sexy innocence that was ideal for the character. His muscular swimmer's body was well worth looking at, and in the brief, open-sided loincloth he wore—the skimpiest costume since Gordon Griffith appeared in the nude—there was precious little of him not on display.

Edgar Rice Burroughs, who had loved Jim Pierce as Tarzan, disliked Weissmuller intensely. The script changed Tarzan from the sophisticated, erudite English lord of the books and earlier movies into the grunting primitive that became the prototype for the next three decades.

In the fourth Weissmuller film, *Tarzan Finds a Son*, young Johnny Shef-



Glenn Morris has his hands full in his one fling at the role before wisely retiring from his show business career.

field was introduced as a foundling named "Boy," and he stayed on to appear in all but one of the remaining Weissmuller pictures.

Weissmuller was so phenomenally popular as Tarzan that he was seduced into staying on far beyond the point when he would have been wise to put on his clothes and retire. By the time he made *Tarzan and the Huntress*, in 1947, he was 43 years old, and he was beginning to look it. The situation was further aggravated by the presence of Sheffield, who had developed into a gorgeous, husky 15-year-old. In his scenes with Weissmuller, the comparison was positively embarrassing. Sheffield was conspicuous by his absence from the twelfth, and last, Weissmuller film, *Tarzan and the Mermaids*. Sheffield went on into a pseudo-Tarzan series in which he played Bomba, the Jungle Boy, but his prime came and went quickly, and as he entered his twenties his beautiful, stocky physique was already beginning to look simply pudgy.

After *Tarzan and the Mermaids*, Weissmuller finally hung up his loincloth, and between 1948 and 1956 he made an additional 20 pictures as Jungle Jim before retiring to open a nationwide chain of health food stores. The most popular Tarzan of all was gone, but unfortunately not soon enough to leave unblemished the memory of the beautiful young man he had been 16 years before.

However, Weissmuller had not reigned completely unchallenged. Three other "wildcat" Tarzans had come and gone while the "King" was cranking them out. In 1933 a serial titled *Tarzan the Fearless* had featured another Olympic swimming star, Buster Crabbe, in the role. Wonderfully handsome, with a broad-shouldered, smooth-limbed swimmer's physique, Crabbe was a stunning addition to the stable of Tarzans, and his loincloth, cut unusually high in the rear, offered moviegoers some excitingly cheeky views as he ran down the jungle trails. Crabbe, of course, went on to play both Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers in several serials based on those characters, and from there to a string of increasingly less inspiring roles. He was most recently seen as a cowboy challenging a younger man to a chili-eating contest in a popular television commercial.

The next challenger was Herman Brix, the Olympic shot-putter who had almost beaten out Weissmuller in the first place. His film, a serial called *The New Adventures of Tarzan*, was uninspired, and Brix, with a more slender, wiry physique than was expected in the role, failed to catch the imagination of the audience either. Brix later went on to somewhat greater glory under the name Bruce Bennett, but he always blamed his early image as Tarzan for the failure of casting directors to take him more seriously.

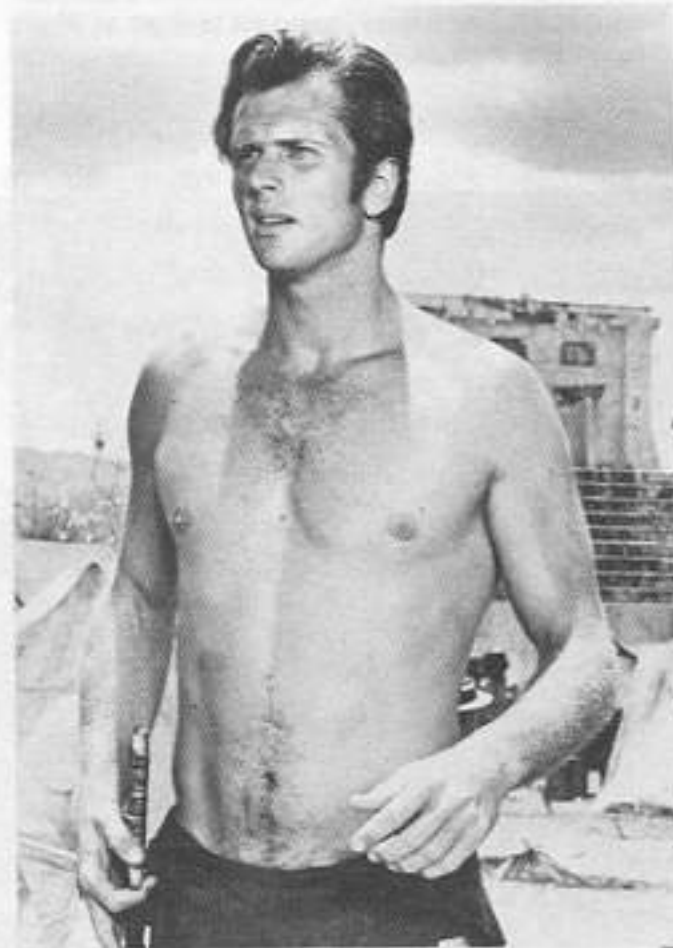


Hiding behind Jai, the Elephant Boy is Jock Mahoney, the oldest Tarzan of them all. He started in the series at the age when Weissmuller retired.

The third pretender to the throne was Glenn Morris, a Colorado State College football champion and the 1936 Olympic decathlon champ. Morris was reasonably handsome, and had a nice, trim body, but even in a series in which looks and athleticism took precedence over any histrionic ability, he was an inexcusably bad actor. Further, he was handicapped with a mercurial resemblance to Harpo Marx which made itself felt at all the wrong moments. Morris



Johnny Weissmuller was the definitive Tarzan for two generations of avid young fans.



Ron Ely was television's Tarzan, and developed a young and enthusiastic following of teeny-boppers.



Socialite Lex Barker was the first non-athlete to play Tarzan in nearly thirty years.



Powerful Gordon Scott was the Tarzan of the fifties and went on to become a top Italian spear-and-sandal star.



Mike Henry, a professional football player with a classic, chiseled physique, looks fine in the part, but could not stand up under the rigors of shooting on location in tropical jungles.

surreptitiously retreated back to Colorado when the film hit the light of day, and wisely went into the insurance business.

After Glenn Morris, Johnny Weissmuller held the field unchallenged until he finally disintegrated in the late Forties and a replacement became necessary. The replacement was a young socialite named Lex Barker. Although he had participated in football and track in prep school, Barker was the first essentially non-athlete cast in the role in over two decades. His slender, natural build and aquiline features were a pleasant change, and although none of his five Tarzan films were particularly outstanding, he was a worthwhile heir to the role. Jane appeared in all of Barker's films, and in one of them, *Tarzan's Savage Fury*, there was a youngster, played by Tommy Carlton, who was supposed to fulfill Sheffield's role.

Barker later moved to Europe, where he appeared in a great many films, including Fellini's *La Dolce Vita* (playing a decaying actor who had once played Tarzan) and an extremely popular series of German-produced westerns. Last year while visiting New York, Lex Barker collapsed on the street and died of heart failure.

The eleventh Tarzan—massive, powerfully built Gordon Scott—was discovered while working as a lifeguard in Las Vegas, one of a number of odd jobs he had held while knocking around the country after his discharge from the army in 1947. Scott was six-feet-three

inches and 218 pounds with 19-inch biceps when he made his movie debut in *Tarzan's Hidden Jungle*. He had, as they say, muscles in places where most people don't even have places, and was a very impressive Tarzan indeed, although his film debut was a considerably less than impressive entry in the series.

Scott's second film, however, *Tarzan and the Lost Safari*, breathed new life into the series. It was the first Tarzan film in color, and it was shot on location in Africa, amid scenery as impressive as the star himself. Much location footage from this film found its way into Scott's next film, *Tarzan's Fight for a Life*, which the advertisements exclaimed was "Filmed Where It Happened!" Where it happened was the MGM back lot in Culver City. *Fight for a Life* introduced Jane and Boy into the Gordon Scott series. This Boy was a contemporary-looking youngster with a long crewcut named Ricky Sorenson.

Altogether, Scott made six Tarzan features, if one counts a crazy quilt pieced together from three unsold TV pilot films and titled *Tarzan and the Trappers*, which had its world premiere on television in 1966. Ricky Sorenson played Boy for the second and last time in that one. During the Sixties, Scott, too, moved to Europe, where he made a considerable name for himself starring in Italian spear-and-sandal epics and westerns.

In 1959, MGM decided to remake their 1932 hit, *Tarzan the Ape Man*, and for the lead they cast 24-year-old Denny

Miller, a six-foot-four, 212-pound former UCLA basketball star who had turned down a career in professional basketball to be an actor. Miller, far and away the most stunningly beautiful actor ever to play Tarzan, was a young, blond god with a lean, tightly muscled, bronzed body. In the jungle, however, he looked a little as though he'd lost his way while headed for the locker room, and this, combined with the fact that *Tarzan of the Apes* was a cheap, slapdash production, nipped his Tarzan career in the bud, which is particularly unfortunate, since he was such fun to look at. Under the name of Scott Miller, he went on to play a couple of seasons

continued on page 84



The author considers Denny Miller the sexiest Tarzan ever, but he failed to catch the interest of the moviegoers, and for years after he appeared, he worked under another name.

EARTHQUAKE



Jody (Marjoe Gortner) and National Guardsmen threaten to use machine guns to stop Policeman Lew Slade (George Kennedy) and Stewart Graff (Charleson Heston) from entering a devastated area.

"Earthquake" is, beyond question, the most authentically terrifying screen spectacle ever attempted. In scope and sheer, overwhelming shock value, it dwarfs anything heretofore seen in any motion picture theatre anywhere in the world. Sensurround, the auditory innovation that makes its debut along with it, is an awesome piece of technology, a genuinely monumental achievement and a worthy adjunct to a film that will be one of the biggest moneymakers since "Gone With The Wind."

Now that I have written the foregoing I must reluctantly add that George Fox and, of all people, Mario ("The Godfather") Puzo have collaborated on one of the worst screenplays I have ever seen. It is a tedious compendium of stereotypes that have the consistency of cardboard cut-outs and the stars accordingly play them like frozen zombies. The most tragic disaster is Ava Gardner whose erstwhile lovely face has been sadly ravaged by time and plastic surgery following a goring in a Spanish bull ring. She is seen with large bags under her eyes in a variety of truncated scenes that show her either walking into a shot or leaving one with nothing of substance in between. Marjoe Gortner (a really ghastly actor) is the former Bible-belt orator conscripted for films. Saddled with a role so atrocious



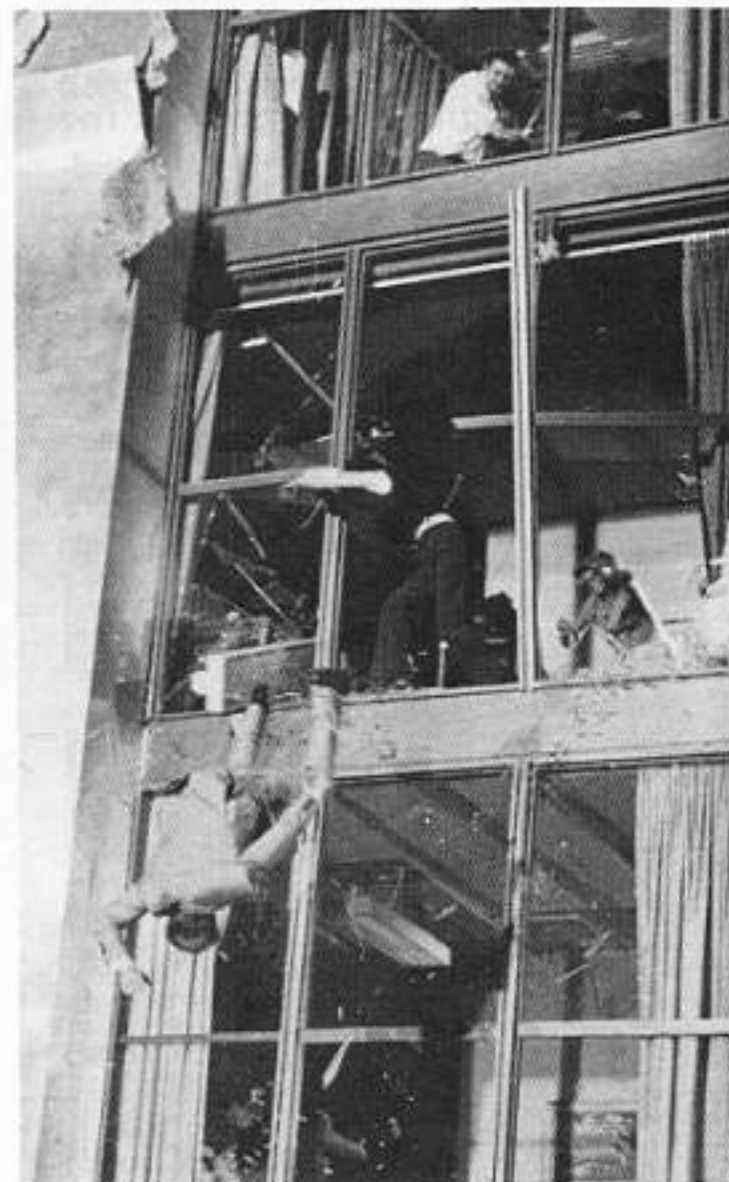
A secretary is terrified as Carl Leeds and his office assistant lower industrial tycoon Sam Royce to safety from the top of office building. (Monica Lewis, John Elerick, Erik Cord, Lorne Greene).



National Guardsmen take over following the machine gunning of three accused looters.

that no one could make any sense out of it, he is pelted in one scene by refuse thrown by a trio of thugs who call him a Fag and a Queer. If this sequence remains in this film, all Gays would be entirely justified in zapping it. Richard Roundtree plays an idiotic prototype of Evel Knievel while Lloyd Nolan is wasted in the role of a doctor assigned to minister to earthquake victims in a sewer.

But, actually, no one is going to see "Earthquake" for its story line and I cannot imagine anyone willing to pass up seeing this picture. For everyone will be talking about nothing else all year long. It is the spectacle that will attract the crowds and no one is going to be disappointed in that. Albert Whitlock and Frank Brendel have created stunning visual effects, Clifford Stine has photographed the quake with fantastic skill, the Matte Photography and Miniatures of Ross Hoffman and Glen Robinson are landmarks in their field and Melvin M. Metcalfe has supplied Sounds of a scope unheard of. Finally, John Daheim has coordinated the myriad of Stunts with dazzling virtuosity. As a spectacle, then, "Earthquake" towers above everything that has ever been made before. But, as drama, it is pitiful, puny, pathetic. Very deserving of being swept away by a holocaust of staggering proportions. **ALLAN LEOPOLD**



Office workers are shaken out of windows by the force of a tremor that strikes L.A.

FREEBIE AND THE BEAN



Christopher Morley and Jack Kruschen in a scene from "Freebie and the Bean."



Alex Rocco, Mike Kellin and James Caan in a scene from "Freebie and the Bean."

You're probably telling yourself, "Swell! Just what we need! Another film about a couple of cops beating the shit out of suspects and flaunting the laws they claim to be enforcing. Another slimey, sneering, sadistic faggot villain. Just what we need!"

That's what I told myself, too, and I went into the screening room at Warner Brothers fully determined to hate the picture vehemently. But "Freebie And The

Bean" is a hard picture to hate.

True, it's all there. James Caan plays Freebie, a cop who gained his nickname by being constantly on the take. What he can't steal, he blackmails for. He longs to be on the vice squad so that he can get into the really big extortion money. And he loves beating up people — savagely, viciously, and with little or no reason. Alan Arkin plays The Bean, Freebie's Chicano partner who's the model of the

good cop — he doesn't steal, although he dearly loves to knock the stuffings out of a suspect every now and again. And Christopher Morley is the faggot bad guy, a whining, mincing transvestite.

It takes a while to realize that they are all parodies. We've seen these characters all before, at least a dozen times in the last year or two, played almost as broadly as they're played here, but in perfect seriousness. How many movies have we seen lately that suggested with complete earnestness that anyone is on the side of anarchy who would expect a policeman to shackle himself down by observing the law? How many movies have shown all homosexuals, without exception, to be fairies and sadists? How many movies have been riddled with such ethnic slurs as "beaner," "wop," "nigger," "polack," and "fag"?

Well, it's all there in "Freebie And The Bean," but played as such broad travesty that it manages to send up the whole genre. Never again will it be possible to take the stereotypes completely seriously. Of course, it might be argued that this is dangerous — that renegade cops who consider themselves above the law are a matter of utmost concern. This is perfectly true, but it's still awfully hard to remember when one is caught up in the lusty good humor of "Freebie And The Bean."

The film also takes on another popular stock cliché of today — the obligatory car chase. "Freebie" has not one or two of

continued on page 86



James Caan and Alan Arkin yell it out in this scene.

LENNY



Mr. and Mrs. Lenny Bruce (Dustin Hoffman and Valerie Perrine) caught in a brief moment of happiness.



A San Francisco police officer (Mickey Gattlin) fingerprints Lenny Bruce (Dustin Hoffman), who has been busted on obscenity charge.

It has been eight years since Lenny Bruce was found dead on a bathroom floor from an overdose of heroin. Since that time his popular infamy as a comic capable of reducing every social institution imaginable to shreds has grown to cult proportions. Bruce was an early master at exposing the hypocrisy which often hid behind the skirts of righteous morality. Often he chose to spice his dissections with undeleted expletives that eventually led to his arrest and a string of court appearances on grounds of obscenity. Today, with the more permissive social climate of the seventies, some of Bruce's shock value may seem quite tame.

Nevertheless, Bob Fosse has managed

to make an absorbingly fascinating film out of the wavering threads of Bruce's life. To accomplish this Fosse, who won an academy award a few years back for transforming "Cabaret" into one of the best musicals ever made, has switched from the sleazy night life of pre Nazi Germany to the sleazy nightlife of conservatively middle class America in the fifties and sixties. He picks up Lenny's story just as his career is beginning as a second rate stand up comic, a relief fill in for costume changing strippers.

The story is told in flashbacks through taped interviews with Lenny's former wife, his mother, and his agent. Between the interviews and the flashbacks there are splices of Lenny in action performing in

different clubs before different audiences. Here Fosse manages to zero in on the wide spectrum of audience reaction Bruce was capable of eliciting. We see people mesmerized, laughing, some are stony faced, angry and very often puzzled. Through the interviews with those closest to him, Lenny's frustrations and his personal problems are spread out before us, and by the time the film arrives at his untimely death we have been provided with some staggering insights into what made the man tick.

The use of black and white rather than color fits the mood of the film so there seems to be more intensity in the smoke filled nightclubs, and Lenny's wit appears more bleak and unrelentless. And it's been carefully structured by Mr. Fosse and Julian Barry who adapted the screenplay from his stage hit. Ironically, one finds very little to laugh at in this biography of a comedian.

The actors are all superb. As Lenny's wife, Valerie Perrine is a real find. She could easily become a new sex symbol for the hetero crowd, but this time one with great depth and the ability to capture a character and make her believable. As Lenny's mother, Jan Miner steps out of her image as Madge in the Palmolive commercials and offers a deeply convincing performance. As the agent, Stanley Beck is an actor with a finite sense of the despicable in human nature.

But most importantly Dustin Hoffman gives his strongest, most inspired performance since "Midnight Cowboy." This is not to say that he is Lenny Bruce, but he manages to find the same sense of urgent desperation along with the comic undertones that made Lenny into a myth, and that makes this "Lenny" well worth seeing.

BURTON STEVENS



Kitty Bruce (Susan Malnick) sings for her father, Lenny Bruce.

By Allan Leopold

FRENCH DRESSING



Claude Sacha as Bette Midler.

Small hit revues are fast becoming fashionable and they're so easy on the management for a Weekly BreakEven Overhead Nut. Over on La Brea, five people are holding forth in the smash satire, "What's A Nice Country Like You Doing In A State Like This?" Over on Pico, four people are doing "Ny Nose" and this zingy New York import boasts five: three female impersonators and two dancers. This pair possess incredible bodies and they do a number in nothing but mesh and jeweled jockstraps that, alone, is worth the \$5 admission. Neither Lewis Love nor Sammy DeMarco ever thought of photographing this before, so IN TOUCH

went ahead and immortalized it on these pages.

When the curtain goes up Caleb Stonn, just twenty-one, comes on as Liza Minelli and does a nice, workmanlike job on all the routines she has made famous, including her "Cabaret" stuff. But "Cabaret" is too recent, too fresh in our minds to see and hear all over again. It is a reprise of familiar territory that has made a groove in our minds. The same cannot be said of Garland because we have some distance between her and us. I can honestly report that Mr. Stone's "The Man That Got Away" moved me as much as Judy used to, herself, in her heyday. J. C. Gaynor's Shirley Bassey eluded me completely but Diana Ross' "Good Mornin' Heartache" from "The Lady Sings The Blues" was uncanny. And now we come to the undisputed star of the show, Mr. Claude Sacha, who does everything up brown. His Streisand is absolutely right-on and his Bette Midler is a positive Scream, belting the daylights out of "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy of Company B." Mr. S. is TNT even when the lip-synch STOPS. He sounds like the Divine Miss M. in his own



No, not Diana Ross, it's J. C. Gaynor



Look again. It's not Judy, but Caleb Stonn.



Guess again. It's not songstress Shirley Bassey, but J. C. Gaynor.

voice and he comes down into the audience with so many sure-fire snappers I couldn't keep up with him. He tells the gorgeous Lewis Love to show some cleavage. Love obediently turns around. At which point, he adds:

"So spreadable, they're incredible!"

To a dignified lady in the front row:

"Tell me, do you swallow it?"

Then he launches into a hilarious critique of "Airport '75" and "Earthquake."

To Sophie Tucker:

"You got no tits and a tight box."

Sophie: "Get off my back!"

Followed by:

"Now you take Richard M. Nixon. That was one Dick I never wanted."

And, finally:

"You've been such a lovely audience. Remind me NEVER to play the La Brea Tar Pits again!"

"French Dressing" brings a touch of big-time Las Vegas to our town. And you can enjoy it without losing your ass at the crap tables. ●



Lewis Love and Sammy DeMarco

MOON FOR THE MISBEGOTTEN



Moon for the Misbegotten stars Jason Robards and Colleen Dewhurst, also starring Tom Clancy.

If this Elliot Martin-Lester Osterman production of Eugene O'Neill's "A Moon For The Misbegotten" is Broadway's biggest dramatic hit (as they are advertising it) then I shudder for what must be going on there these days. Opening Night applause here was so light I presume I am not alone in my displeasure. Actually, the first act put me to sleep. To give you an idea of how enervating it is, Colleen, a farmyard scrounge, does nothing but wash down the porch and front steps. At one point, she goes to the kitchen cupboard to get a bottle of booze and there is nothing else on the shelves. In as much as her besotted father is constantly demanding his meals, I would think this oversight to be the prop man's blooper.

Every entrance of every actor is announced by an actor to somebody already onstage. Such a tedious device

was passe when Bernhardt was treading the boards and this first draft of a play was one of O'Neill's last. He hadn't finished it, he wasn't proud of it and he gave explicit instructions NOT to have it produced after his death. His widow, Carlotta, on a money binge to allay her drug habits, airily sold the rights for a Swedish production. New York, subsequently, got its hands on it in the early fifties and nobody much cared for it then. I, therefore, fail to understand the sudden gusher of admiration that has developed now. It is one of O'Neill's weakest works and, when he isn't up to par, there are few writers in the theatre drearier. Jose Quintero, whose work with Geraldine Page in the Circle In The Square production of Tennessee Williams' "Summer And Smoke" made her a star, also worked with Jason Robards on that play. I thought

continued on page 94

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

MUSIC

By Burton Stevens



The new Carole King album, "Wrap Around Joy" (Ode SP 77024) is another standout LP for this woman who is as adept as anyone in the business at creating words and music that reflect contemporary themes. There are perhaps only two other women writing their own songs who can touch her: Joni Mitchell and Carly Simon. Interestingly enough all three record their own material and manage to bring their own particular brand of personal reflection into their work.

There are many who feel that Carole's voice lacks the training and the right tonal quality to be completely effective, but this reviewer wouldn't be without her. There is something exciting about hearing the creator of a song put it across themselves. Listen to her rendition of "Jazzman" and you'll get the idea. It's the kind of song that immediately makes you want to smile if not dance, and Carole gives it just the right amount of joyous excitement. It could easily become a classic.

Then there is the soft, almost mournful quality Carole gives to a song like "You Go Your Way, I'll Go Mine" very reminiscent of her famous rendition of "It's Too Late, Baby." Carole has always been a master at conveying the emotional conflict of a finished affair. There's a finality in the way she sings this ballad that catches your ear and holds your attention.

The title song "Wrap Around Joy" is an affirmation of love in progress. It has an uptempo downtown beat like most of Carole's happier expressions of love when

it goes well. "My Lovin' Eyes" again deals with love of a more reflective kind and the final song on the album "The Best Is Yet To Come" continues the metaphor and leaves her listeners expecting greater things from Carole in the future.

The recording has been well produced, includes the lyrics to all the songs, and comes across with excellent sound quality. There is marvelous backing from the supporting musicians especially Jim Horn and Tom Scott both doing saxophone solos on two of the cuts. And to give credit where credit is due Dave Palmer has ably assisted Carole in writing these selections, helping to make this King one of the Queens of the popular song.



The fascinating thing about The Rolling Stones is how well they've managed to hang together after all these years. Of course no one can deny the charisma of Mick Jagger. Elton John and David Bowie notwithstanding, Jagger still has the ability to virtually command a listener's attention. Perhaps he is still the most sensuously compelling rock musician performing today, but in any case a group's popularity must finally rest with their ability to make music and move audiences.

If you have any doubts that the Stones may have lost their touch, then I firmly suggest you investigate their latest album on The Rolling Stones label "It's Only Rock And Roll" (COL 79101). There isn't a cut on the record that doesn't bear out the Stones well earned reputation. Just listen to Jagger's sexy rendition of "Till The

Next Goodbye" or "Time Waits For No One" with its spiraling guitar coda and you can well understand his gripping appeal.

"Dance Little Sister" and the title song provide some heavy beats and intricate rhythmic combinations. "If You Really Want To Be My Friend" is Jagger at his insouciant best, and "Fingerprint File" has a sardonic cutting edge. "Luxury" provides some amusing comment on working and shows the group off at its best. The other selections all have the solid rock impact that is the Stones' trademark.

One doesn't go to the Stones for a message. There is no strong link between the songs so that the album registers as a kind of prophetic song cycle. The Stones just remain one of the most musically inspired rock groups in history. Their message can be found in the pulse of their music where it belongs.

The artwork on the cover deserves some mention: a kind of triumphal procession of the group, led by Jagger, into a Romanesque dream that looks as if it's a recreation of a forgotten Cecil B. DeMille epic of the 1930's.



Lynard Skynard — pronounced Leonard Skinard — (MCA 413) have a new album out fittingly called "Second Helping" since it is their second album. The group has a marvelous funky southern sound that ought to appeal to anyone interested in a country rock approach. The first song on the album "Sweet Home Alabama" has already started to climb on the charts and one hearing should tell you why.

Occasionally the group seems to be drifting toward a latter day acid rock beat and sometimes you're not sure if they've exactly made up their minds as to which direction they're heading in. "Workin' For MCA" is a case in point. At

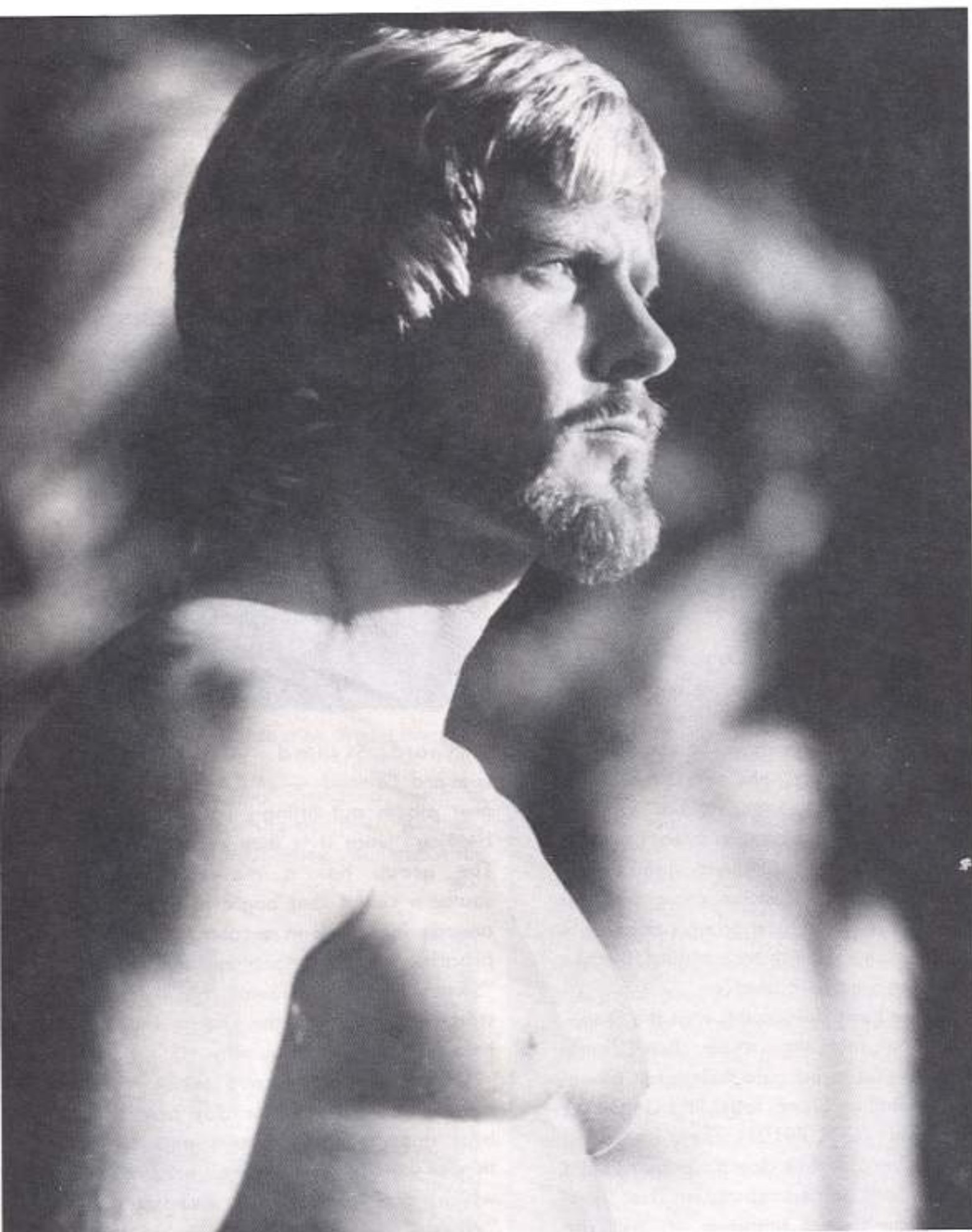
continued on page 83

DISCOVERY

ED HANEY

A PERFECT FORM FOR ART

By Tod Johnson
PHOTOS BY HY CHASE



If Michaelangelo had lived today, I am sure he would have selected Ed Haney as his model for the DAVID!

Statuesque in form, molded to a finished perfection . . . Ed Haney is so sculptured that a single blemish would appear as undesirable as acne on a teenager. He moves in natural rhythm as a well coordinated cat moves . . . in complete authority. He has never worked for a studied development . . . it was a gift. He has never had to labor hour after hour, day after day to build that admired physique . . . it was a legacy.

Ed Haney is a polished man!

Being a Leo . . . August 7, 1943 . . . he possesses naturally the authority of a ruler . . . a king. Whatever his undertaking, it is performed with utmost conviction. Since he has a fixed fiery sign, he automatically assumes the position of being proud, generous, trusting, energetic, domineering and forceful. If the heavenly signs accommodate you with these assets, the earth signs must appreciate their rulings and grant you absolute dominion.

It is said that no one can stand before the Apollo Belvedere without instinctively straightening his shoulders and drawing himself up to his full stature. Ed, as a fully developed Leonian, has something of the same effect upon his fellow men. His faith and trust in humanity is his serene conviction. He expects the same from others as he does from himself. He gives fresh courage to those around him, and sets them striving to fulfill his expectations. This, of course, awakens a generous



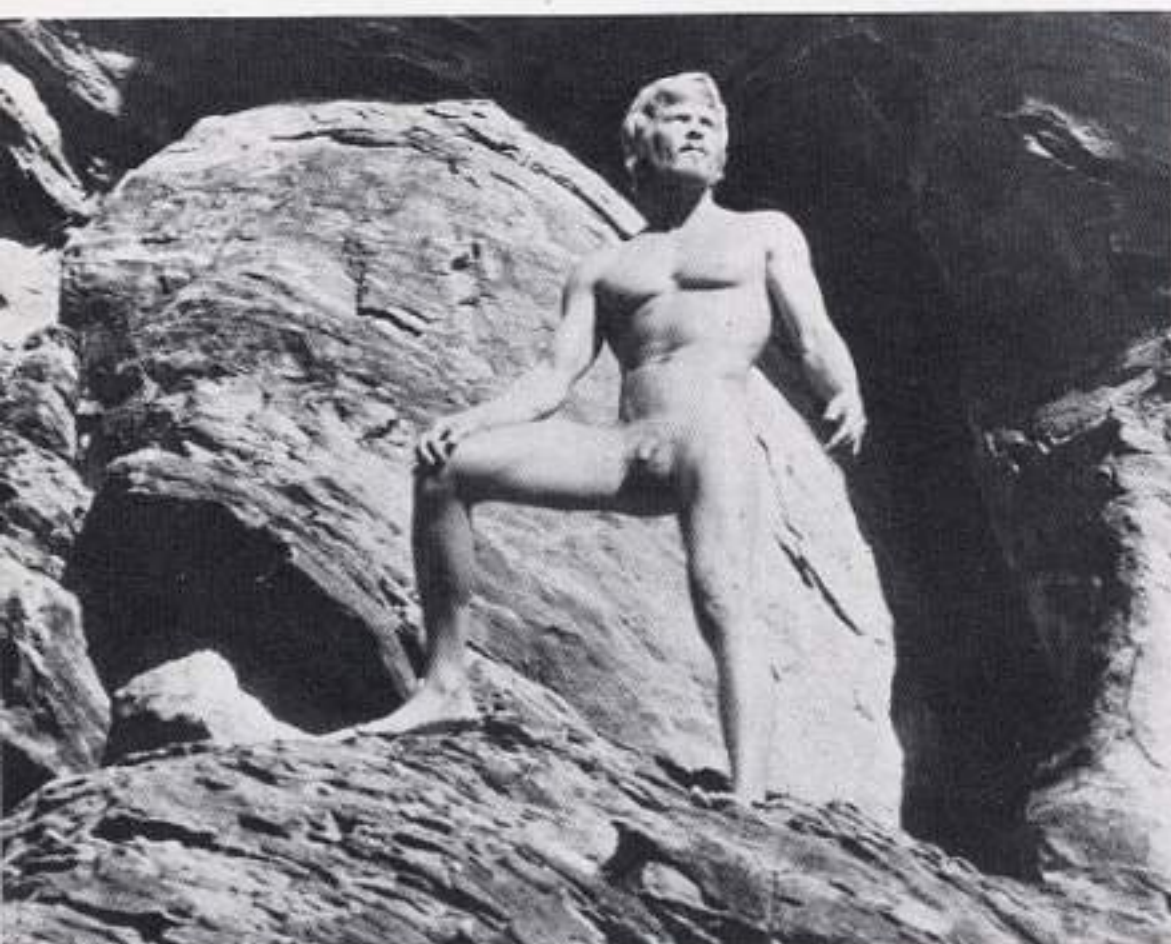


response in the hearts of all those lucky enough to be near him. His physical appearance alone assures this.

Ed Haney could be the ideal head of any large enterprise, institution, or undertaking. He has that quality of leadership which guarantees success. Since his avid love is painting (in most mediums), sketching and sculpting, he is bound to master these creative forms to emerge a standout among those in that heavily populated Hall of Fame called ART.

Since Ed is a many-faceted person, he understands and appreciates the qualities of all the other types he encounters. He would never waste his energy by asking from anyone that which is not in his or her power to give. Therefore, he is particularly successful in organizing activities and distributing duties. Among his close friends, it is rare that this side of his nature is called upon, mainly because it would interfere with his productive side . . . ART! Ed is a man devoted to his work, and dedicated to its output.

Because of this dedication, the romantic side of his life is often unattended. Since he tends to be over-generous with his emotions, and often too wide-spread, his characteristic faith in human nature frequently results in misplaced affections

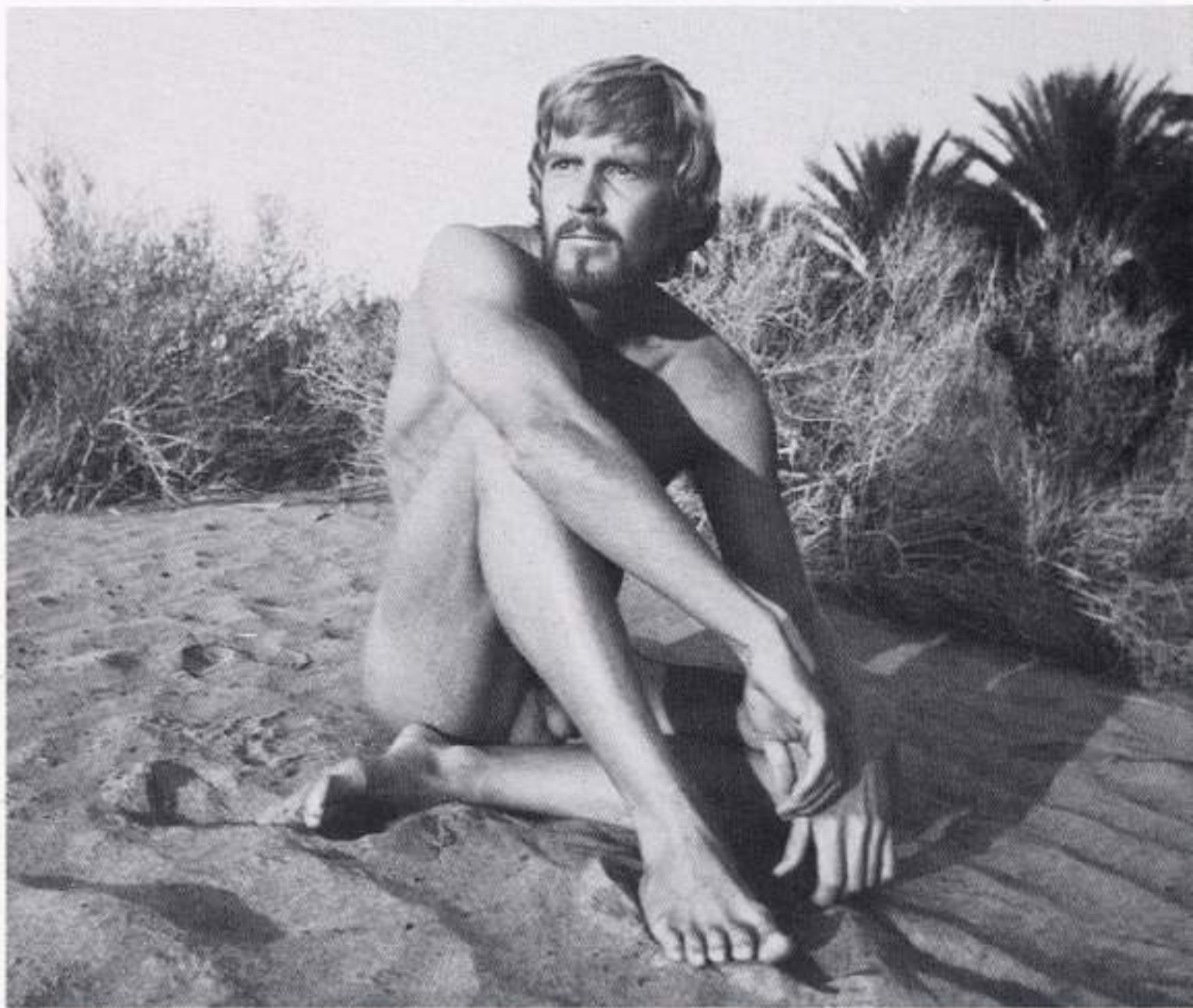


and unwise friendships. Heartaches and broken engagements are frequent; but on the other hand, the inborn magnanimity and power of forgiveness are such that in most cases Ed adjusts himself to apparently impossible conditions, averts most tragedies, and brings successful expression out of his emotional chaos by the sheer fact of faith. It is through this faith that his creative work shines. And shine it does!

If Ed's physical appearance is the first beauty, then his second beauty emerges through his controlled but inspired fingers. The majestic illusions he has placed on his canvases will be viewed by countless admirers in the near future. Ed verifies that although he is currently being presented in the Union Galleries on Ventura Boulevard in Studio City, California, he is really preparing for his one-man exhibition at the Glendale Federal Savings Bank at the intersection of Riverside and Woodman Boulevards in Tarzana, California. Through this exhibition, art dealers and collectors will have the opportunity to see reflected in Ed's landscapes the old falling down buildings the same genius that shines in Ed's favorite artists: Andrew Wyeth and Norman Rockwell.

With so much going for Mr. Haney, it is strange that sometimes deep moods of despondency appear. This condition is generally associated with insufficient social inter-action. Because of his Leonian character, he can retain a facade of victory in all his artistic efforts while passing through the lows of his panoramic existence. This creative character demands a familiarity with life. The mountain tops are so only because of the valleys that surround them. And life, especially a creative life, must be envied with plenty of both.

To repeat from a former paragraph: If Michaelangelo were here today, I am certain he would have sculptured Ed into another awe inspiring marble art work that would be forever embedded on the minds of all who would view him. Amazingly enough the same experience is shared in the living flesh.

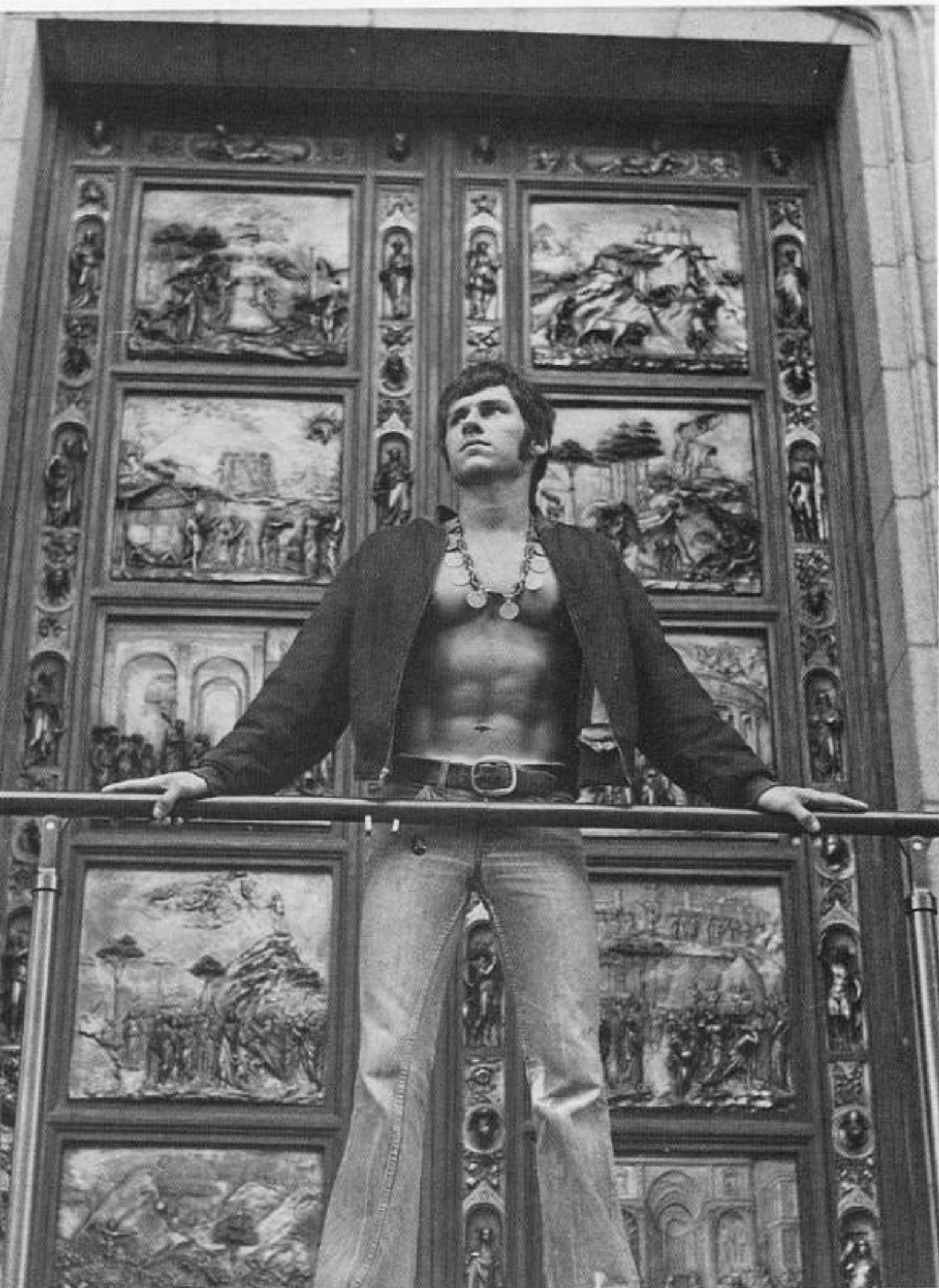




WIDE IS THE WAY

By Douglas Dean

Photography by John D. Hough



His name is Mark Mulleian. He's twenty-seven years old and he's an artist. For five years he had a studio on Sutter Street near Mason in San Francisco, a place where he worked, exhibited his paintings and lived with his lover. People passing by would gape through the windows at the immensity and grandeur of his creations and at the artist himself as he toiled in the scaffolding in front of a giant canvas.

Celebrities are among his customers. Elton John has one of his paintings, and others have been carried to Mexico, Canada and remote places throughout the world. William Ball, the director of the American Conservatory Theatre, has spoken to Mark about the development of images which might be used in future productions.

Yet amazingly, the art critics of the major San Francisco newspapers continue to ignore him. They are aware of him, they have seen stories which writers have submitted about him — and they have rejected both Mark Mulleian and his work.

I asked him why.

"At first I considered the possibility that it wasn't true," he replied, "but after several incidents I'm now convinced that it IS true. The critics of the local dailies, for some reason, don't want to accept or even consider me as a serious artist."

"But why?"

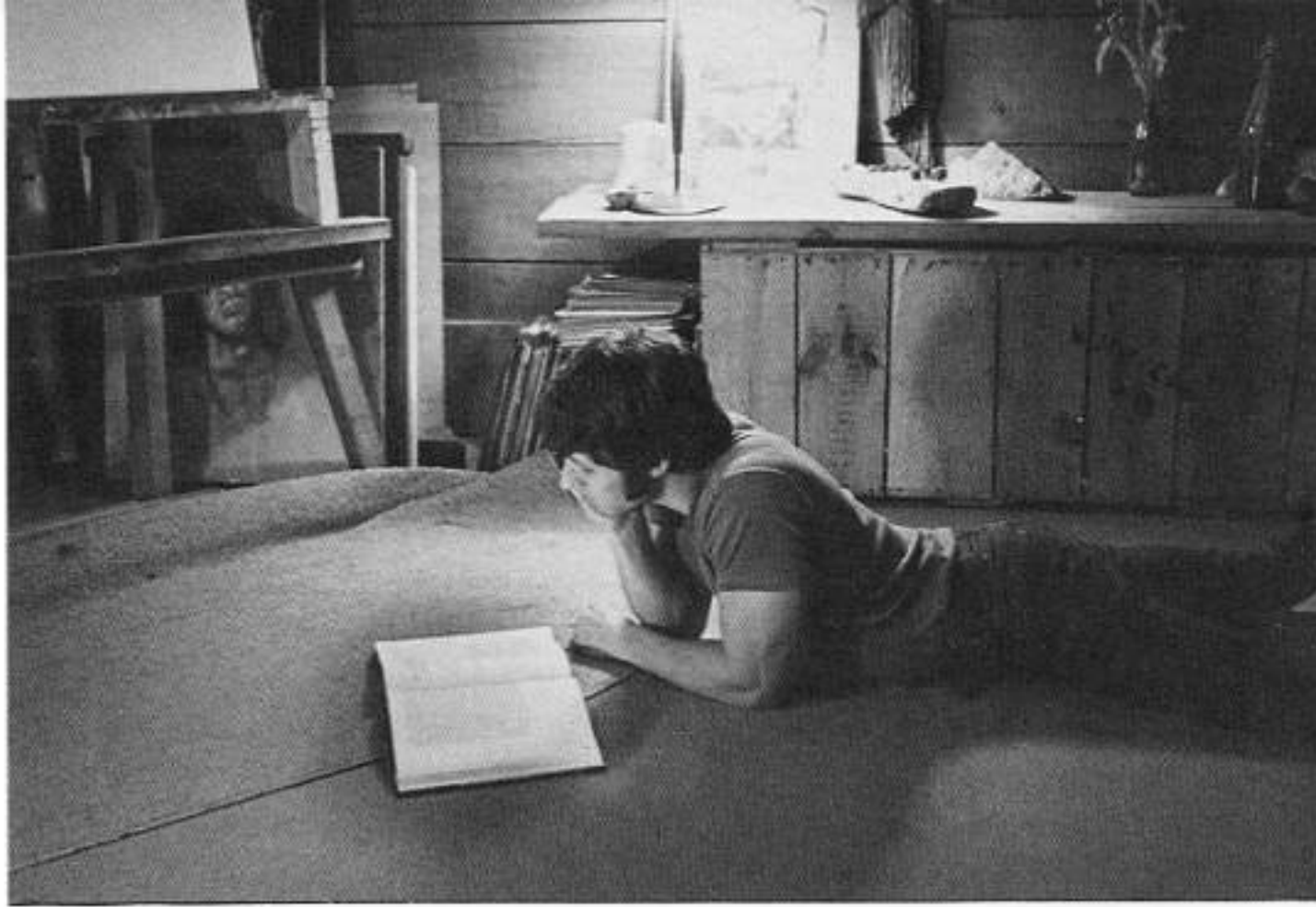
"I believe they prefer work which is more abstract. The bigness and the power of my canvasses overwhelm them."

As one looks at the paintings on the walls of Mark's studio, one is aware that (in spite of the artist's own declaration) many of his works are indeed abstract or at least impressionistic. Symbolism, frequently puzzling, is immediately apparent in the great majority of them, and they are not all on huge canvasses.

I was intrigued by a rather small work which he had titled "The Vanilla Bottle." This was done on a block of wood, approximately 11"x14", in deep brown tones with here and there a slight touch of orange. In the upper right-hand corner hangs a key, a rather old-fashioned type doorway. Suspended by a thin wire in the center of the painting there is a small uncorked bottle from which a wisp of vapor arises, passing into a keyhole in the corner at upper left. Above the key is an inscription which reads "Trying to be yourself is not knowing how."

Ponder that for a minute.

Mark says of this painting that it depicts "some of the functioning impulses



"The forces of man and nature"

in the universe. The key is a symbol of translation, of walking from one locked place into another."

We have the key, but how do we get it into the lock?

Many of Mark's works, however, unlike "The Vanilla Bottle," are, as he says, large and rather awe-inspiring. This is not surprising when one considers that the artists whom he himself admires the most are Michelangelo and Da Vinci. "I also like Rembrandt and El Greco." Some of the sweep and grandeur of his paintings might be attributed to the fact that he listens to classical music while he paints — the works of such composers as Stravinsky, Prokofiev and Tchaikowsky.

"No Bach?"

He grinned. "Never. Bach is too formal, too stiff and too precise for me."

I first met this interesting young man through John David Hough, the noted San Francisco photographer, who had done some shots of Mark and his lover, Ron Raz. Hough thought that Mark would be a good subject for an IN TOUCH interview. "He's a very positive person, though," Hough warned me. "You have to be prepared for a man who has definite ideas and very much knows his own mind."

So I approached my first meeting with Mark with a few doubts and trepidations. Overly positive men, even attractive ones, often turn me off. Since I'm not exactly an indefinite type myself, such men and I are bound to clash wills and end up at swordpoint.

I was relieved to find Mark Muelleian quiet, rather shy and diffident, with a gen-

tle non-violent nature. The first vibrations between us were warm and friendly. (Oh, yes, his "positive" side did emerge now and then as we got to know each other better, and we experienced a moment or two of strain — but this sense of awkwardness eventually dissipated.)

He was concerned about the image of himself which would appear in the magazine. I tried to explain that while I respected his desire to project the ideas he has of his own nature, I must (as a writer) reveal the picture of him which vibrations translate to me. A writer, I pointed out, is as much an artist as a painter — conveying shadows and hues and flashes of insight. These reflections must be the writer's impressions, and not those of his subject.

He minimizes the importance of it, but Mark is aware that he's physically attractive. He has developed his body through regular work-outs since he was sixteen years old. Today he and his lover Ron work out together, three times a week, at least 1 1/2 hours each time. They are vegetarians . . . They used to cook, but now they eat most of their food raw. Whether this is the reason Mark is in such excellent physical condition may be debatable, but it is certainly a contributing factor to his health and general well-being.

He was afraid that undue attention might be given to his body in the interview and accompanying photographs. He is proud of his physique, but he does not want it to be exploited; it is only a part of his nature. He thinks of himself as a spiritual person, with his behavior pattern a fusion of mind, heart and body.

At one of our first meetings we walked down Polk Street to a small restaurant called The Noble Frankfurter. As we sat over coffee he told me about his early life.

"San Francisco is my home," he said quietly. "My mother was very young, only sixteen, when I was born. She deserted my father and me when I was three years old, so I never knew her. She did try to contact me once, when I was about eighteen, but we didn't meet . . . My father was a successful businessman, quite wealthy. We were never compatible, he and I. Still, I believe he had pride in me. I think he realized my strength, but he was a type who could never verbalize, didn't know how to show his affections . . . After he died my step-mother found one of my art brochures among his private papers. So even though he always claimed my choice of a career in art was impractical, maybe in secret he respected and loved me more than he could openly admit."

"How and when did your father die?"

"He's still alive."

I was taken aback and raised an eyebrow. "But you speak of him in the past tense."

"Because he's dead. I mean, he's dead but he's still alive. He had a heart attack and was declared legally dead. They shocked him back to life. He died three times, actually, and they revived him three times. The lack of oxygen destroyed his brain. Now he's hospitalized, a complete vegetable — so that's why I say that he's legally alive. But he's really dead. At the age of forty-eight."

This incident affecting his father has had a profound influence on Mark's think-



ing, perhaps substantiating many of his personal theories and opinions on life values.

"My father worked himself to his attack. He was so sure that making money was the only important thing. The final irony is that all of the money he made, and he's a millionaire, all of that money he earned will now sustain him — as a vegetable in a nursing home — for as long as his heart continues to beat."

I asked Mark about his beginnings as an artist.

"I'm self-taught. I've had no formal training . . . When I was in high school they put me into classes for the slower students, not exactly the mentally retarded kids, but pretty close to that. One of the teachers noticed that I had art ability, so the school started supplying me with materials." He paused a minute and grinned. "I really painted my way through Lincoln High."

Many of Mark's works have a religious motif, yet he says he has no structured religious background. "I'm intrigued with the past," he told me. "There's something about the past which draws me and compels me."

He served a year in Vietnam and this experience, too, had a vivid effect on him and was a catalyst creating many changes and evolutions in his life.

"I was shelled with a 75 mortar. I never fired my own rifle, all the time I was in Nam. After I was shelled, I simply dismantled it and put it in a gunny sack and refused to use it. Then I lost it . . . It's impossible to explain how those of us who were in Nam felt about it. We were so paranoid that we were beyond paranoia. Death was everywhere . . . A sergeant found my rifle. I had abandoned it and they were going to court-martial me, but a strange thing happened. Vibrations were working in my favor, and for some reason they decided just to pass over my 'offense' and forget about it." As he talked he had been somber, but now he assumed a brighter expression and he smiled. "A lot of good came out of the Nam experience. It was a negative thing, the war, but some positive elements emerged. There's no better protestor against war than a Nam veteran, you know, because he's been there and he knows."

Since Mark has obviously come to terms with his own sexuality, I wondered, too, how that had happened.

"I always knew I was gay, but I was a virgin until I was twenty-three."

"That's unusual in this day and age." I added, with a grin. "And what a waste!"

He chuckled. "Well, you have to remember I was very shy and withdrawn, very much inside myself for a long time . . . In the service some of the guys tried to get me together and fix me up with a prostitute. The experience was a disaster . . . I met the girl in a cemetery near a rice field. I came out of the graveyard and jumped over a barbed wire fence, after a futile attempt to have sex with her . . . One of my buddies who had set the deal up was waiting there outside the cemetery. He touched my chest. That puzzled me. I could never figure out why he did that."

"Maybe he was gay himself and wanted to know the truth about you."

"That's possible. But I think all of the guys wondered about me and wanted to know what my scene was . . . I was strange. The only thing he told me was, he touched my chest because he wanted to find out if I was sweating. To him, that would indicate whether or not the girl and I had consummated the relationship . . . Even so, why should it have mattered so much to him?"

Mark came back to San Francisco in 1969. He knew what he was by this time, but being of an inquisitive nature he wanted to find out even more about himself. "I didn't want to stay in limbo," he said.

The lover he has today, Ron Raz, is a man with whom he has lived for five years. (By the time this appears in print, they should be settled in a new studio and home together.) They slept in a loft at the rear of the studio on Sutter Street. But their affair had been slow in developing. They met through a mutual friend, exchanged gifts and Christmas cards before they ever went to bed together.



"The Crypt"



While I was working on this story, unbeknownst to Mark, I talked with various men who have met him on Polk Street or know him as an artist or have danced with him at Buzzby's or The Rendezvous. They all find him attractive — but many of them consider his lover Ron just as desirable as Mark in his own way.

Yet Ron told me that he is completely faithful to Mark. "I feel no need for other relationships," he said. "Mark was my first lover, and he is the only one I have at the present time."

Mark admits to casual affairs on the side. "Just one night stands," he emphasized as I talked with the two of them. "They don't mean anything. There's affection in them, of course — I couldn't go to bed with a man without feeling something for him — but the relationships aren't permanent. I always come home to Ron."

"We're very much into the gay movement," Mark continued. (The two men, Mark and Ron, were guests at my apartment during this session.) "We've come out and we don't hide it."

"But I think we're too heavy for a lot of the gay people we know," Ron interjected. "They think we're too serious."

Mark loves to dance. He goes to Buzzby's and The Rendezvous quite frequently. "You need food for another side of your nature," I pointed out. "Is there any kind of role playing between the two of you?"

"Not consciously," Ron replied. "Mark is a leader in his career, of course. I suppose I do center my life around him a great deal. But we compliment each other." (Ron is husky, well built, and has also been photographed by Hough.)

"I think our meeting was pre-destined," said Mark. "We tell our friends — Ron is Alice B. Toklas and I'm Gertrude Stein." We all laughed, enjoying this joke.

Often the two of them prowl Polk Street, and sometimes Mark walks alone to The Noble Frankfurter. He usually wears a red ruby on his levis and has a Moroccan coin necklace around his throat. The necklace was made in 1912 (the coins are really Arabic) and strung for spiritual reasons. Ron's father, a carpenter, brought it home one day (having found it someplace where he was working) and Ron gave it to Mark. "The ruby symbolizes a drop of blood which was shed for religion," Mark explained, "and the only religion I know is love."

Like many artists of major talent, Mark has secondary gifts. He loves to play with



"Ancient Woman"

words, and he keeps a diary in which he records thoughts and abstract images which are meaningful to him. The saying he used on "The Vanilla Bottle" intrigued me and I keep coming back to it. ("Trying to be yourself is not knowing how.") Part of Mark's personal philosophy is summed up in another of his sayings. "I am my student and this world is my university, through which I may learn to translate."

On the surface, and at first consideration, these expressions may not seem too profound; their simplicity is deceptive, however, for as one examines the words and phrases one enters a world of mirrors — encountering meanings within meanings within meanings.

Another idea: "Why not leave hidden the things that are not here, and not hide things that are?"

"The dictation from within, the power of creativity, is like the kiss of light upon the whisper of the inner while the outer sleeps."

On another evening, as I sat with Mark in his studio, I tried to draw him out with an analysis of his artistic development.

"I began to work with oils when I was thirteen. I was after movement — my strokes were heavy, like Van Gogh's, elongated. As I became more aware and familiar, I tried to slow down, to edit, to study each molecule of the element . . . Now I'm more in control, and of course I'm more critical of myself. The mastering of technique does have a polarity about it — you become more critical of what you're doing and more demanding of yourself . . ."

Benny Bufano, the artist and sculptor, whose works are on display in so many parts of San Francisco, used to visit Mark before he died. The feisty little man had cut off his index finger at the time of World War I and sent it to the President as a protest. Mark sketched Bufano's hand which was missing this finger. "Benny died broke," Mark said, "and he left so much undone. I realized, as young as I was when he died, that I didn't have much time myself . . ."

The waves of death come from a distance. The first is remote, with the death of the grand-parents. The next wave is a little closer, as the mother or the father goes. Then approaching the shore, come the breakers which take one's friends and contemporaries. Finally, the last giant wave, a tidal burst, in glory and all-enveloping — over-powering oneself . . .

"I want to continue working on larger pieces," Mark continued. "I can say what I

continued on page 76



OSCAR

By Hugh Harrison



It's going to take a little push, but the "Killing Kind" (Media Cinema) deserves it. In it, Ann Southern delivers, hands down, the best performance by an actress this year. John Savage, as her son (both are seen in the pic left), should get attention in the supporting category. Director, Curtis Harrington (above), could finally crack through with this one, grabbing a nomination.



"I don't even know what I'm doing here, when every other self-respecting faggot is at home watching the Oscars!"

That accurate, hilarious line, delivered by the balding, aging auntie in "Tubstrip," brings a gale of laughter from the audience. I'm sure it's a laugh of self-recognition, being directed inward at their own reactions. I'll lay you odds, everyone in that roaring audience was at home last April 2nd, glued to their television sets. Please understand, this is by no means strictly a gay phenomenon. The telecast of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences annual Academy Awards . . . Oscar . . . is one of the most, if not the most watched events of each TV season. Why? Any number of reasons, I suppose. The most important being the ability of the Awards to recapture some of the old style Hollywood glamour, of which we're all so fond and that's so sadly missing in so much of the New Hollywood — no matter how active or creative it is otherwise. But any of the

whys aren't important. What's important is that they are and, in being, keep the interest high and the folks flocking to the sets.

Also, it really doesn't matter how much the self-congratulatory system of the Awards is demeaned. Or, even how many George C. Scotts and Marlon Brandos refuse its graven image. Strangely enough, the acting of these last two gentlemen, no matter how well intentioned, only added to Oscar's sheen instead of tarnishing his golden glow. The enchantment with the entire hoopla can also extend to that glut of year-end ads in the industry trade papers. Admittedly, those do tend to get frequently out of hand . . . like the year the "Alamo" ran such an embarrassing campaign that tried to suggest it would be un-American not to vote for that better forgotten John Wayne turkey. The Academy was besieged with complaints. While a set of specific rules were never laid down — and haven't been to this day — a cautionary



This is what all the shouting is about. Although he'll be forty-seven this year, is less than a foot tall, weighs in at a little less than seven pounds and can't speak a word of dialogue, OSCAR is still Hollywood's most sought after leading man.



Who says you can't have everything? Jack Nicholson still managed to be darkly sexy, not to mention thunderously talented, even with that bandaged nose, through-out "Chinatown" (Paramount). He's jumping into a heated race for best actor and is a good bet to win. With him (above) is John Huston, whose crotchety performance almost assures him the award as supporting actor.

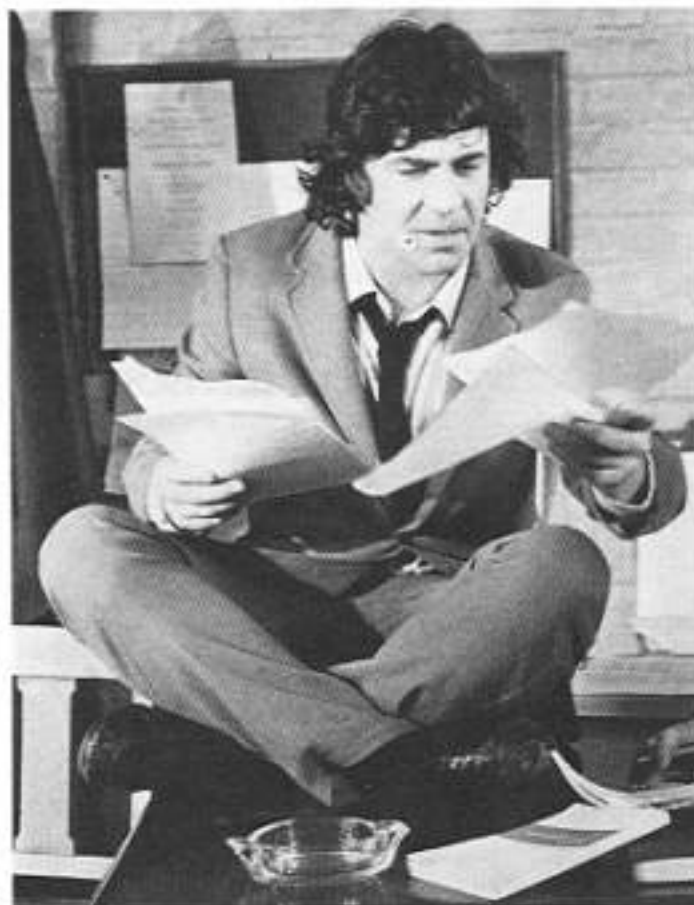
note was quickly added in the inside cover of the rules book, issuing a very strong warning. It's still there. The ads probably succeeded in turning more people off than on to that film, anyway. It lost by a huge margin. Even a couple of years ago the Hollywood wags, commenting on the gigantic ad campaign waged by Motown on behalf of Diana Ross' performance in "Lady Sings The Blues," scoffed that the lady had advertised herself right out of an Oscar. Such backfires are not infrequent in the final race.

At the nomination time, however those ads do serve a purpose. They bring to the

attention of the voting membership many films and performances that might otherwise be overlooked. A couple of films from this past year could sure use just some such help; "Day For Night," the fine French film that opened early in the year and won every other award in sight, but was too late for Oscars, stands the chance of being forgotten; the other, "The Killing Kind," a smashing little horror film, sneaked in and out of Los Angeles with almost no attention, which it richly deserves . . . especially for Ann Southern's performance and Curtis Harrington's direction.

While there may be no rules governing those ads, there are many, many other complex rules and bylaws covering just about every other aspect of the Oscar giving and the structure of the Academy. As you must surely recall, there is a valiant attempt to explain the basic rules each year at the beginning of the telecast. It seems that just at that particular moment the entire viewing audience must either be snacking it up at the refrigerator or going to the john, so poor Oscars rules still remain among the most misunderstood of any other major award.

It's really quite simple. Any film that opens before midnight, December 31st, for a full week's run, for paid admissions, in the Los Angeles area . . . that's right — only in Los Angeles, Beverly Hills or West Los Angeles — a run in Chicago or New York or anywhere else doesn't count . . . is eligible for the competition. Except . . . Documentaries which don't have the area limitations . . . anywhere in the country will qualify . . . and no paid admission is required, just submission to the Board of Governors after one showing. And, except . . . Short Subjects, having the same area and admission limitations but need only a three day run before



Four fine actors added to their already glowing reputations this year and stand good chances for nominations. Alan Bates (above, left) repeated his devastating stage portrayal in "Butly" (American Express); Warren Beatty bounced back, brilliantly, in the "Parallax View" (Paramount) after a few clunkers. Art Carney as Harry with his cat, the other title character in "Harry and Tonto" (20th Century-Fox) (below, left). Finally, Jon Voight as a concerned teacher of black students in "Conrack" (20th Century) gave a wonderfully shaded portrayal.



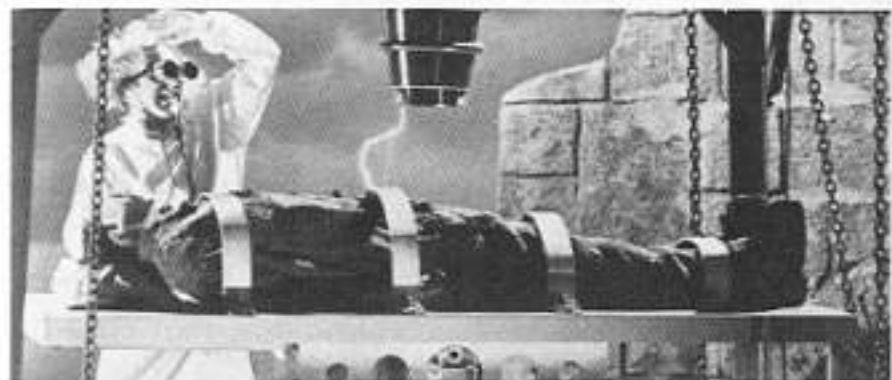
Last year's biggie was "The Sting" (Universal). It also reunited "the screen's greatest romantic duo since Tracy and Hepburn . . ." Paul Newman and Robert Redford (above).



"That's Entertainment" (United Artists) looks like the film to beat in the Documentary category — and might even sneak in as best picture — with its highlights of all those old glorious M.G.M. musicals.



The special effects men really had a holiday this year. The spectacular results ranged from the nutty "Young Frankenstein"; on to the best disaster epics, "Earthquake" (Universal) (above) and that futuristic "Zardoz" (20th Century). There are several others that are well qualified including 20th Century-Fox's "The Towering Inferno."



Every year has had its sneak hit. This year's was the "Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz." Richard Dreyfuss' off and sammy-running performance is assured of at least a nomination and a good chance at the award.



The question is what the Academy will do with "The Great Gatsby" (Paramount). This clunker landed with a dull thud this year. But, it was so expensive and was released with such hoopla that the Academy may feel compelled to give it some recognition.



In any other year, Goldie Hawn might be overlooked, but her distraught mother in "The Sugarland Express" (Universal) is attracting attention because of the lack of strong female starring roles.



"Claudine" (20th Century) was a joyous change from the run of the mill, pimp and kill 'em black films. Both stars, James Earl Jones and Diahann Carroll (above) were especially good.

December 31st. And, except . . . Foreign Films (in that particular category) which we'll go into a little later. That only covers the feature awards. See, I told you . . . it's all very simple!

Actually, the Academy is divided into an even dozen branches. Admission to any of these is by invitation of the Board of Governors, along with the sponsorship of two active members from the branch in which the inductee is eligible . . . having made a contribution the art of film (like having been involved in at least two major productions or getting a nomination). At awards time, these various branches then nominate in their separate fields — thus actors nominate actors; writers, writers; directors, directors; etc. — While they all nominate Best Film and vote on the final awards. This, in case you missed it, is the same little speech that's delivered so faithfully each year. It's good as far as it goes but still leaves a lot of unanswered questions . . . like the best picture rules which we touched on above. You'd be surprised how many people neither know or understand that limitation to a Los Angeles run . . . unless, of course you, too are among those who are constantly amazed by the nominees and winners.

A couple of other questions have come up often in recent years. First, and the one asked most often, is why wasn't the great song from "Midnight Cowboy," "Everybody's Talking," nominated for Best Song? This will answer a number of other questions too. Any part of any film, to be eligible for an award, must be created solely for that film. It must be an original effort. Thus, you can't just shoot a picture in front of the old "Gone With The Wind" sets and expect a nomination, or drag a bunch of old costumes out of



The lady is Madeline Kahn who came on strong last year and almost won for her hilarious, poignant Miss Trixi in "Paper Moon."



The ladies in support in strong contention must include both Jane Fonda and Beatrice Arthur (left) in "Mame" (Warner Bros.). They should remember Jean Goodfellow in the title role in "Buster and Billie" (Columbia) (right, with Jan-Michael Vincet as Buster).



George C. Scott produced, directed and starred in "The Savage Is Loose" (distributed by Mr. Scott directly to theatres). The unusual release pattern is attracting attention as is the performance of Trish Van Devere, Scott's wife, who had declared that if nominated and won, she'd accept.



Prepare: The talk all around town is about Marty Feldman's nutty Igor in Mel Brooks' "Young Frankenstein" (20th Century). This far-out, wild-eyed Englishman, with his decidedly off-beat humor, could easily snap up that supporting actor nomination.

storage and get a nod for them . . . no matter how good. In the case of a song, it must be written for the film and have no previous public performances. The Neil song, from "Midnight Cowboy," was written in the same year but came from one of his L.P.'s rendering it ineligible. The Academy is very stringent concerning this originality concept, as they well should be, and it has caused many disqualifications . . . some even after a nomination.

I guess the single biggest I-don't-understand-that-at-all is about those Foreign Films. The biggest question here is, how can a picture win Best Foreign Film one year and then come right back the

next year to compete in all the other categories, except Foreign Films? Again, simple. To run in this particular field, a film must open in its country of origin during the eligibility year, must have English subtitles or be dubbed in English (as must all pictures to be eligible for any award) and be submitted to the Board of Governors. Each country is allowed only one entry. Now, it makes perfectly good sense for a film to hold off the release date until after its Oscar chances are clear. That will automatically put it into the following year. As a rule, if nominated, these films are rushed out to improve their chances, just before the Awards. Needless to say it also adds to the all important box office.

If reaction is good, many of them end up with several nominations the following year. It is possible, if a film opens in L.A. before the end of the year to qualify in both Best Picture and Best Foreign Film. But its chances of winning both are negligible. It usually follows the one, one year and the other the next year pattern. The last important film to double run in recent years was "The Emigrants," for Foreign Film in 1971, and Liv Ullmann running a good race for Best Actress in 1972, but they both lost. The chances for Valentina Cortese as Best Supporting Actress this year for "Day For Night," which took Best Foreign Production last year, look very good.

For this year's awards there has been a rules change. A foreign film must not have played L.A. if it's going to qualify as foreign film — it would in that case be eligible for other awards — but to make it as a nominee in this category (foreign films) it must have only played its country of origin.

Anyway, all the confusion extends to other categories. Take last year's Original Score winner, Charles Chaplin's "Limelight." It already had several playdates across the country when it was first released in the Fifties! Still, with no L.A. playdates until 1973, so, it picked up a nomination and won!

Naturally, there do have to be rules. And, since this is a Hollywood event to honor its own, the qualifying rules make good sense. There are constant changes both within each area of nomination and even to the dropping of some awards, altogether, while adding new ones. In the first year only twelve awards were given. Last year there were twenty-one during Oscar's 46th birthday party. Year to year there are lots of changes. For example, Best Special Effects were split in 1963 into two awards, one for visual effects and one for sound effects . . . the latter was abruptly dropped in 1967. The remaining award was suddenly made honorary in 1972, with absolutely no explanation. Then, last year, no award at all. There are several worthy films this year but what will happen in this off-again, on-again award is anyone's guess.

The strangest acting nomination of all time has to be Barry Fitzgerald's in "Going My Way." He showed up both as a Best Actor Nominee (which he lost to co-star Bing Crosby) and as Supporting Actor (which he won) for the exact same role in the same film. Today, that's no longer

continued on page 79

RISING STAR **CRAIG RUSSELL**

By Drew Hamilton



Craig as Tallulah Bankhead



and as Judy Garland.

Craig Russell, the newest female impersonator to gain national attention, is either the most modest young man I've ever encountered in all my years of interviewing and associating with show business personalities — or else he's the greatest put-on of all time.

I'd been hearing about Craig from other writers, impersonators and friends who have seen his act over the past couple of years, but we'd never met and I'd never seen him perform until he came to San Francisco for a brief ten day engagement at Jackson's Penthouse in mid-October.

We chatted in his dressing room between shows and after his performance. As we talked we were constantly interrupted by his agent, casual friends and adoring fans. It wasn't the best atmosphere for an interview, but Craig was charming and did his best to make everybody — the interrupters as well as me — feel comfortable.

It's not always de regueur for an enter-

tainer, enjoying the first flush of success, to appear gracious and humble. Craig doesn't consider that he's reached the top yet. But there's no doubt that his career has steadily advanced since he started performing a scant three years ago. So I really didn't know what to expect when we first met in his dressing room.

"How did you get into this business?" I asked. (That's always a good question to break the ice, I figured.)

His answer was disarming. "I didn't like my face," he replied candidly. He had pulled off his Carol Channing wig and he was starting make-up changes for his impression of Peggy Lee. "I just didn't like it. So I used to sit in front of a mirror and try to figure out what I could do about it. . . . I was in Toronto, Canada working as a hairdresser then — that was in '71 — and I started doing routines as a hobby. Tallulah was my first impression and she's still my favorite. . . . She's so valid for the '70s. I think we all understand her better

now than they did when she was a Broadway star, don't you? . . . Well, anyway. I started in straight clubs, actually, in Halifax, Nova Scotia. Then I traveled with a trio for a while. I did one show a month at a gay club, the Manatee, a club in Toronto. It was still just a hobby with me."

"But it didn't stay a hobby very long. I first heard about you when you played Los Angeles in '72."

"Yes, I opened at Tony's in August, and then I worked at Caesar's. The After Dark chain picked me up and that's when I was first brought to San Francisco, to play the Cabaret. I went on to Boston and the Warehouse VIII in Miami, and I played the Baton Club in Chicago. Moving right along," he said, smiling.

In his dressing room Craig was soft-spoken, with a pleasant low-keyed voice. (Was this part of the off-stage act? I had heard and read previously about how volatile he was! So why this subdued

every-inch-a-gentleman routine?) He was not at all effeminate, vocally or physically.

I recalled a remark Carol Channing had made about him on Geraldo Rivera's "Goodnight, America" show. "He's so pretty," she said. "No girl is as pretty as Craig Russell!"

It struck me as ironic that Craig, as he told me earlier, was dissatisfied with his face. It looked perfectly fine to me. Perhaps he considered himself too pretty? Then why should he make himself even prettier by dressing up as a girl, with a wig and costume and make-up? Some paradox was at work here. Off-stage he projects an image which is decidedly masculine (at least he did during our interview) and everything he said during our brief time together seemed to support that impression.

"You played the MGM Grand in Las Vegas," I went on, "and I heard your eight week engagement at the Persian Room in New York was very successful. The editor of Playgirl wrote about you and Radie Harris mentioned you frequently in her column in The Hollywood Reporter."

"Yes. Radie was very nice to me."

"What about the women you impersonate? Have any of them seen you perform?"

"Well, Carol has, of course. I was rather apprehensive about meeting her, actually, because one of the reviews in New York said that I was better than she was. But she was very sweet when she came to see me. Yes, Carol has been very helpful to me . . . I don't know if any of the other girls have caught my act. I think Peggy Lee has. She came into the club one night in a black wig. The word got back to me that she loves what I do with 'Is That All There Is?' . . . I guess Peggy's attitude about that particular number is, 'After 40 years of busting my ass, THIS is my big hit?' . . . So she loves the way I satirize the song."

During these comments the host of the Penthouse had been tapping on the door, anxious to admit some fans to Craig's dressing room. They turned out to be a group of straights I had noticed at a table in front of me during the first show. Craig was pleasant and friendly to them as they complimented him on his performance.

One of the women was fascinated with his bosoms. (He was in a dressing gown between shows, but his falsies were much in evidence.) "They look so real," the woman said, giggling.

"Oh, these?" Craig promptly pulled out the padding, a pair of soiled jockey shorts. "Would you believe it? Some evil queen stole my tits — so I've had to improvise with these!"

Giggles and more laughter. Much enthusiasm. "You're just great. Oh, it was such a good show!"

"Thank you. Thank you."

"And excuse us for interrupting your interview," a second woman said, addressing herself to me. "We can't stay for the second show and we had to tell him how much we enjoyed him!"

"That's quite all right," said I (gritting my teeth).

The men grinned and shook Craig's hand. "Come out to the house anytime when you're in town."

"Oh — you want me to play games with the kids?"

More laughter. And a couple of red faces. More hand-shaking. The women kissed him. And when they were gone it was time for the second show.

At his first performance Craig had been garbed as Carol Channing, and he hadn't changed costume as he interpreted other ladies. ("I like to add layer on layer," he explained.) Thus he had interpreted Carol as Carol might interpret Mae West (very good) or Shirley Temple (so-so), Marlene Dietrich (all right) and such seldom done girls as Connie Francis (okay), Alice Faye (surprisingly good), Jayne Mansfield (weak), Doris Day (oh, well, how can anybody interpret Doris Day?), Sophie Tucker (great) and a few others, closing with Judy Garland singing "San Fran-

cisco" (a smash, naturally).

For his second show Craig first appeared wigged and gowned as Peggy Lee. Fine. Then, after a brief interval while he changed he came back coiffed and dressed as Tallulah. (His impression of Tallu singing "Trees" written "by one of her old girl friends, Joyce Kelman" is a comedy riot.) Throughout both of these sessions he departed from Peggy and Tallu to interpret Della Reese (fantastic), Shirley Bassey (excellent), Ella Fitzgerald, Billie Holliday, Lena Horne, Sarah Vaughn, Dinah Washington, Kate Smith, Gypsy Rose Lee, Streisand — and on and on. Not forgetting Kate Hepburn singing "Mademoiselle" from "Coco." And his impression of Bette Davis singing "My Bill" was fresh and hilarious.

The greatest plus factor in Craig's act is that he doesn't limit himself to the routine impressions we've all seen a thousand times — Davis, Garland, Channing, etc. — but he has been daring (and good) enough to include other legendary ladies who haven't been overdone by impressionists. I told him this when we met again in his dressing room.

He appeared thoughtful. "Well, I guess I'm a record freak. I've always listened to records. I've studied the styles of these women for years. I listen to their records over and over."

Between numbers during his show Craig had made reference to such actresses of a by-gone era as Maria Ouspenskaya and Lynn Bari. He must have an affinity for the past, I thought. What people in his age group know Lynn



Carol Channing with Craig Russell or is it visa versa?



Craig as Peggy Lee.

Bari, or remember her? Ouspenskaya they might know — she's been on the late, late show quite often — but Lynn Bari?

I asked him about this.

"Oh, yes. I do have an affinity for the past. I've always worshipped the older stars . . . When I was twelve years old I started a fan club for Mae West in the basement of my home. The club grew to 2,000 members . . . I wrote to Miss West quite often and had answers from her secretary. I saved my money, and finally when I was seventeen I went to Hollywood to meet her. She was very nice to me and of course I fell in love with her."

"Has she ever seen you work? What's her opinion of your impersonation of her?"

Craig shook his head. "She's never seen me. I think she's a little concerned that some people who catch the act might think I'm really she up there on the stage, down on her luck and playing the smaller clubs. But she's never seriously protested my impression of her."

A couple of weeks before I interviewed Craig he had been on television as a voice for John Davidson (impersonating Carol Channing) in a segment of "The Streets of San Francisco." I asked him how this job had come to him.

"The script was originally written for Dean Jones. Somebody at Quinn-Martin Productions had seen my act, so they asked me to coach Dean as Carol. I was in the east then, so I worked with Dean and helped him with his make-up. Finally he decided not to do the show. Evil conquered over good in the script, he said, and he didn't want to do a show like



Craig Russell as Mae West naming a new street in N.Y.

that."

"So?"

"Well, they got John Davidson for the part, and I thought he was fantastic — didn't you? Even though John is a singer, the producers decided they wanted my voice for the Channing sequence. So they flew me out from the east coast and I recorded "Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend."

"Do you think this spot will be a boost to your career?"

"It's made me better known in the industry. That may turn out to help me."

"What about your future? Are there any special plans I can tell the readers of IN TOUCH about?"

"Let me think. Well, there's nothing specific. I'll continue with my act, of course. I'm playing Denver after this gig in San Francisco."

"How about a Broadway show?"

"I'd love to do a Broadway show. There's been some talk about reviving one of Tallulah's old successes, with me in the role she created. But which play should it be? The whole thing is undecided . . . I've never done any so-called straight acting, but I know I could. I'd love to do a Broadway musical, too, if the script and the part were right."

I hesitated a moment. "Craig, this next question I'm going to ask you is rather intimate — but I think our readers might be interested in your answer to it. What kind of effect does your work as a female impersonator have on your personal life?"

"It's done weird things to my sex life!" His response was quick and spontaneous. "I like to sleep with guys, right? But I think

of myself as a guy, too — I mean, I've always supposed that other men wanted to sleep with me because of my masculinity . . . Now, since I've built an image as an impersonator, things are a little mixed up."

"You mean because men who see your act, and who don't know you off-stage — they have a more feminine picture of you?"

He nodded. "That says it."

"Do straight men make passes at you?"

"Oh, sure. I run into a lot of guys who are on the standard male ego trip. They pat my ass and tell me what a great piece they think I'd be . . . But I don't take them seriously. They do it more to flatter themselves than to flatter me."

During our talk Craig had been removing his make-up. With his wig off his short-cropped hair gave him a decidedly boyish look. His agent, Budd Haas, came back into the dressing room and sat waiting until we had finished the interview.

"Do you have a lover, Craig?" I asked. "Do you believe in long term relationships?"

"Well, I've always been a loner. No, I don't have a lover right now. But someday I think I'd appreciate a steady relationship . . . I did have a lover for a while. He traveled with me. But things finally reached the point where I had to decide between a lover and a career — and, well, I guess you could say the career won."

"Do you stage your own act?"

"Of course!" This came from the agent, who apparently was surprised that I might think differently.

Craig's act is extremely good, but it did seem to me a little rough in spots — and, after all, the greatest talent in the world occasionally needs a little direction. It had occurred to me that the right director giving Craig the right advice and help might turn his good act into something truly sensational. "It's been done, you know, Budd," I said gently, in response to the agent. "Quite often very well established people seek help in sharpening up their club routines."

"No," said Craig, "I've always staged my own numbers."

"What about your material?" I said. "Is that original, too?"

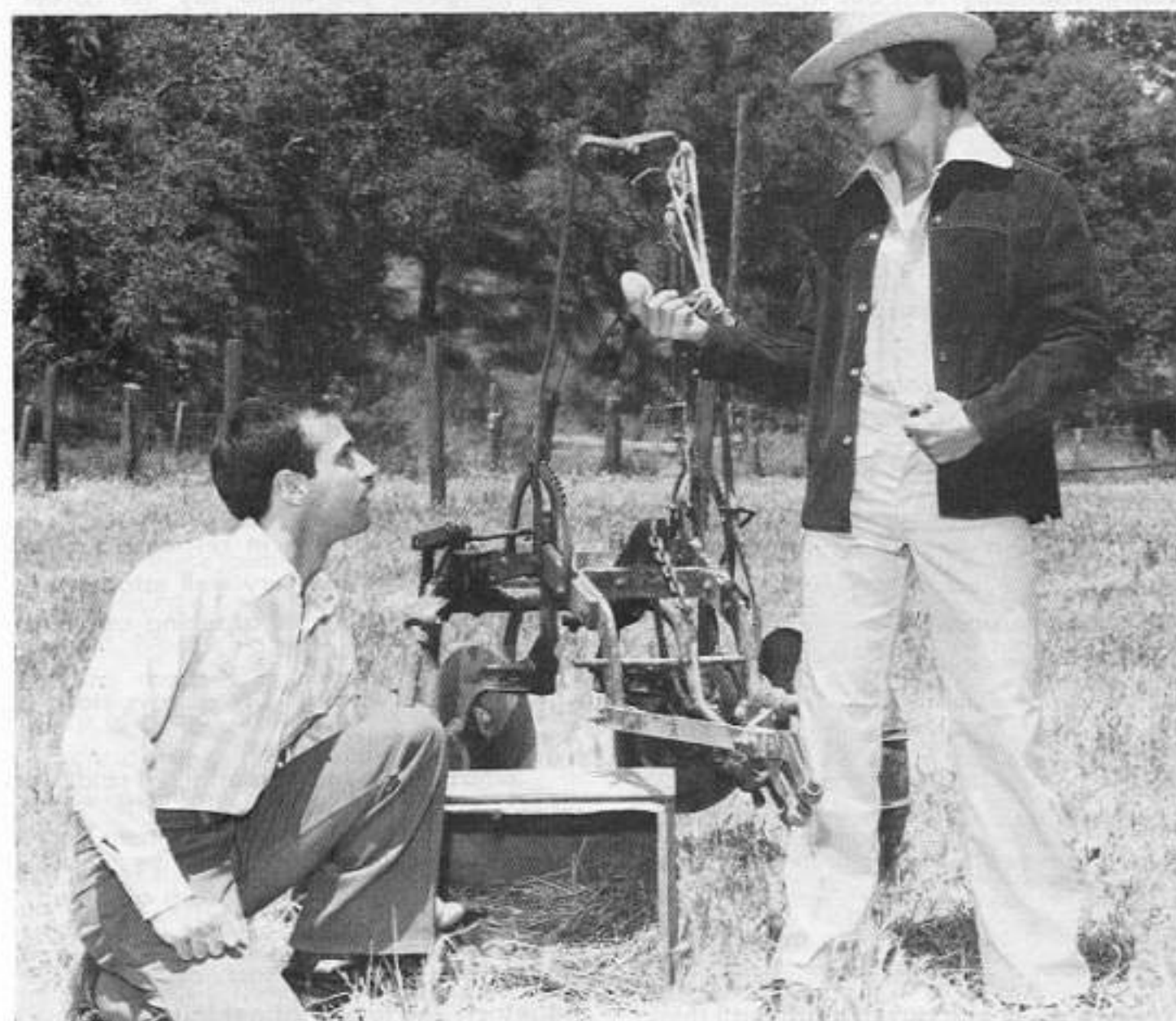
"Of course," said Budd.

"Most of it is stolen," Craig admitted, smiling. "The patter I've picked up here and there — and sort of pieced it together. The lines that get laughs I leave

continued on page 87

FASHION A WEEKEND IN THE COUNTRY

BY BILL ARSENAULT



1) Here is our week-end trio! Jack-from-town, on the left, arrived with hi-waisted "snappys" in poly/rayon chinos from A. Smile, Inc. (Fresh Pants). His silk beige "eastern" shirt is by Philip Meredith (Town Squire). Ken, head-foreman of the spread, has butted into gold "Viceroy" cords (Town Squire), and the no-belt approach adds more height to his 6'3" stature. His dress-up shirt is "Dee-Cee's" quilted front & back yokes in checkered blue & white (Town Squire). Larry, gentleman rancher, wears "faded" over-the-top jeans in the green/blue brushed denim (Town Squire). Larry tops it by a grey wool "Landlubber" shirt with yellow & blue stripes and mother-of-pearl studs.

2) Rancher Larry switches to a yellow & white checkered "Mike Webber" poly/cotton "western" (Fresh Pants). His mother must be "pearl" 'cause there are those snaps again. Larry is showing city-Jack where the eggs come from, but there may be a different demonstration before the week-end is up. Jack has added a contrast weave straw topper (Town Squire) and a rough-out suede shirt in rush, with "true" western yokes, split shirt-tails & "flat-felled" seams, with equalets (Leather Forever).

3) Foreman Ken gets his oiled "shine-on" hat with the tooled-banding (Town Squire), and his "Levi" top-grain jacket. Fully lined against the afternoon breezes from the nearby bay, the brown beauty is a "snapper" and has an adjusting back waist-band (Leather Forever). Smiling Jack has just heard about how the "rabbit-test" works and has promised Ken the pick-of-the-litter. He wears "gentleman John's" 100% cotton royal-blue shirt from India with silver threads for dash (Fresh Pants).



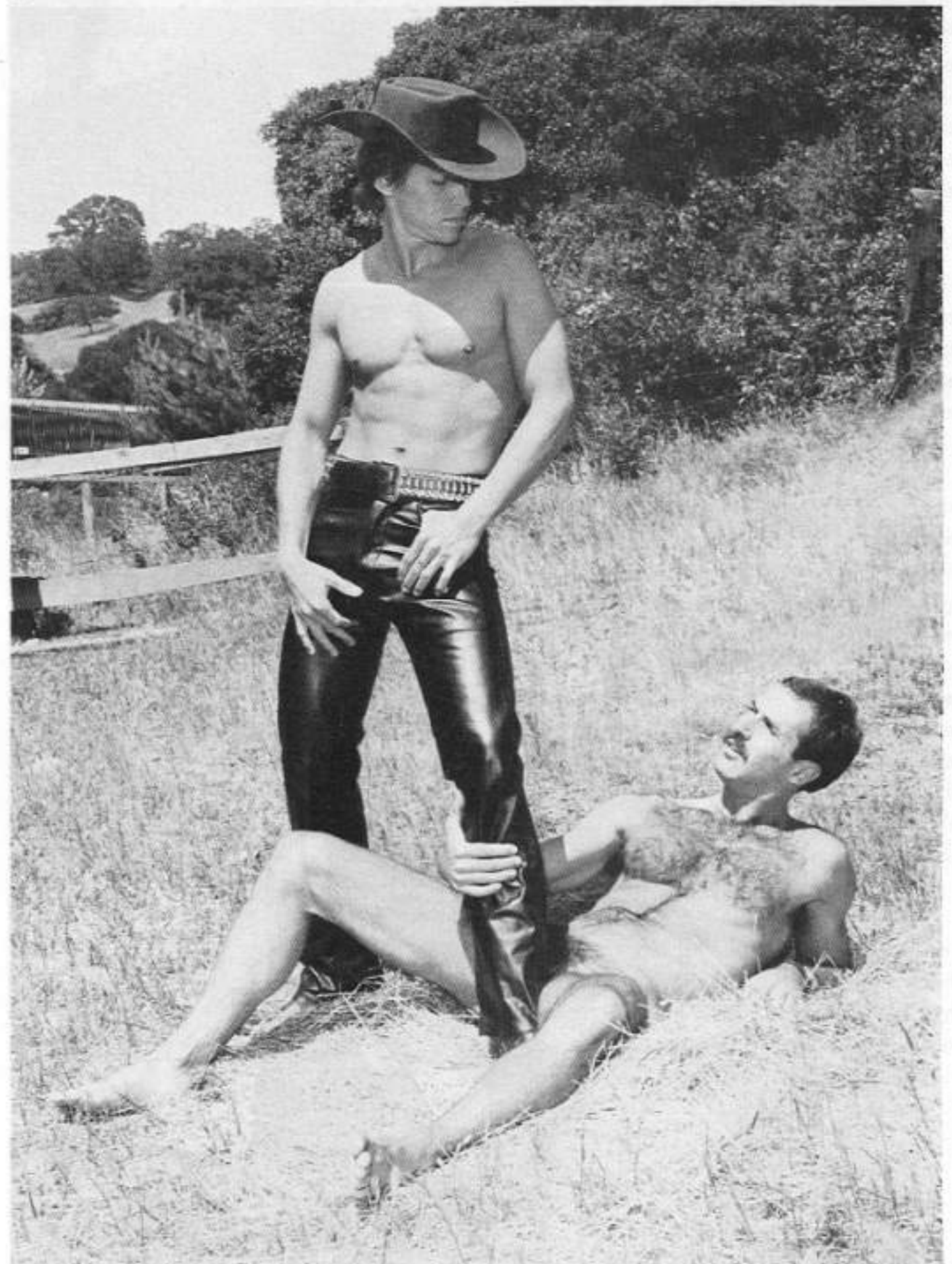
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4) Larry the host, is calling the "deli" in town for a catered affair to make his city guest feel at home. He's slipped into something very comfortable, "U.F.O.'s" bib-overalls with red-suspenders (Town Squire). This blue & white bed-ticking look fits so well that actually no object goes unidentified!

5) A snap-shot of the overseer for ol' times sake! Something to remember. Covered in tans & browns, Ken has added to his cords a light-cotton twill "Landlubber" shirt with work snaps (Fresh Pants). The overshirt is western cut leather — a suede and top-grain combo, with "true" yokes, front & back (Leather Forever). Ken tops it all off with a tan suede "easy-rider" with top-grain trim (Town Squire).

6) Jack, star of "Seven in a Barn," gets out some of his city-slicks to show his host just how far he goes in dress. His "Levis" are soft-like-silk, top-grain, lined garment leather. Topped by "Galaxy," a belt that makes you see stars (Leather Forever). Larry surprises Jack by showing just how far he is willing to go.

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7) Host Larry, turns the (s)tables on Jack and produces "3 in a barn." For the occasion he wears a competition-style riding shirt of black garment leather, with laced front collar and hidden side zippers, when a tight taper is needed. His "cod-piece sailor briefs" are of the same and the snap-off front makes for easy cabin-cruising (all Leather Forever). Jack is looking for the cue-cards. Ken is down to his black leather side-lacing contour form-fitting shorts — a mouth full (Leather Forever). His black tank-top was a gift and stands for Ken's one foot — as we can readily see. (Ed Hast, Inc./P.S. Distr.)

8) Jack wears a single-breasted Bomber jacket of sheepskin with heavy-duty industrial zipper, while Ken tries to talk him into making a "ewe-turn." Ken has his favorite 3/4 shearling car-coat, with its double-breasted "buttoned" front, deep pockets and practical "wind" collar (both Leather Forever). Ken's oiled top-grainer with suede brim is for heavy-duty weather (Town Squire), while Jack's light-weight "felt" is an easy start for a city dude (Leather Forever).



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9) Rancher/Host Larry, covered in "dark gold" leather "Levis," waits for his guest to discover the old "wood-shed." All glove-soft garment leather, the pants are knee-lined, and the jacket is semi-webbed on the cuffs and waist-band. The chocolate leather belt is studded with square nickel "Mosiacs" (all Leather Forever).

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10) Foreman Ken waits for Jack to discover the hay-barn, where it can get pretty hot! His "Levi" rough-out jacket is natural cowhide with detail stitching and finishing, plus snaps. The black felt "bronco-buster" means business and his best belt — "Really Stoned" — is made of alternating nickel discs & mother-of-pearl . . . Ken hopes to make a good impression on Jack, if he shows (all Leather Forever).

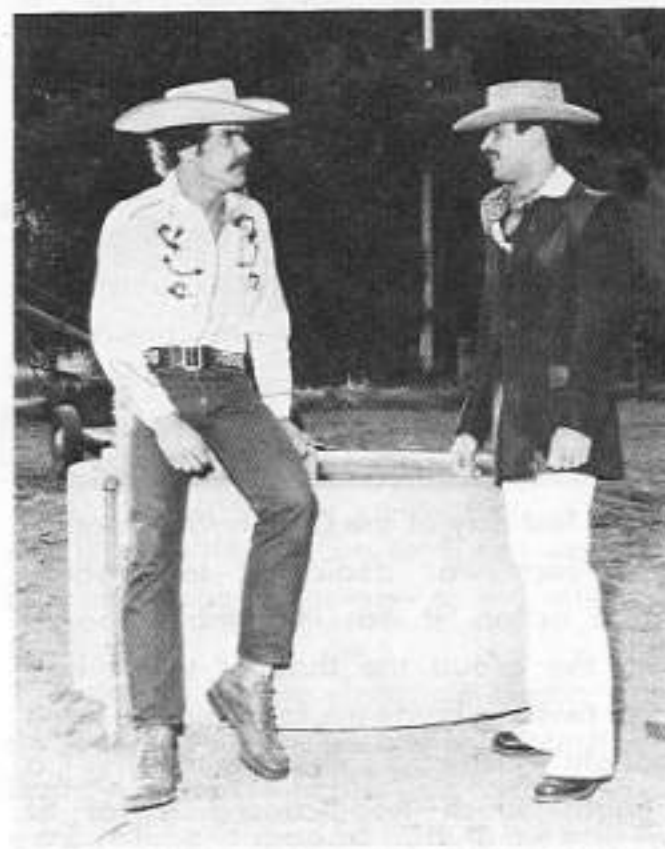
11) Time to leave!, and Jack proudly wears Larry & Ken's well-chosen gift, a "trophy" jacket with top-grain butterscotch leather sleeves & pocket-edgings. The heavy weight body is top-grade green cotton worsted, with white/green webbing (Leather Forever).

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12) Sunday evening — and Larry and Ken meet at the wishing well to start planning on their next week-end guest. Ken is much "macho" in dressed-down Wranglers, best belt and his week's-wages shirt from Texas, H(bar)C's white poly/cotton man-stitched in silk razzle-dazzle with mother-of-pearl snaps (Fresh Pants). Extra-brimmed Mexican-straw import edged & tied in suede and very "macho." Larry goes very "cool" in white/flared "Males" and navy-blue suede western-cut sport jacket with top-grain cowhide yoke and pocket flaps (Leather Forever). A "faded" blue denim bandana sets in the white-picque collar of Levi's denim/blue soft cotton dress shirt. Topped by a blue & white straw hat, named "ranchero" (Town Squire). Now it's off to town, and some "local" entertainment.

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Contributors for "A Week-end in the Country" are:

The congenial Town Squire, 1318 Polk St., who helped fill in the gaps of our western/leather shooting. Terry of T.S. arranged for the tremendous selection of western hats to be air-delivered in time for their exclusive shooting in this layout.

To make possible our "western" look, I.T. thanks a unique specialty store called Fresh Pants, at 1742 Polk Street, and its owner/manager David Weinstein. A most clever, yet practical idea of Fresh Pants is "free instant alterations" and the enormous "au courant" selections of the country's casual pant styles.

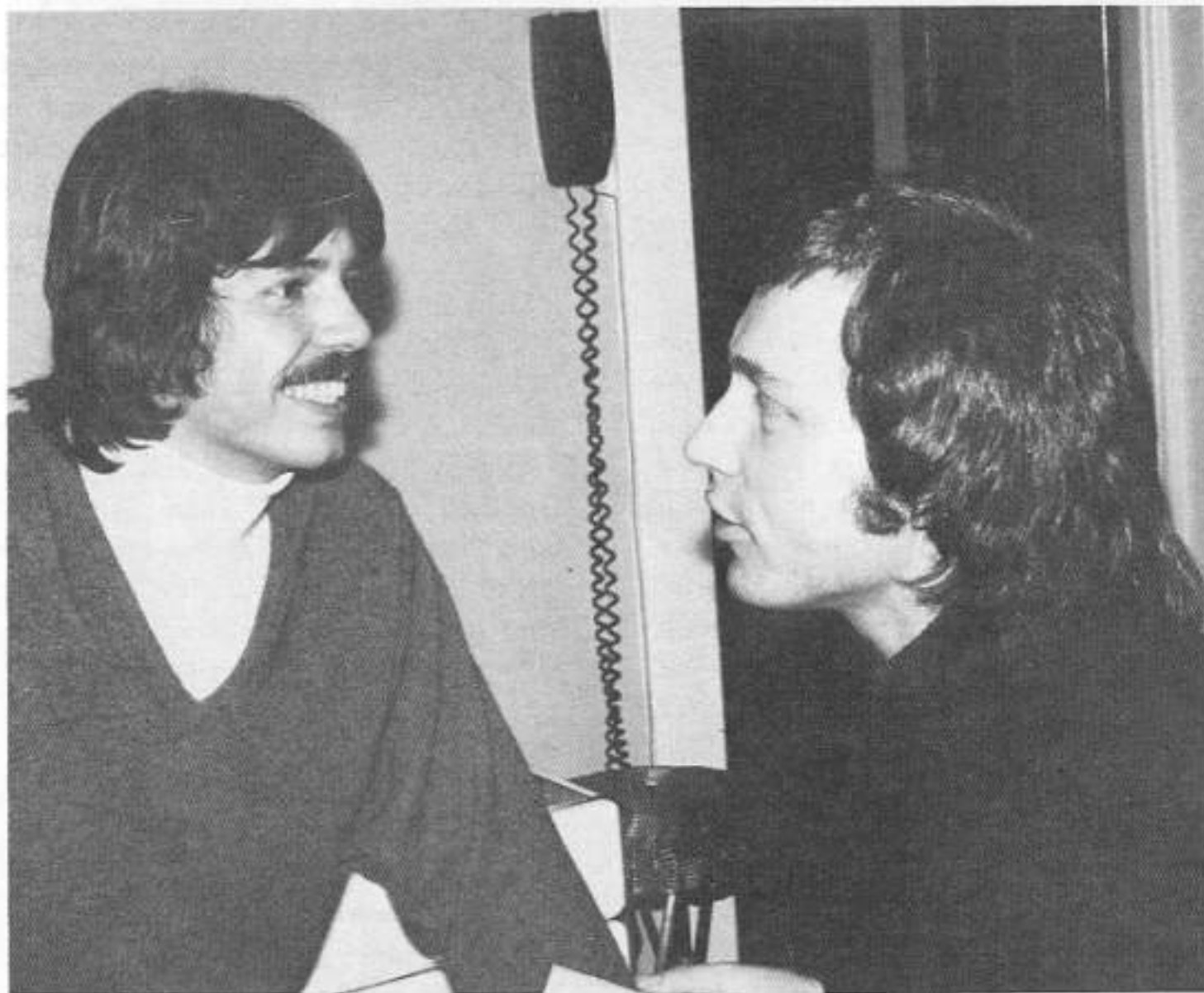
I.T. extends a very large "thank you" to Gordon & Pitt of Leather Forever, 1702 Washington St. (corner of Polk St.), San Francisco, Ca. 94109. These gentlemen have "leather" down to the basics and lots of "extras." Do yourself a favor and send for their newly released catalogue — well worth the \$2 tariff.

Our "week-end" beauties are: Jack Dodson, professional S.F. model, whose American Indian & English background looks at home in this rural setting. Star of films, i.e., "Seven in a Barn," Jack found still-photography something different — he blinked on the count of "3", and so what you see of Jack is the result of a "3 1/2" count. Jack is active in one-to-one sports and a gym-regular.

Larry Schenfeld is from the "peninsula" and of Italian/German background. Biking & "leather" are Larry's pass-time and he kills his days as an advertising account exec. in S. Fran. Both Larry and Jack are discoveries from the Golden Gate Gym and thanks to gym/mgr. Dick Kincaid.

Ken Leetzow is our I.T.'s special treat for the month. A "super"-man, Ken has been Mr. "CMC" Carnival for '74/'75 and in May of this year, won the Mr. Gay California title. His congeniality is reason enough, but when you have a 35 1/2" inseam and a 17" neck — you too can be easy going. Of German descent and a native Californian, Ken's apartment is a veritable "greenhouse" with plants of all possible descriptions. One of San Fran.'s favorite bar-tenders, and a welcome addition to In Touch.

Our location is somewhere in Novato, California, at the "Squire Ranch," and again I.T. thanks Terry & Gus, owners of Town Squire for their generosity in permitting its use.



MY CHURCH *continued from page 24*

A Mass of Solidarity was planned and 1500 letters were sent out to every priest in the diocese, asking them "to give visible witness to the belief that the love of God extends to all persons, regardless of sexual orientation, guaranteeing for them the right to the pursuit of happiness and the Christian ideal."

The letter was signed by Msgr. Clement Kern and Sr. Jo Ann McAnoy, two members of Dignity/Detroit's Board of Directors. Fr. Kern, at 67, is considered a living saint in the Archdiocese and an untouchable. Long before it was popular to champion the cause of the oppressed, Fr. Kern was on the picket line, thereby winning the hearts of every minority to show its face in the city.

At the Mass of Solidarity, which was concelebrated by local clergy and priests from across the country in Detroit for the conference, Donald Lobsinger, an ultra-right wing radical, attempted to disrupt Fr. Paul Shanley's homily, but was escorted out with his young "goons" by a host of gay marshalls and the Detroit Police.

Msgr. Kern concluded the Mass by reading a statement which drew a standing ovation from the over 200 priests, religious and lay persons gathered.

"All of us, gay and straight alike, have come here today to affirm ourselves before God in Faith; to accept ourselves

without regrets or self-pity; and to seek a good and full life in keeping with our potential for growth and God's call," it read in part.

Similarly, another statement was issued, but this by Cardinal Dearden prior to the weekend. He cautioned the clergy of the Archdiocese that the Church's traditional stand on homosexuality had not changed . . . that it was considered arrested sexual development and though we should fight discrimination against homosexuals, we cannot condone the sin.

The last day of the Dignity/Salvatorian conference was dedicated to probing future action. It was then that I shared with the group the thought which had been twisting inside me for a month, but a thought which had come in prayer . . . a thought which had caused a lot of sleepless nights, long walks, tears and a few tense moments with Ed.

Though Cardinal Dearden had urged defense of gays' civil rights, he had stood mute before the Archdiocese of New York and their scandalous campaign against Intro II; mute before the Worcester and Philadelphia Sees which likewise had or were in the process of championing the cause of discrimination; and had stood mute in front of Margaret Cronyn who had dropped the column of a gay because he admitted publicly to being gay. Not only had he stood mute, but had

rewarded Margaret by appointing her editor (from acting editor) the very day that he issued his warning of "our" continued stand against homosexuality.

What action, then, would speak clearly to him and to the rest of the Church, that gay people would not tolerate any longer an uninformed Prelate perpetuating myth and pain in the name of some misunderstood concept of divinely-inspired sexuality?

Another picket? Another demonstration? Another letter to the editor?

It had to be stronger, and for me, the strongest action that I could take, given our religious tradition, was a fast . . . a fast on water; no food; no drink.

In the Old Testament and in the New, in ancient history and in modern, fasting has always been a means of atoning for sin . . . in this case the sins of my Church against gay brothers and sisters.

Ed was against it . . . so too were most of my close friends. They didn't understand why and couldn't see putting myself in danger of dying. Nor could they understand what could be accomplished.

"What do you want to accomplish?"

To convey to the entire Church, hierarchy and lay person alike, that they are operating under misconceptions . . . that gay people can be as much in love with the freeing message of Jesus Christ as they are; that gays can be as dedicated to spiritual growth as they are; that gays can live their lives as much in keeping with the law of love as any straight can.

I explained to both my local friends and national conferres that I had investigated fasting . . . had done my homework on what it would take: A week on pure fruit juices . . . a gallon of water a day — with a teaspoon of honey and lemon juice for the kidney . . . a daily enema with molasses, honey and warm water to coat the intestine and flush the bowel . . . a daily epsom salts bath to eliminate through the pores the poisons which the body was breaking down but which were not being discharged.

Cold weather and emotional confrontations would both have to be avoided as they put a strain on the body which alters your chances of a long fast. I had an internist and a psychiatrist who had volunteered to keep an eye on me. Both had warned of hallucination but I had been assured that blood count and urine would be watched closely.

They were all relieved to know that I had researched and that I knew what it was I was suggesting. Yet no one felt comfortable speaking up. Who wanted to say, "No, I don't think you should do it,"? Better yet, who would say, "I think you should!"? The consensus of the conference participants was "Do what you think you should and know that we support whatever decision you make."

The holdout was Ed, which for me was the most important opinion . . . for it was Ed who would have to be there; Ed who would have to suffer as I suffered, because when you love, pain is shared; Ed who would have to pick up the pieces if we failed. It was Ed whom I would have to convince. And it wasn't easy.

With me promising that I wouldn't make any final decisions until I had completed the week on fruit juices, Ed conceded that he felt the fast would touch the Church as no other action would. Though he had reservations about the fast, and what it would do to me, he finally gave me his total support, and total it was.

Fasting isn't fun. It is debilitating, most especially when the fastor is more active than he or she should be. Rather than confining myself to the chapel where I would read psalms for the afternoon, I limited my prayer and increased my political activity. A couple television interviews, an hour-long debate with a Jesuit theologian who said I was going to hell, a speaking engagement in a local school and Church, a candlelight ceremony in front of the Cathedral and a surprise visit to the Catholic Press Association regional convention in Chicago where they were discussing "the press and the homosexual" left me fairly low.

In the statement which was released to the press and circulated through the combined efforts of Dignity and the Salvatorians, I charged: "There is no greater perpetrator of unjust oppression against the gay community in the history of man on the face of this earth than my Church . . .

". . . my love for my Church and my love for my gay sisters and brothers are in conflict. My Church does not love my gay brothers and sisters. My Church unscrupulously persecutes them. This I can no longer tolerate spiritually, physically or emotionally.

". . . Subsequently, in the tradition of my Faith, as described in Sacred Scripture, I seek the pardon of God our Father for the grave transgression of His people

against their gay brothers and sisters. It takes no imagination to conceive of God as angered by the heartless treatment of His children.

"Therefore, in the spirit of sacrificial reparation, I shall eat no food and drink no liquid, save water, until such time as my Church . . . makes a positive commitment to educate themselves and the community of the faithful to the horrible wound inflicted upon their gay brothers and sisters in the name of Christian decency and to work constructively for the elimination of the pain which we, as a Church, have caused."

The end of the fast was open. Surely if the local Church made a commitment, such as was requested, the fast would end, but that didn't seem likely. What did seem inevitable was that I would have to



end it when the doctors told me I was doing irreparable damage to my internal organs.

Response by the electronic media was excellent. So too was the concern of Dignity members across the country who were writing in support both to me and to the chancery.

The only negative response received was from one supporter who asked: "Why bother? Why lose sleep and weight over the Church?"

The question was not unfamiliar. It has been and will be asked over and over again. I have asked it myself.

Many gays have answered it for themselves by leaving the institution. Others have opted to stick it out. Each person has to answer for him or herself what is best for their growth. For me, there is too much good in the institution to

leave it.

I operate under the premise that the Church is basically human . . . no more divinely inspired than any other religious body which seeks communion with the ultimate. Culturally a Catholic, I am not only comfortable but familiar with the strengths and weaknesses of an institution which takes itself too seriously.

I see the Church as being much more than a Pope Paul, Cardinal Dearden and an American hierarchy which battles over whether or not people should use their hand or tongue to receive communion. I see the Church as the largest community of people in the world, all of whom are stumbling, sometimes pathetically, in their attempt to understand and follow Christ's message of freeing love.

Perhaps if my Creed were to be thoroughly investigated, I would be automatically excommunicated, but then, who in the Church today wouldn't be?

Loving the Church for being basically weak and seeing the political potential, were it headed in the right direction, I opt to stay within the structure and change it . . . even if it does mean losing a pound a day.

At the height of the fast, when the weight loss was beginning to affect speech and ambulatory talents, I met with H. Coleman McGehee, Jr., Episcopal Bishop of Michigan, at the invitation of the Bishop and Jim Toy, an active Episcopalian.

At our meeting, Bishop McGehee handed me a copy of the letter he had sent to Cardinal Dearden. (It should be noted that the timing of the fast was unavoidably bad. Three of the five Roman Catholic bishops, including Cardinal Dearden, were in Rome for a month.)

In his letter, Bishop McGehee stated: "I write in support of the effort now centering around Brian McNaught's attempt to bring the attention of his fellow churchmen in the Archdiocese to the suffering of homosexuals.

"As you may know, our diocese is making an effort to develop a new policy on pastoral efforts to deal with homosexuality . . .

"I am sure you have many dedicated clergy and laity — both 'straight' and 'gay' and perhaps some in-between who can, with your help, lead all Christians to a more loving position than we now seem to have."

In addition to sending a copy to the Cardinal, Bishop McGehee also shared

continued on page 68

his thoughts with Auxiliary Bishop Thomas Gumbleton. Bishop Gumbleton is well-known for the courageous stand he took on the war in Vietnam prior to the other American bishops getting their heads together. He also is currently vice-chairman of Bread for the World, an interdenominational effort to alleviate the hunger of millions.

But Gumbleton's courage and insight ended outside the sexual arena . . . at least prior to the fast. For an hour and a half in August, prior to any major movement on our part, the Bishop and I discussed the action by The Michigan Catholic and his position on homosexuality. Perhaps it was because I had a three hour radio interview scheduled for that evening, but the Bishop's position was terrifyingly traditional: All homosexuals are called to a life of sexual abstinence . . . CELIBACY. He was unflinching, even when I reminded him that the Church teaches that celibacy is a charism . . . a special gift . . . which belongs to the priest, and how I would delight in informing the nation's 20 million homosexuals that they too all had this special charism.

What I expected from the Bishop, I don't know. He is certainly known as a political animal and to expect that he would stick his neck out in an area which is a nightmare for Holy Mother the Church was asking too much. For that very reason, I did not expect any statement from any bishop in response to the fast . . . But the fast was being well-received by the gay community and by an increasing number of straights and that, for me, was a victory. People were beginning to listen.

"When will it end?" That became the question of the hour. In the beginning it was sufficient to coolly say "When I am informed that I am dying." 24 days without food and 24 pounds lighter, the question takes on a sobriety which results from depression, fear and a bit of despair.

Had I been less active, I may have appeared less worn. But the day after Ed and I returned from the surprise trip to the CPA convention in Chicago, my face screamed for relief.

I don't remember talking about it much, except with Ed. We agreed that I had to get away for a few days. No more interviews. No more public appearances. No more phone calls. We would go another week and then decide how much longer we could hold out.

But we didn't get the chance. Fr. Sam

Campbell, Dignity/Detroit's chaplain and gaunt giant of human concern, was alarmed enough by my appearance at Mass that he alerted Fr. Kern to the seriousness of my condition.

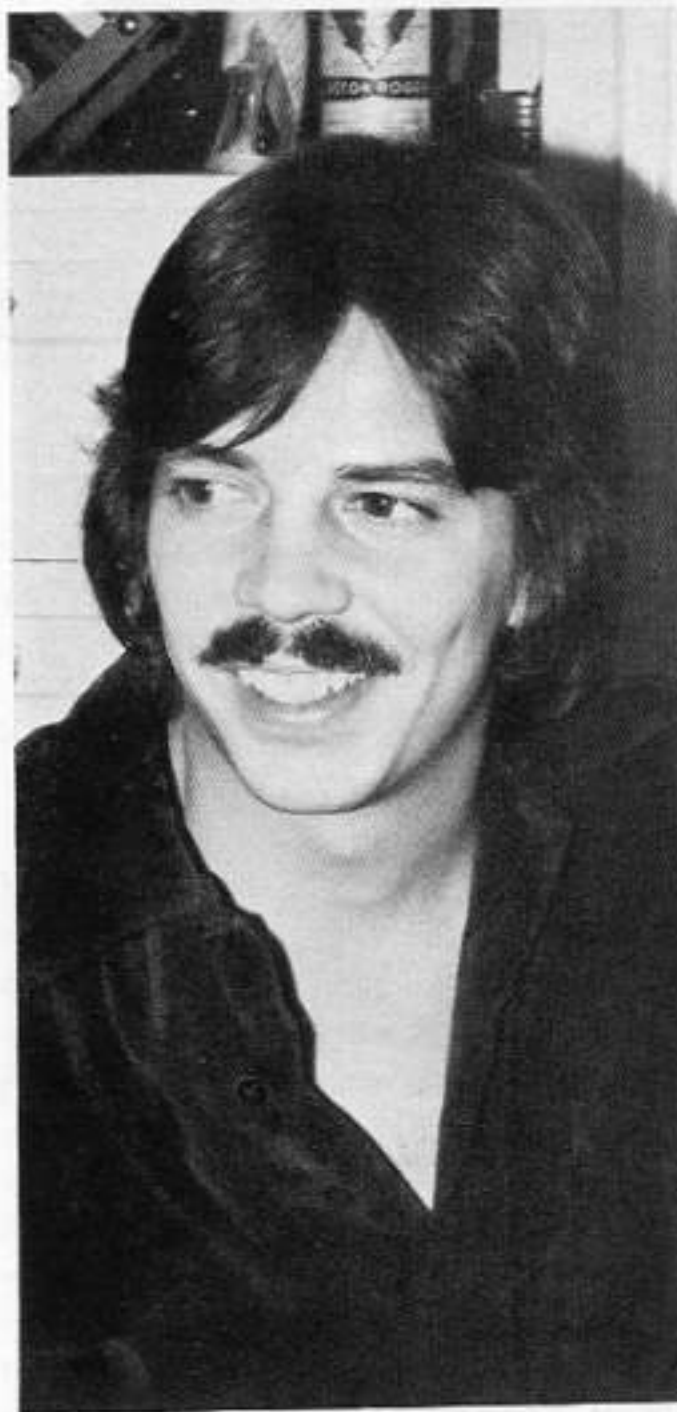
Two bishops remained in Detroit: Thomas Gumbleton and Joseph Imsch. Fr. Kern immediately contacted Bishop Gumbleton.

"We want a statement now."

"All right. Next week when I return."

"No. We need it now. It has to be right away."

"Then you work on one. I will call you at 9:30 tomorrow morning."



That evening, Tuesday, Oct. 1, Fr. Kern and Fr. Campbell were up half the night drafting a statement to be signed by the bishops.

The next morning, 9:30 came and went without a call from Bishop Gumbleton. Fr. Kern packed-up the previous evening's work and headed for the bishop's office where he was determined to sit until he had an audience.

Bishop Gumbleton took the statements and promised a final revision would go out in the mail the next day.

"We want a statement tonight by 7:30," insisted Fr. Campbell. "I will meet

you outside the chancery tonight at 7:15 and pick up the statement then."

" . . . out of a Christian concern for you and your health," the statement read, "a response should be made without further delay.

"From the outset, let us say that we respect the motives behind your fast and the sincerity of your efforts . . ."

"The gift of sexuality deserves deeper understanding and appreciation than has often been given in our society and in our Church. Some efforts toward continuing education in this regard have been made. A priests' workshop on sexuality is being planned for the near future and we, on our part, will support it fully. We will urge that special attention be given to the question of homosexuality.

"As the Cardinal also noted in his letter to the priests, we are aware of the pain, suffering and discrimination that is at times inflicted upon the homosexual. While the Catholic Church, in view of its moral teaching, cannot endorse or condone overt homosexual acts, we have a serious obligation to root out structures and attitudes that discriminate against the homosexual as a person. We will exert our leadership in behalf of this effort. We hope for your continued co-operation with us in trying to achieve this goal."

A political cartoon in the Gay Liberator, following the fast, showed a fat bishop handing a starving person a piece of cake. I think the statement was more than cake, but it certainly wasn't a full meal.

We looked for a commitment to educate and to end oppression. No one expected that the bishops could possibly reverse the Church's procreative theology. That will take years.

Some persons were disappointed that the bishops didn't talk more about the pain the Church has caused the gay community. That too was a bit unrealistic. The Church is the first to forgive 'n forget her own sins.

What we did get was a statement where there might have been none. It would have been easy for them to point to the Cardinal's earlier statement, shrug their ecclesial shoulders and say "Brian . . . you've got it from the bosses mouth." They might have let me end the fast with a whimper.

The fast ended though with a victory. The Church stopped what it was doing . . . recognized the pain of an oppressed people and wrote a public letter promising to work to "root out structures and at-

itudes which discriminate against the homosexual as a person."

The statement can and will be used in Detroit and should be used whenever the Church begins to stick its religious nose in the political fire. The unified chain of opposition to civil rights legislation has been broken and the Church's stand weakened.

Speaking of "weakened", the recovery from the fast took some time. Ed and I got away from it all for a week, at the invitation of a concerned person who had a place for us to stay in Florida. Most of the weight has been regained, but none of the back pay.



Two days after the fast ended, The Michigan Catholic fired me. They charged that I terminated employment by not showing up for work. The union charges they fired me, as we have unlimited sick leave in our contract and a doctor's secretary had called the paper every morning at 8:30 to inform them that I was under observation and unable to work.

Currently The Michigan Catholic is being investigated by the Detroit Human Rights Commission for violation of the City Charter; sued by the Detroit Newspaper Guild through the Due Process procedure of the Archdiocese for

the return of the column and through the American Arbitration Association for the return of my job and all benefits. They are also challenging the paper's exemption from the Michigan Employment Security Act. I am unable to collect unemployment because the paper claims a "religious" nature.

Unemployed, but working fulltime, I spend my days answering people's letters, resulting from the case and from my appearances on The Lou Gordon television show, counseling over the phone and continuing the work of Dignity. Occasionally, some money will come in from a public speaking engagement or from some concerned person, but for the most part, the times are lean.

The battle goes on though. We are currently in a lockhorn encounter with the Catholic Charismatics who have purged one of Dignity's members for admitting he was gay and for refusing to be "healed" by them. We are also encountering opposition from the Archdiocese over our request to be recognized as an official lay Catholic organization. Having promised us that they will fight to end oppression, they don't know quite what to do with us.

Unemployed . . . no money . . .

declared a heretic . . . living in a flat in the inner city . . . publicly identified as "an avowed homosexual" wherever I go . . . It's a far cry from being the fair-haired child of the Archdiocese who lived in a country home and received fan mail from adoring mothers over his weekly column.

Regrets? None: I have never been happier in my entire life. There is nothing to compare with the freedom which results from being totally yourself . . . of knowing that you have nothing to hide; no games to play; no lies to tell.

There is a tremendous inner peace which results from "coming out" completely, knowing that the family and friends who have stuck around have stuck around because they love you for who you are.

Brian McNaught is gay and happy. Once they meant the same. Soon they will again.

Incidentally, that flat in the inner city . . . I'm sharing it with Ed . . . something which wasn't happening before the fast and might not have otherwise. If for only that reason, the whole damn thing has been worthwhile.

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IMPORTANT MESSAGE

IN TOUCH has been experiencing continuous change, and all for the better, as shown by the many letters we received from you the readers. In order to provide you with the best for your reading pleasure, and so that we might alleviate some of the problems with rising costs, IN TOUCH will now publish on a bi-monthly basis. A bigger and better magazine will be printed on the following schedule: Issue No. 17 April/May; Issue No. 18 June/July; Issue No. 19 Aug./Sept., and so on.

Please be assured your subscription will receive exactly the amount of issues you paid for. (Example: 1 years subscription = 12 issues.) If you have any questions, please feel free to write.

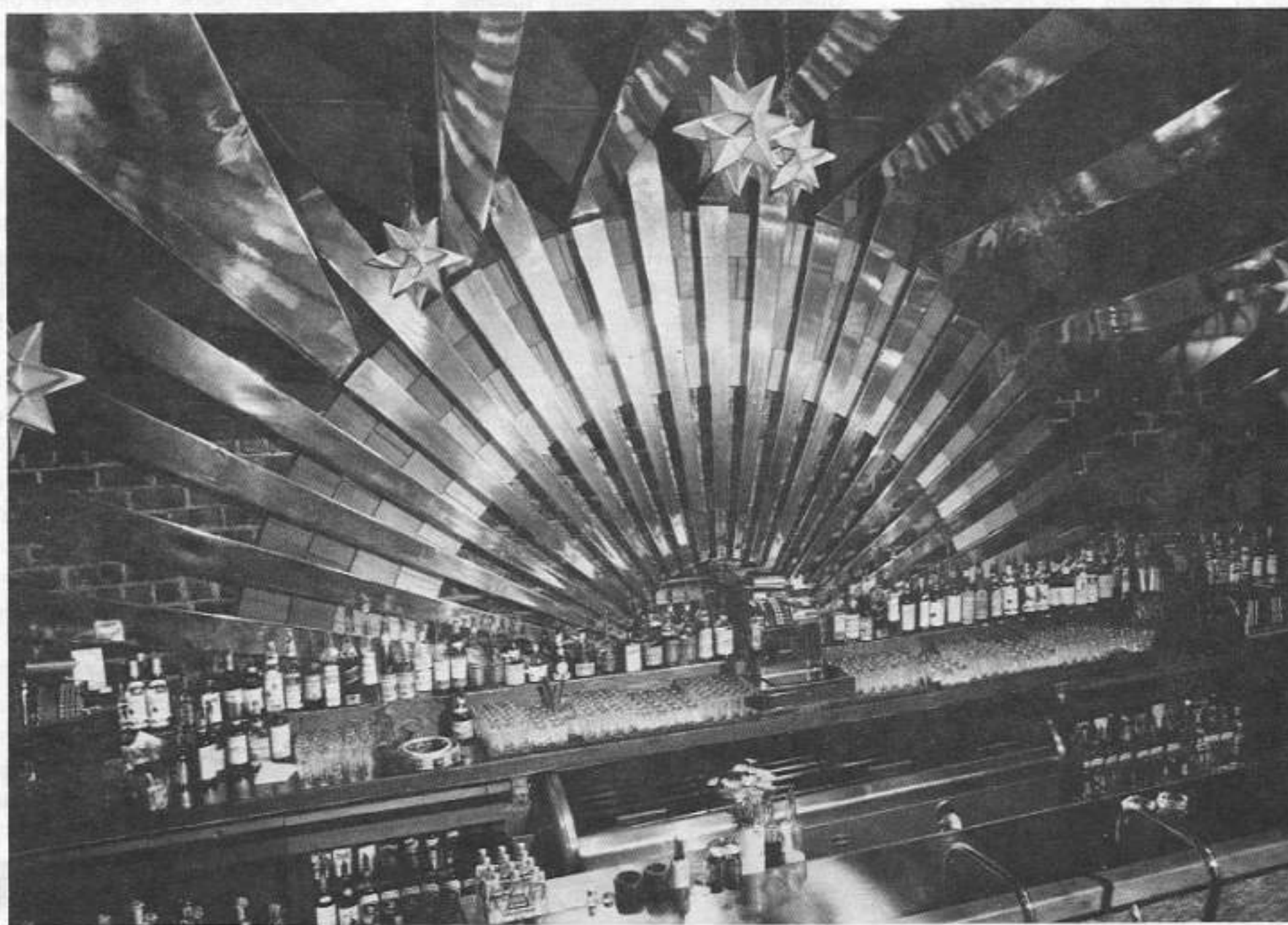
GERARD F. CARROLL,
Managing Editor

BUZZBY'S

NOT JUST ANOTHER BAR

Photography by Ruben

By Drew Hamilton



What is a bar? Must it be exclusively straight or gay, one thing or the other? Does it need some special "gimmick" to make it distinctive and more than just another place to belt a few, or perhaps most important — to become popular and therefore financially successful?

Don Berry, the personable manager and part owner of Buzzby's, a new bar on Polk Street in San Francisco, thinks he has the answers to these questions. He's had a chance to put some of his theories into practice since Buzzby's opened its doors in mid-February, 1974.

"Buzzby's is not just another gay bar," Don said, as we sat relaxed over a drink in his small but comfortable office. "I think of it as a people's bar. Of course our clientele is largely gay. But we welcome straight people as customers, too."

"I've noticed that you employ some female cocktail waiters."

He nodded. "Yes, we do. Frankly, I think we've all gone past the point where Gays and Straights need to be segregated. I believe they shouldn't be segregated. If we all learn to play together, as well as work together, regardless of our sexual proclivities — accepting each other as we are and having a good time together — it's my opinion this will be a big help to overcome sexual prejudices.

"Anyway, that's what we're trying to do here at Buzzby's. I've got fifteen fantastic people working for me, both guys and girls. We're really an integrated bar. And we're trying to break the stigma of working in a bar, of being a bartender or a waiter. Society has a stereotyped notion of what bartenders and waiters are like, you know. Attractive, maybe, but dumb. We think there's no reason in the world why bar workers can't have their heads

together, why they can't be intelligent as well as good-looking. Everybody working at Buzzby's is an individual, a mature person who's able to accept responsibilities and do the job efficiently and well."

Don's philosophy must be practical one. Buzzby's was a success from the moment it opened in February of this year. At the Camp Awards, sponsored by B.A.R. in July, Buzzby's was elected the San Francisco bar of 1974. It also won the award as the best current Polk Street bar, the best San Francisco dance bar, and employee Sean Donahue was elected the best local bargender. One might say that Buzzby's really swept the field when those prizes were handed out!

There's no doubt that Don Berry is to a large extent responsible for Buzzby's popularity in San Francisco and the Bay Area.

Don is 34 and hails from Lansing,



Staff of Buzzby's a truly bi-sexual establishment.

Michigan. He was a performer with Ice Capades and Holiday On Ice for ten years before he decided to quit show business and settle down into a profession which offered him a steadier and more secure future.

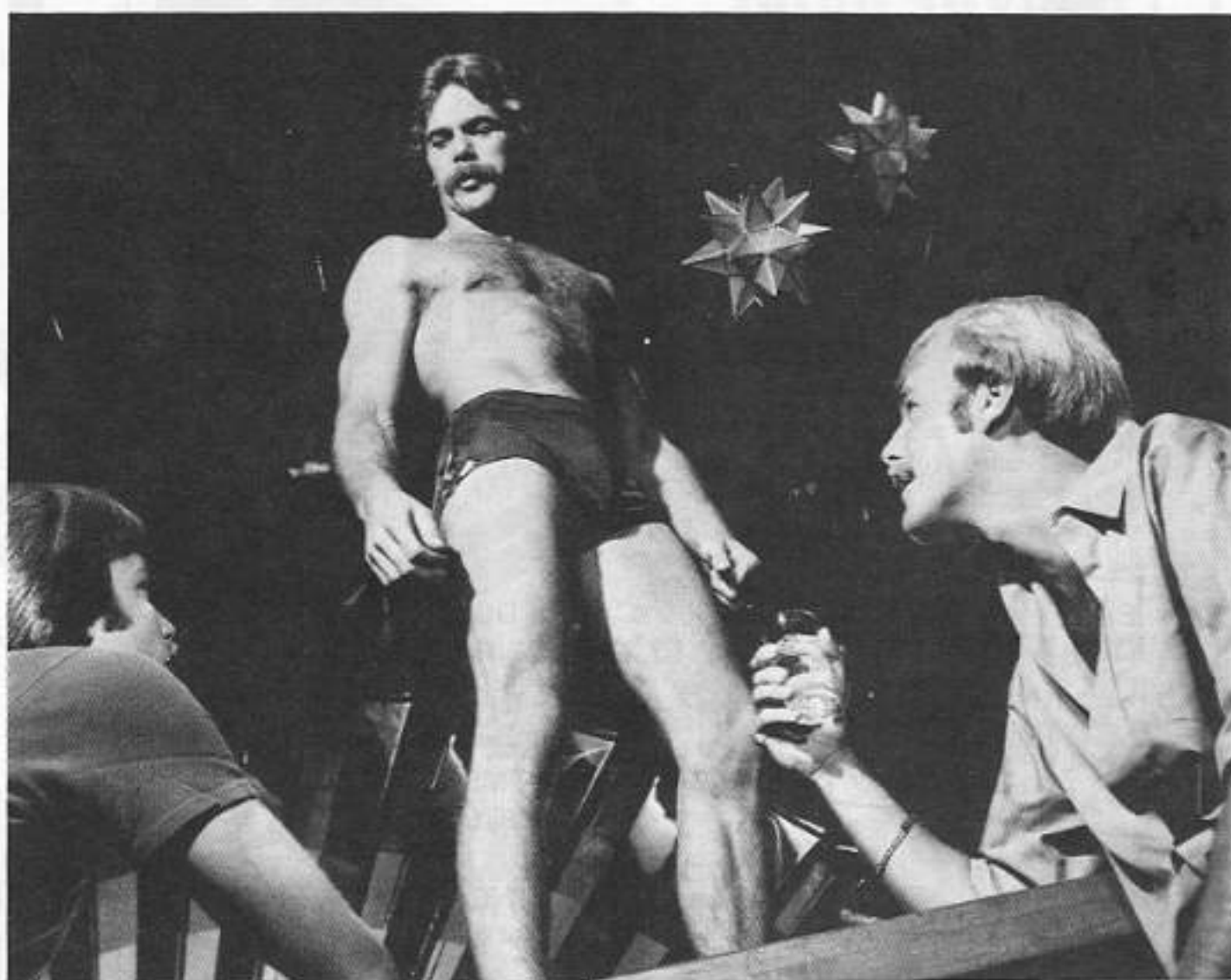
"I was in San Francisco briefly in '62, between engagements. Then I came back in '71 for the Renaissance Fair. That decided me. I made up my mind I wanted to live in the Bay Area. So I came back in December of '72, traveling with three friends in a truck."

For a time Don worked as a bartender at the 527 Club. He credits that experience as giving him the groundwork and teaching him what he needed to know before he branched out and started his own business. Further experience as manager of the Wild Oscar on Sixth Street was also highly beneficial to him. He held that post for fifteen months.

"How did you get the idea for Buzzby's?"

"I went to see an accountant, a man I'd known while working at the Wild Oscar. I told him I needed a job. He asked me if I was familiar with a place called the Royal Crown on Polk Street. I went to take a look at it, then returned to tell him my ideas about remodeling. 'Great!' he said. 'Let's build it.' I told him it would probably cost fifty, sixty, maybe seventy thousand dollars to do what I wanted. 'Let's build it,' he said. So we went ahead."

Some of the features which are definitely not gimmicks but which do make Buzzby's unique are included in its decor — a giant sunburst centered over the bar, falling stars, large plants inside macrame chandeliers, overhead beams of mylar (a silver material) — a rear projection of oil kaledscopes, a huge glass ball and — get this! — bubble machines.



Customers encourage Gary, as he enjoys a reckless moment.

Bleachers have been set up against the wall opposite the bar and near the dance floor. Patrons therefore sit facing each other in a more relaxed and friendlier atmosphere than is usual in a bar of Buzzby's geometric design. These bleachers are elevated and create an arena-like effect in the room itself. Perched on a bleacher seat one gets a good view of all that goes on from one end of the bar to the other.

Don's office is at the rear, upstairs, and he has sliding panels which enable him to take a good look at the downstairs action whenever he wishes. The office is cozily and smartly furnished. "I've taken a lot of ribbing over that sofa," Don said with a grin. Everybody wants to know if I use it as my casting couch."

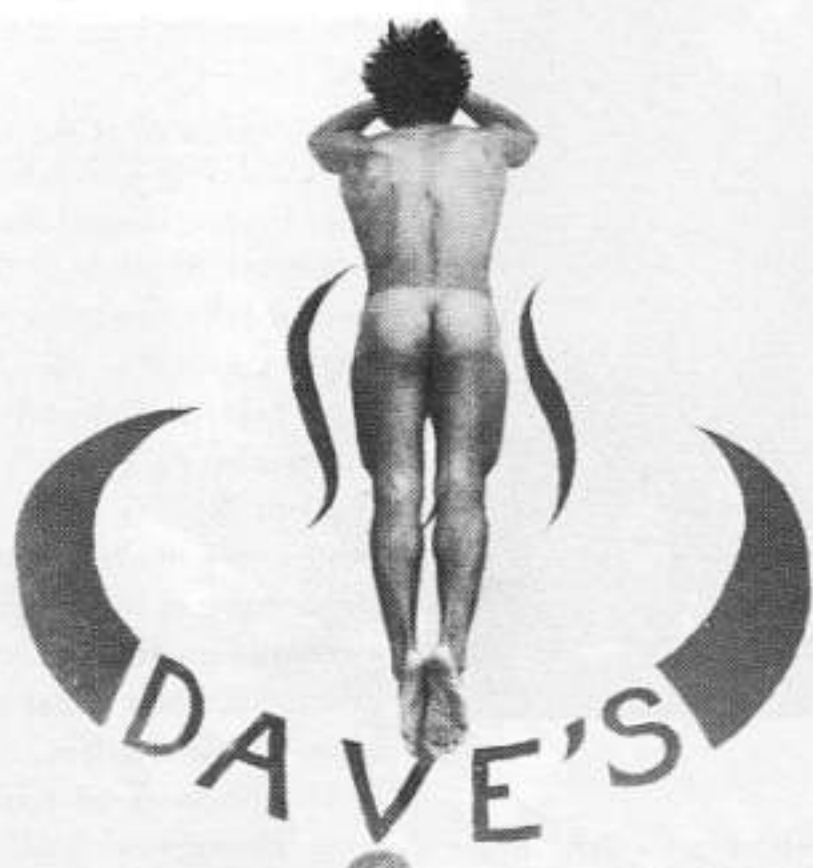
Since Don is an unusually attractive man I very much doubt if he has to take advantage of his position of employer to persuade good-looking boys to share that couch with him. Most young men would jump at the chance.

The partners of Buzzby's have taken over management of the Wild Goose, another well known bar just off Polk Street, and they plan to open other Buzzby's, in the Pacific Northwest and in Southern California. "Not in Los Angeles," Don said. "Probably someplace in the San Diego area."

"Do you have anything in particular

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STUDIO ONE continued from page 29

look before she settled down at one of the rear tables.

Oh no, she wasn't going to have dinner first! The wait had been long enough. One leg was definitely drifting away from its usual neural responses. But no, it was nothing like that at all. This was merely meant to be a greeting table where those who would like to say hello may drop by and do so. At least this was the initial impression given.

Flash bulbs popped like an opening night at the Music Center. Peggy was ready for them all. The right angle was always presented seconds before those exacting shutters snapped back into place. Most of the young men at the tightly packed tables viewed this activity from a purely abstract point of view. They were curious but not that involved. This was one of those smokey legends they knew about — maybe — but there had never been a declaration of worship in the past.

Almost without warning Peggy was



moving through the crowd once more. This time she was visibly led by a virile young man with a magnificent Roman beard and wearing tiny gold earrings. He was indeed the guiding knight who would allow nothing to happen to his damsel in distress — or should we say concert?

As usual the musicians were right on! The piano man (from New Zealand) had been playing bits and pieces of her repertoire before her appearance on stage. Now he was neatly preparing a brief overture and the opening theme of her first number.

All of this activity looks so spontaneous, almost as though Peggy had suggested to some friends just a few hours ago: "Hey, let's go somewhere and put on a show." Of course it's not that way at all if you look close enough. The smiles, the whispers, the nods are all — have to be! — well rehearsed. This was no break-in party for amateur talent. Peggy knew the

advantage of establishing that strong sympathetic ambiance before the actual performance takes place.

"What shall I do now?" she wondered aloud, insuring requests from the audience who obviously had their favorites. Whether one of these requests was genuinely picked up or she knew exactly what direction she was taking didn't matter. "Lover Man" opened the show and it was a hit on the first beat.

Peggy leaned casually against the piano and took the microphone off the stand. A little of Garland but that's about it. She can move those milky dark eyes as though she were focusing on certain members of the audience when it wasn't that way at all.

The lights adjusted their oblique intensity and the room instantly became hers all the way. Wearing a ruffled V-neck sheer crepe dress, she was that little girl again at the Roseland ballroom, caressing those lyrics and taking those pregnant pauses as though the nine months necessary were compressed in a single breath.

Her male companion sat transfixed on

the piano bench. Only after a clocked eight minutes did either one of his eyes blink. Those on stage were inside the private circle where silent jokes could be exchanged and vocally acknowledged. Once more there was an apparent floundering. Which way to go? "I wish I knew the words to that one," murmured Peggy to one request. The piano tinkles some notes to evoke a distant memory. She shakes her head, smiling but meaning it. And then magic time once more. Hands begin to clap.

"How 'bout 'Fever'?"

Immediately the bass thumps into the intro. Piano and drums segue behind the building rhythm. Peggy jounces her platinum blonde hair, then once or twice glances at her guiding knight for encouragement. She really needs none of it. All those past one-nighters come to the fore. That tingling excitement you only had once when you were six years old jets to the surface and causes a brief moment of embarrassment. She was really doing this to you. And you thought you were completely immune to sentimental stuff

like that.

There were calls for more and a standing ovation at the conclusion of her performance but Peggy was on her way back to her table, all smiles and thanking everyone for coming.

We never did find out the purpose for her brief appearance at Studio One. Now it's all over it doesn't make any difference. We were there and all those old forgotten emotions were tipped over on their side and given a hard shake. It's the best happy medicine we've had in a long time.

Thanks for coming, Peggy!

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Photo by Hugh Harrison



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Luscious plump-looking apples dangle from the branches of an illusionary enchanted forest. Love bubbles filled with everything for the "sensuous lover" — everything and anything you might want is to be found here — at the first International Love Boutique.

If the images in the Clockwork Orange world of the first International Love Boutique, are not quite what Eve encountered, it's only because technology lagged behind.

The Boutique at 7046 Hollywood Blvd. is the first, of what owner Terri Richmond plans as a network of similar shops.

"It's pretty hard to get a franchise on love, but why not a franchise on love boutiques?" she says. Ms Richmond has personally collected items from all over the world for this first venture.

Overcoming the tawdry image such enterprises may have had in the past is foremost in Terri's mind. "The Inter-

national Love Boutique is unusual and daring without stepping beyond the bounds of good taste," she asserts. And the Boutique reflects her credo that "Love is an art which requires understanding, knowledge and skill, as well as good health." The shop features foods, vitamins, even toiletries that are good to eat.

"I was trained as a nutritionist," Terri explains. "I worked for the medical profession and for a large food concern, but then I got bored creating recipes and started creating formulas instead. They turned out to be sensuous toiletries and I just couldn't resist making them taste good too."

In fact, Ms Richmond is something of a pioneer in the field, being not only the inventor of Raspberry-flavored douche, and strawberry and pineapple Joy Jell, but also the first to make other cosmetics Fruit-flavored and scented, when others were still clinging to perfume scents. "The pineapple joy jell went over very big in Hawaii," she is quick to add.

But good taste doesn't end with the lovemaking cosmetics at the International Love Boutique. The Hollywood Boulevard store, designed by Lennard Richmond and Steve Van Wersch of Holland, is "dedicated to the proposition that love's accoutrements, and that means everything we carry, books, records, apparel, art and novelties, should encourage the art of love and be just as pure," says Ms. Richmond.

The Boutique was just a logical next step for the nutritionist-turned-inventor. "For years I ran an introduction service. That's right, I was a matchmaker. My work resulted in some very successful marriages, like the one between a Columbia Records executive and a South American actress, and another between a psychiatrist and the actress's daughter." While being a matchmaker, Ms Richmond says she found that many people who needed introductions, also needed help in becoming more desirable, and needed to be advised on how to hold on to their lovers.

And that's a pretty good definition of the International Love Boutique. It's a place where lovers can tap the world's secrets of desirability and learn to become as irresistible as Eve's apple.

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want to say so much more completely with more space . . . Right now I'm working on a major project, untitled, 13'x19', depicting Man and Machine, Religion and Technology, Time and Place. I'm bending some of my psyche into wishing, trying to get a basic foresight of what may be coming in the future. I've worked on this piece off and on for several months."

(As **IN TOUCH** goes to press, word reaches me that William Ball, the managing director of ACT and an admirer of Mark's, plans on unveiling this work of Mark's at the Geary Theatre in early 1975, before a large invited audience.)

Seated in the old studio on Sutter Street, one could see the people outside passing by and stopping to gaze through the large windows. "More than half of the people react strongly to my work, in one way or another," Mark observed. "Some think I'm insane and working for the Devil. Others cry and sink to their knees. Letters come through the mail slot in the front door, praising or condemning me. Once in a while somebody spits on the windows. Teachers bring their art classes, and young girls want to kiss or hug me. Not long ago a connoisseur paid me a great compliment. He compared 'The Crucifixion' to Rembrandt's 'The Night Watch'."

Few, it appears, are indifferent to Mark's work, except the critics who refuse to acknowledge him. "Progression," which is a large piece prominently displayed, is an attention-getter and so is "Narrow Is The Way," a painting of two slim doors which open to a brilliant burst of yellow sunlight.

My own attention, while I visited the Sutter Street studio before Mark and Ron vacated it, was drawn repeatedly to "The Vanilla Bottle."

"You like that painting, don't you?" He was pleased by my interest in it.

"It says something to me. I'm not sure what, exactly. But there's something about it which intrigues me."

He regarded me calmly, and a faint smile touched his lips. "When I was in your apartment," he said. "I looked around for a place where you might hang it. I'm going to give it to you."

He wrapped the painting in tissue paper and handed it to me.

"Mark, I don't know what to say."

We stood embarrassed, silenced by our own emotion. Yet currents of electricity passed between us. I embraced him. He

hugged me and to cover the shyness we suddenly felt with this surge of feeling for one another he played the little boy game of trying to lift me off the floor. (No mean achievement, since I am scarcely a lightweight!)

I found a good spot for "The Vanilla Bottle" on the wall of my dining room, over an antique cabinet which is very precious to me. When Mark next visited me he nodded his approval. "It looks fine there, he said. "It belongs with you." I touched his shoulder in gratitude. (How could you have thanked Da Vinci if he had given you his painting of "The Last Supper?")

Sometimes, while we first were getting acquainted, the telephone would ring at an odd hour and it would be Mark on the other end of the line. "Douglas Dean?" he would say, pronouncing my full name in that tentative quiet manner of his, as if he wanted to be sure it was I before he committed himself. When I responded he would tell me some incident, some thought, some image which had come to him and which he wanted urgently to communicate.

He called one night after he had been to the hospital to visit his father. "He's paralyzed from the head down, but he can turn his eyes a little. He can't see, of course, but the doctor thinks maybe he can hear. They feed him through a tube in his nose. Do you know what they call such patients in the hospital? They refer to them as infants, because they're passing through the early stages of life all over again . . . I want to sketch him. He looks like a saint." Mark was silent for a moment and I waited for him to continue. "Can you believe that, Douglas? Lying there in his hospital bed, my father looks like a saint . . . I want you to see him. Will you come with me to the hospital to see him?"

"Yes. Of course I will, Mark. If you really want me to."

Afterwards I thought how curious it was that he should have called me, late at night, to ask me this. The request could only be a compliment.

Mysterious, enigmatic, spiritual in a way — yet childlike and a son of the earth, rejoicing in physicality and at the same time probing and digging for the greater meanings in the universe. This is the ambiguity which lies at the heart of Mark Muelleian.

I met an artist and I made a friend.

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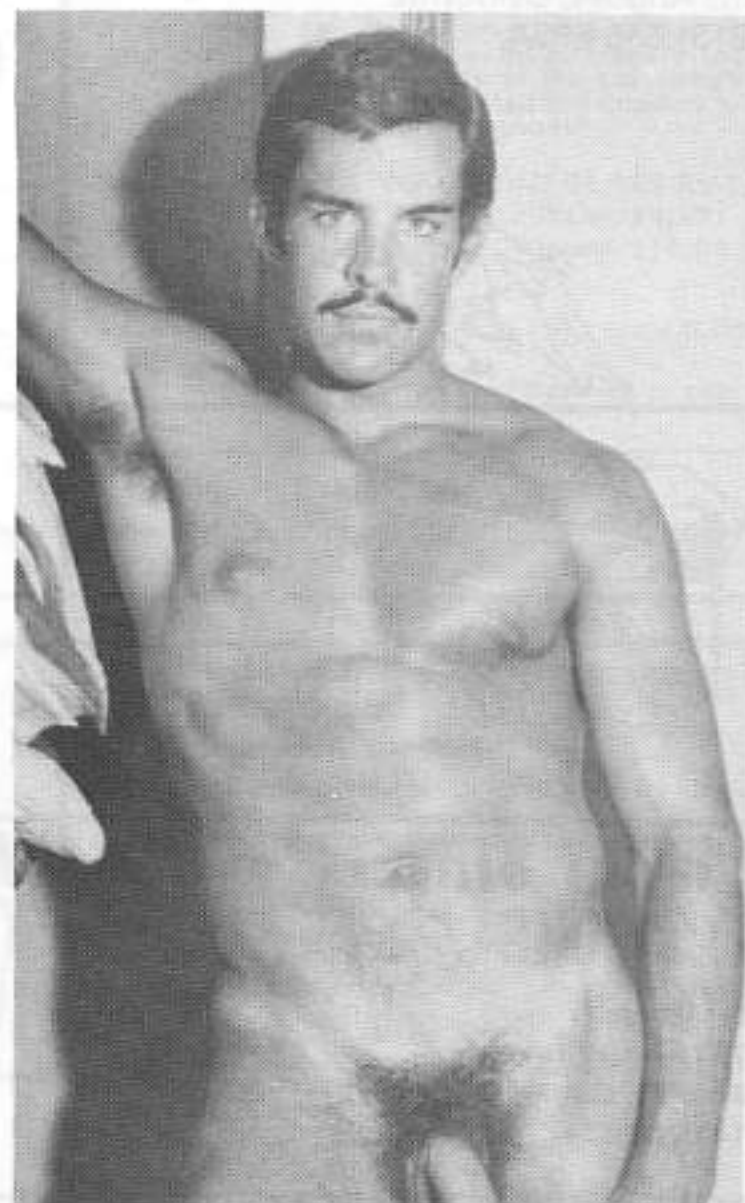
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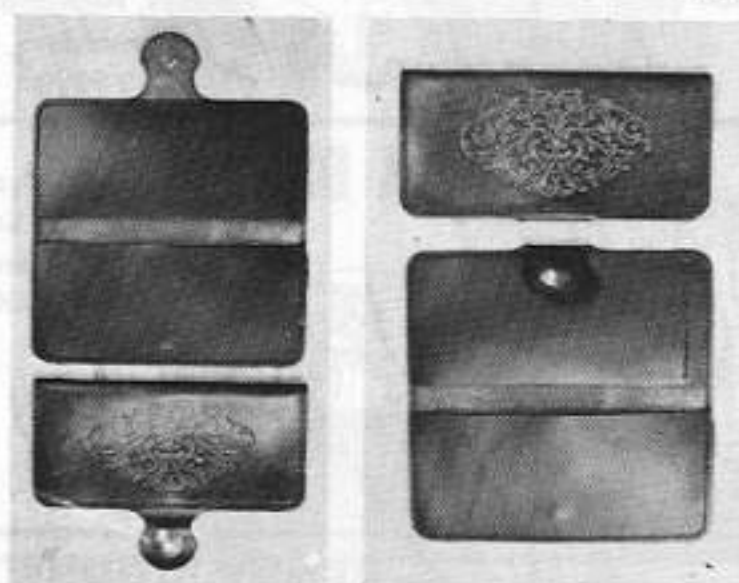
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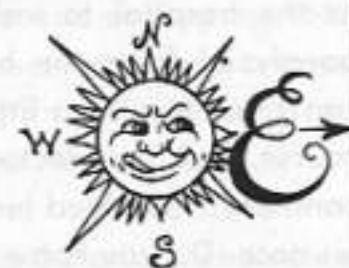
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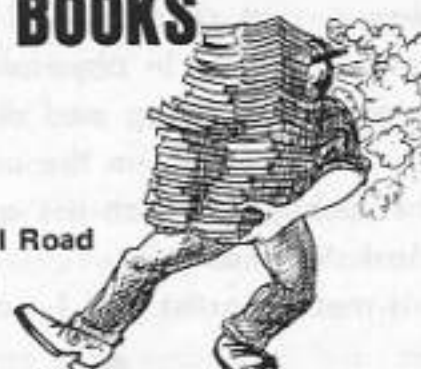
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possible. In the case of another double up, the category that receives the number of votes required for nomination first takes precedent. If they should occur at the same time (same day) the one with the largest percentages of votes would determine where the performer would run. Should an actor get those required number of votes for a film as Best Actor and also qualified in another film as Best Supporting Actor, both would remain on the ballot. So it is possible for one actor to win both Best Actor and Best Supporting Actor in the same year . . . but it isn't very likely! The last time such a double run took place was when Fay Bainter lost out as Best Actress in "White Banners" to Bette Davis in "Jezebel" but won for . . . you guessed it . . . "Jezebel" in support of Miss Davis! At one time the Academy tried to arbitrate billing but they soon discovered trying to reason with actors is next to impossible. It works far better now. Any actor in any role in any film is eligible in any acting category. The question of starring or supporting is decided by the voters at the time of balloting.

Most drastic changes do coincide with the changes in film-making. Film is a healthy art form, so change is inevitable and the Academy wisely changes with it. Take that now gone division of Cinematography, Art Direction and Costume Design between color and black and white. It ceased in 1967 just as production in black and white was falling off so badly. It was just as well, toward the end, some of those nominations were really reaching. Now it's all just one award, either form is eligible. It can be a bit unfair to a really good black and white film, like the "Last Picture Show," all the winners since the change have been color films. That's an area that does need looking into.

Quite a few awards have been dropped or absorbed into other awards. Artistic Quality of Production, given only the first year, now must be part of the qualifications for Best Picture. The first year's Engineering Effects were probably the forerunner of the Special Effects Award which began as a regular award in 1939. Assistant Director, after being in existence for only five years, was dropped in 1937. The writing awards have probably undergone the most change. That first year saw a separation for Title

continued on page 80

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continued from page 79

Writing. That was 1928 and sound was ushered in the same year. With an almost total change-over, over-night, that particular separation was merely erased. With no titles to be written for silent films there was no need for an Award. They breezed along for a few years, giving just one Award for Writing Achievement. They were then separated into an Award for Original and one for Adaptation, in order to be more fair. That worked well, until someone suggested the Original be called Original Screenplay (totally ignoring the original writer, who frequently was different from the screenplay writer). There were many ensuing problems, so, in 1940 . . . instead of going back to the simpler more workable form of Original Adaptation, they added still a third award, for Best Original Story and Screenplay (one film frequently took both these Original Script awards). It only took seventeen years to revert back to the original workable form, one that remains today.

There is one, since discontinued, award that still causes hackles to rise. The Dance Direction Award . . . given for only two years as a regular award. Its ceasing brought letters of protest, emergency meetings, threatened boycotts and even strikes . . . all to no avail. There have been a few Special Awards, to people like Gene Kelly and Jerome Robbins (for his work in "West Side Story") since the discontinuation in 1936, but no regular award has ever been re-set up. It did look for a while as if it might happen, until the popularity of musicals took a nosedive and with them the hope for the Dance Director's Award.

Speaking of those Special Awards . . . they are given each year to deserving persons. These also include the Scientific and Technical Awards. The real purpose is to honor the people who don't fit into any other category. Two of the most treasured are the Irving J. Thalberg Award, to a producer for the body of his work and the Jean Hersholt Humanitarian Award which is self explanatory. There are some who sneer that giving a Special Award to Garbo (who never won) or Chaplin, (in an effort to make amends) or Edward G. Robinson (who was never even nominated) merely serve as face savers. It is to the Academy's credit that they have refused to let these awards become just a

catch-all.

Outside of the Writing Awards, the greatest change has taken place on the Music Ballot. It began with just Best Score . . . ignoring the adapters . . . then split into Best Score for a Dramatic or Comedy Film and another for Best Musical Score, in 1941. It's been pointed out, since, how unfair that was too, since any hack can take a great Broadway score and get great film musical music from it, then win an Oscar to boot. True. It's happened often. That's all been taken care of now, the award has evolved to its present, more logical form . . . like writing . . . Best Original Score and Best Adaptation.

If you harbor any doubts that all this evolution, change and confusion discourages anyone . . . think again! That goes for the winners, the losers and the just watchers alike! The year has ended, the eligible films are off and running . . . And there stand the producers breathlessly anticipating the improved grosses. For above being the most sought after of any other award in the performing arts, winning an Oscar can also add a cool million dollars to the box-office gross of any film. You must have noticed all the newspaper ads.

In mid-February the nominees will be announced . . . that is considered a great honor in itself . . . and the awards will follow in April. On these pages, via photographs — which bring their point home far better than merely listing could — are a round up of some of the year's biggies . . . the ones that look to have the best chance for a grab at that little, gold, naked man. Come award time . . . well . . . it's anyone's guess since the big surprise win is all part of the fun, too. Like last year's totally unexpected win by Glenda Jackson as Best Actress for "A Touch of Class."

The only sure bet about the Awards is that all those viewers will be right back in front of their sets, sopping up the glamour rooting for their favorites. There are enough various awards given these days to make an iron-monger blush. But it all doesn't matter. It just doesn't matter that the New York Drama Critic's Awards are considered tougher to win or that Grammys and Emmys are given for far more popular forms of entertainment or that the Tonys have more class. Look . . . when it comes down to it . . . that special IT . . . that special SOMETHING . . . there's still only one! OSCAR!

continued on page 82

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continued from page 81

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And a final, very special thank you to: The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and their public relations firm: Harshe-Rotman and Druck, Inc. ●

COMMENTS continued from page 10

hidden away in dark halls. The names on the doors would only be recognized by those familiar with the organizations. We had three pocket-size magazines and about eight newsletters. There are hundreds of Gay organizations now, some well-housed and prestigious, and hundreds of publications, a score of them far surpassing the old "big three." Several of our service groups have obtained foundation on governmental funding for some of their work — unthinkable until recently. The whole aspect of the Gay community is more self-assured and ebullient.

Still, public bias and the legal problem persist. The arrest rate, in L.A. surely, seems as high as it was ten years ago. And as Gayness seems to win more open acceptance, these harassments, especially when unjustified by the facts, become increasingly intolerable. To the victim it must seem that all our "progress" is empty talk. If the chance of a prison term resulting from trivial vice busts is diminished, we know that some still go to prison. If castration or lobotomy are less likely, we still hear unnerving tales of prisoners used as guinea pigs.

We've come a long way. An unbelievably long way. We still have a long way to go, and backsliding is always a sobering possibility. It would help if there were more people to carry the load.

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you'd like to say about your own relationship with the gay community?"

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He chose his words carefully. "I've had a difficult time in San Francisco. There are a lot of people who've put me down and didn't want Buzzby's to be a success. The really big people on Polk Street, though — men like Jim Bonko and Paul Bentley — have been very nice to me. I think it's unfortunate that there's an element in the gay community so filled with envy that it won't give credit where credit is due. But I've decided that the only way to survive and keep your sanity in a society that is often cut-throat is just to close your ears to gossip, bad-mouthing, and refuse to answer critics. I simply go ahead and do my work the best way I know how. Buzzby's is very popular and very successful right now. So I guess that means we must be doing something right, wouldn't you say?"

Don Berry's gentle manner, his warmth and friendliness, permeate the atmosphere of Buzzby's, Polk Street's newest "in" place to drink and dance. Yes, there's no doubt about it — Don and his partners and his fifteen fantastic employees are doing quite a few things right. Other people might take a lesson from them.

MUSIC continued from page 43

times the arrangements just seem a little too heavy. But most of the time they manage to produce some really hot earthy sounds.

"The Ballad of Curtis Loew" and "Swamp Music" are knockout songs, delivered with the kind of funky relaxation that shows solid musicianship. And "Call Me The Breeze" makes you hope that the group will be stirring up some music for a long time to come. But I must admit that I prefer their less hard hitting numbers. Still, I would recommend that you investigate the album. There just aren't that many groups around capable of giving you a sense of down home roots, and it is refreshing to find one that does.

continued on page 88

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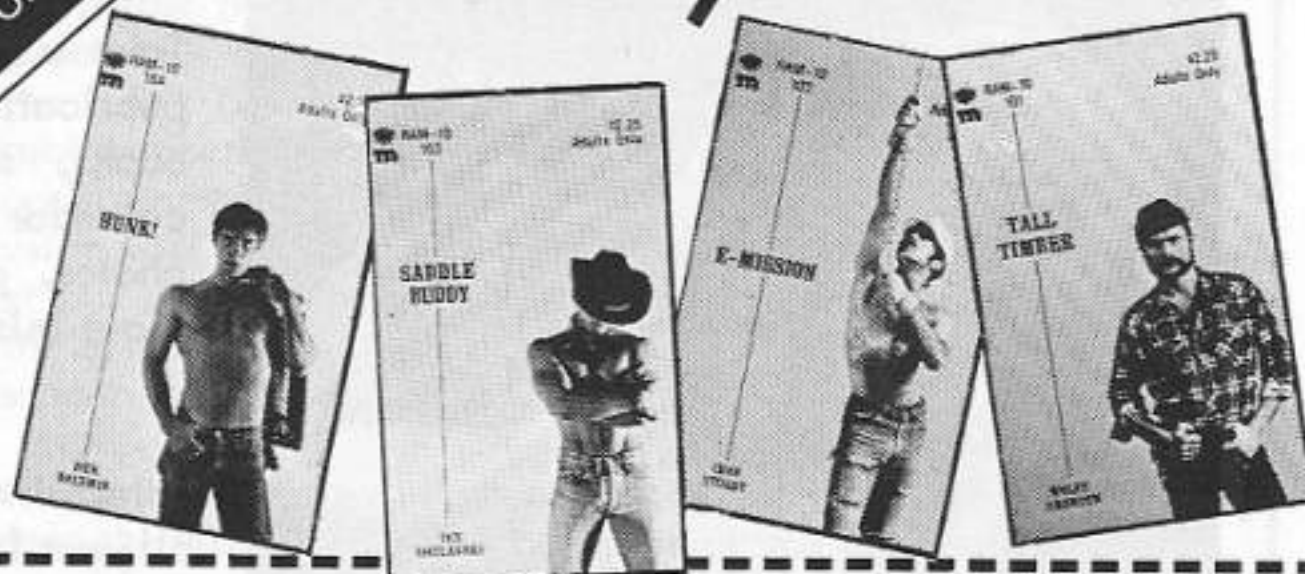
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on the popular television series "Wagon Train," and once again as Denny Miller, he is still active in Hollywood. He was seen as the cuckolded high-school basketball coach in *Making It*, which allowed him to show off his still impressive build, and he is currently the embodiment of Big Wally, a wall-cleaning detergent, in a series of TV commercials.

After Denny Miller's gloriously youthful Tarzan, the thirteenth was particularly disappointing. He was former stuntman Jock Mahoney, whose only real qualification for the part was that he was capable of doing his own stunt work. Mahoney was 43 years old when he made *Tarzan Goes to India*, and although he was better preserved than Johnny Weissmuller had been at that age, he was still far too old to be running around half-naked for anyone's entertainment. This was even more apparent in his second and last film, *Tarzan's Three Challenges*, as he was quite ill during production, and he looked particularly emaciated. Jane had long since disappeared from the series, but in Mahoney's first film there was a young Indian boy tagging along. Both the character and the actor were identified as Jai, the Elephant Boy.

Filmed during the explosive racial

unrest of the early Sixties, Mahoney's two films transplanted Tarzan to India to escape those pesky stereotyped African natives. Probably for much the same reason, the next Tarzan found himself in Latin America, amid comfortably light-skinned natives. He was Mike Henry, a star linebacker for the Los Angeles Rams, who weighed in at 228 pounds and six-feet-three inches. Henry, with his massive physique looking as though it were hewn from granite, became a nattily attired globetrotter who swoops into the jungle via helicopter before changing into his low-cut mini-cloth and swinging off into the back country.

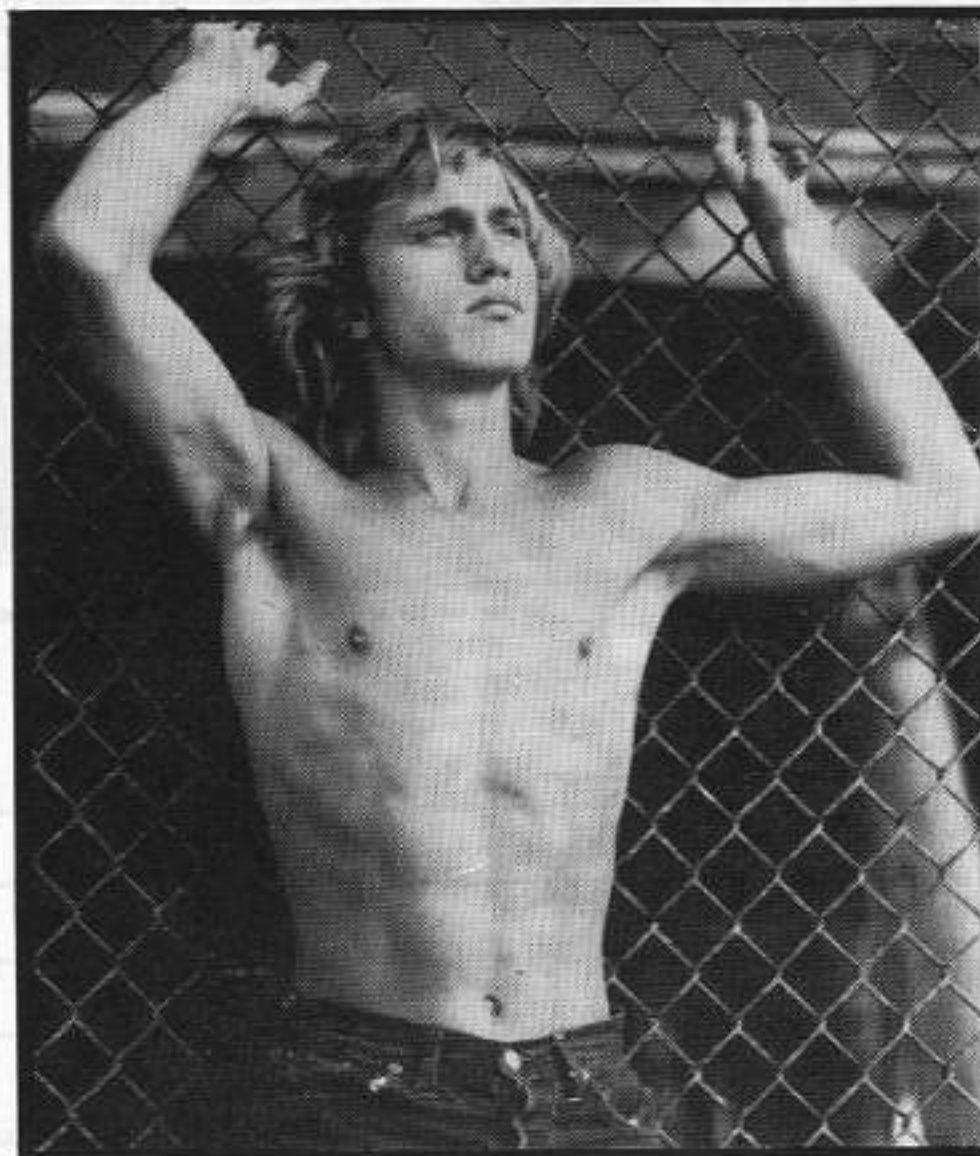
Henry made three films, each of them featuring a Boy of some sort, but none of them featuring a Jane. In *Tarzan and the Great River*, a cute little Mexican youngster named Manuel Padilla, Jr., was introduced playing the companion of scurrilous riverboat captain Jan Murray. In *Tarzan and the Valley of Gold*, Padilla was stripped to a loincloth and turned over to Tarzan as his companion. And finally, in *Tarzan and the Jungle Boy*, beautiful young Steve Bond played a youngster who had grown up in the jungle much like Tarzan himself. The blue-eyed Bond was a chicken hawk's delight, and some of the warm scenes between him and Henry were laden in unintentional pederastic undercurrents. Bond was in the throes of pu-

berty at the time he made *Tarzan and the Jungle Boy*, and it is unfortunate, indeed, that he did not return to the series later.

Despite Mike Henry's classically chiseled physique, oozing masculinity at every pore, he proved to be a particularly vulnerable Tarzan, and after suffering through an amazing catalogue of bites, scratches, broken bones, and anonymous, unthinkable tropical diseases, he chickened out when called upon to star in a weekly, hour-long television series.

Thus, the series went to Ron Ely, a handsome, six-four, 210-pound actor who had originally been contracted to play a man impersonating Mike Henry's Tarzan in an early episode of the series. Ely was certainly worth stripping down for the role, but he looks a bit too much like the well-scrubbed boy next door to be really convincing in the part. Manuel Padilla, Jr., went directly from *Tarzan and the Valley of Gold* into the series, playing Jai, the youthful companion of the new Tarzan.

Two feature films were released starring Ely, but they were simply extracts from the television series and displayed all the sloppy, corner-cutting techniques necessary to turn out an hour-long episode every week. The TV series bit the dust in 1968, but Ely is still doing larger-than-life battle in the George Pal film *Doc Savage . . . The Man of Bronze*, an



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epic science-fiction picture in which Ely won the title role after an extensive search for a "new face" failed to turn up anyone with sufficiently heroic mien.

Tarzan has not seen the light of a movie screen since, although he did turn up, unnamed due to copyright restrictions, in a television commercial for M&M Candy, in which it was revealed that he preferred M&M's because ordinary chocolate left his hands too messy for vine swinging. This Tarzan was played by a handsome, well-built blond named Gary Mizak, who would certainly not be an unwelcome presence in a feature-length film someday.

There was idle talk of that *wunder-kind* of the 1972 Olympics, Mark Spitz, becoming the sixteenth movie Tarzan. That appears to have been just talk, but Spitz is certainly a beautiful young man, and in a *Sports Illustrated* interview he once jocularly indicated his willingness to appear in a movie nude scene, so a great many people are keeping an anticipatory eye on this interesting young athlete.

And finally, the Walt Disney Studios have brought us *The World's Greatest Athlete*, in which a Tarzan-like character is brought out of the jungle and promoted into a top Olympic athlete. This jungle boy was played by Jan-Michael Vincent, one of the sexiest of all the sexy young stars of the Seventies, who cut an absolutely gorgeous figure in a loincloth!

Where the durable man of the jungle may go from here is anybody's guess. One would think that with the public's taste swinging back toward purely escapist fare, he might yet have a long life ahead of him, but on the other hand, he has become hopelessly stereotyped through countless parodies, and seems strangely archaic in this urban age. Nonetheless, he has proven remarkably adaptable in the past, coming from his Victorian romanticist origins to battle marauding natives, villainous intruders, Nazi soldiers, and ultra-modern super-criminals.

It has been six years since the last Tarzan feature was released and even that was a warmed-over television episode. Has the seemingly indestructible hero been done in at last, the victim of sophistication and increased sexual freedom? Only time will tell. ●



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them, but five — or is it six? Sometimes it's hard to say where one chase ends and the next begins. But each one tops the last, and when you consider that the film opens with one of the wildest chases ever filmed, it gives you some idea of where they are by the end of the sixth reel! What with "Bullitt," and then "What's Up, Doc?" and now "Freebie And The Bean," the Traffic Department in San Francisco must be about ready to resign, en masse!

And we mustn't forget that other cliché: Although Bean has a wife and Freebie a mistress, the writers clearly realize that the real love affair in a film like this is between the two male leads, and even this convention comes in for its share of travesty, as we see Caan and Arkin in one sequence capering through a deserted playground, just like countless pairs of movie lovers before them.

Caan and Arkin, as the "odd couple" cops, make an excellent comedy team. Caan, as he proved to everyone's embarrassment in "Slither," is not a comedian, but he does make a good straight man to someone like Arkin, and so he



James Caan, Alan Arkin and Paul Koslo in a scene from "Freebie and the Bean"

comes out of this one looking a lot funnier than he really is.

Jack Kruschen is excellent as a big-time gangster whom the boys must protect from a syndicate hit man until they can gather their own evidence against him. Paul Koslo plays a small-time hood who is beaten to a pulp by the two cops in a scene that comes disconcertingly close to enforcing the genre instead of lampooning it. Loretta Swit, the very funny lady from television's "M*A*S*H," is wasted as the gangster's wife, and Valerie Harper, TV's "Rhoda," is ludicrously miscast as The Bean's Chicano spouse.

Christopher Morley, as the obligatory

gay villain, is appropriately effeminate, and pulls off one of the most convincing drag performances ever seen in movies, if I may be forgiven for giving away a minor plot point. Sensitive Gays, sick to death of slanderous stereotypes, may bridle a bit, as I did, but in the context, the producers really could have done little else.

If it's any consolation, Gays aren't smeared any more than any other minority. All of the conventions sent up by "Freebie And The Bean" are still sore spots to many, but the film is in reality 180 degrees from being another "Laughing Policeman," and it really should be given a chance to stand on its own. If this one doesn't leave you laughing, then you're a humorless soul, indeed!

JOHN MARVIN

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RUSSELL continued from page 61
in. Those that don't I cut."

Budd had been with a friend to see a lesser known entertainer in another club. He remarked to Craig that this performer was using some of Craig's lines in his routines.

Craig shrugged. "I don't own the material. People were impersonating Mae West and Garland and Dietrich — and using lines attributed to them — for a long time before I came along. Let this new guy do what he can."

With his twenty wigs, costumes by Leamond Dean and Jim Brady, plus his dedication and talent, Craig Russell can hold his own. He doesn't have to fear competition.

"Craig, just one or two more questions," I said. "Do you have any special advice for impersonators who are just starting out?"

(A very attractive young man had visited the dressing room between shows to ask Craig to autograph a picture. He had confessed his own ambition to be an impersonator and Craig had wished him luck.)

"What can I say? It would be presumptuous of me to give advice to anyone else. I don't feel that I've been in the business long enough or that I really know enough to be considered an expert . . . But I do think every beginner should have some idea of what he wants to evolve into, he should have a goal. We're in an open field, after all, and there are more opportunities every year. A goal is really essential."

"What's YOUR goal, Craig?"

"The top!" his agent said quickly.

Confident enough to believe that he doesn't need help from a director to sharpen up his act, yet modest enough to admit he has a lot to learn — that's the ambiguity, the contradiction that Craig Russell's nature projects. So which is he, really, a sincerely nice guy or a sharp calculating dude who merely pretends to be humble for the benefit of an interviewer and his fans?

I have the feeling that his humility is for real, and that he is a warm and generous person. Whatever kind of person Craig is, though, nobody can deny that with his talent he stands a good chance of reaching his goal, the top or anything else. A girl who pads her bra with a pair of jockey shorts has got to be close to old Mother Earth, with her feet on the ground and looking upward at the stars.



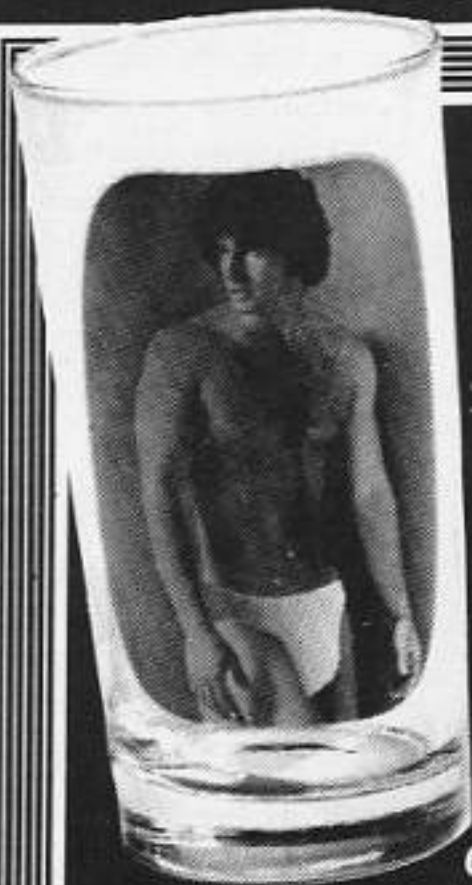
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Two recent complete recordings of the Prokofiev ballet "Romeo and Juliet" have made their way into the record stores. What is so unique about this event, is that a complete recording of what may possibly be the greatest musical treatment of Shakespeare's tragedy has gone neglected for so long. Then, suddenly, two companies manage to release not complete recordings.

The London recording has the benefit of Loren Maazel and the Cleveland Orchestra. The Angel recording is conducted by Andre Previn with the London Symphony Orchestra (Angel SC-3802). Oddly enough, it is the latter performance which seems most preferable.

Maazel is far too erratic a conductor for my tastes. His interpretation has plenty of fire but it lacks finesse. The big points are made with a lush and rich sound, but too often the performance doesn't seem to build and gather force as the work progresses.

Previn, on the other hand, seems to unify the work, so that it gains intensity toward the end. His approach is perhaps more romantic than Maazel's, but after all, what could be more romantic than "Romeo and Juliet?" The London Symphony Orchestra may not have the strings of the Cleveland Symphony after all those years under George Szell, but it is a fine orchestra and Previn seems very much in control of it.

The score itself is rich with Prokofiev's generous melodies, and there is much to be gained from having the whole work on hand rather than isolated excerpts as has formerly been the case.



20 YEARS AGO

By Dal McIntire

NEW YORK: Cops arrest 42 in Village and Times' Square one nite after complaints about "undesirables roaming the city streets." . . . Fuss over wiretapping by Ma Bell's snoops . . . Sociologist David Reisman in Partisan Review, Winter 55, says that decline in overt attacks on Negroes & Jews put homosexuals in line for role as public scapegoat, especially as international posture of U.S. makes ethnic discrimination a liability. . . .

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA: Judge Edw. Beard rules cop needs corroborating witness for arresting man for indecency nn. D.C. police squirming under brutality investigation . . . J. Edgar deplores lack of controls on sex criminals, which he blames on post-war family upheavals, inadequate laws and enforcement, and scarcity of medical facilities to treat abnormal persons . . . Kinsey again says sex laws useless; other laws cover violence. Notes that California institutionalizes three times the national average of so-called sex criminals, with little result.

MINNEAPOLIS: Newspaper columnist Cedric Adams prints the letter of an angry father complaining that his son had fallen into the hands of homosexuals and dope addicts, and that police had done nothing about matter, even tho a private eye father'd hired saw police in two of the Gay bars son patronized. Police officials & other readers responded that father had apparently made little effort to understand his son, that police couldn't simply close down bars because they knew they existed . . . After two "female impersonators" arrests at Gay Nineties bar, Judge Nicholson ordered show fully investigated. Top vice cop Jake Sullivan

said "nothing obscene or immoral in show" but he'd like it stopped anyhow. . . .

BALTIMORE: Cops raid private New Year's parties, arresting two college profs & a high school teacher at interracial affair; then make house-to-house searches on John Doe warrants on basis of address books seized. Close Gay bars repeatedly. Why? To take heat off in police-corruption investigations. . . .

CALIFORNIA: State prison officials shook over ex San Quentin's shrink's testimony about rampant brutality and male-rapes at SQ. . . . So. Cal. Assemblyman H. Allen Smith proposes bill that persons committed as sex psychopaths could be held indefinitely and without hearings on misdemeanor charges, and that Dept. of Educ. could so class any teacher at will & suspend credentials. . . . Move to pull license from L.A.'s 326 Club on Spring St. ("The Numbers") nn. S.F. Topcop in mini-mag MEN: "Don't Call Us 'Queer City'." . . .

BUENOS AIRES: Police jail 300 homosexuals in one nite so government can recommend return to legalized prostitution. . . .

BANGKOK: In preparation for Southeast Asia Treaty Organization Meeting, and with prodding from CIA, Siamese police, "to avoid embarrassing incidents," round up "numerous perverts." Bangkok's mothers were further ordered not to let their children run nude thru streets during conference. Can't trust those American diplomats, you know. . . .

JOURNEY

introducing Ric Ketchum

By Frank Carlson

Photography by Hy Chase



*I open my eyes as if—for the first time
to behold things never known to me.
As I strip away heavy bonds I have known
I sense a newfound feeling of 'life'*

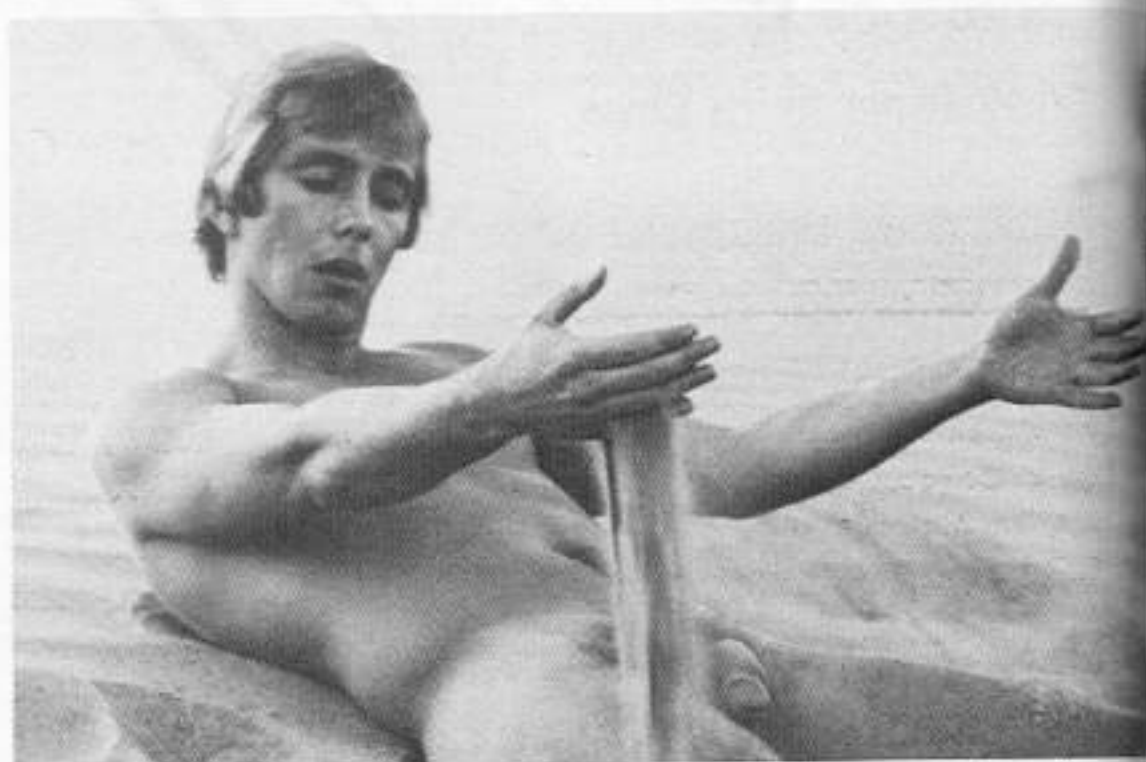




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*Never before in this world of brick and concrete
have I felt so . . . so free . . .
Always before I was told no, hide yourself
don't show . . . don't let anyone know . . .*

S





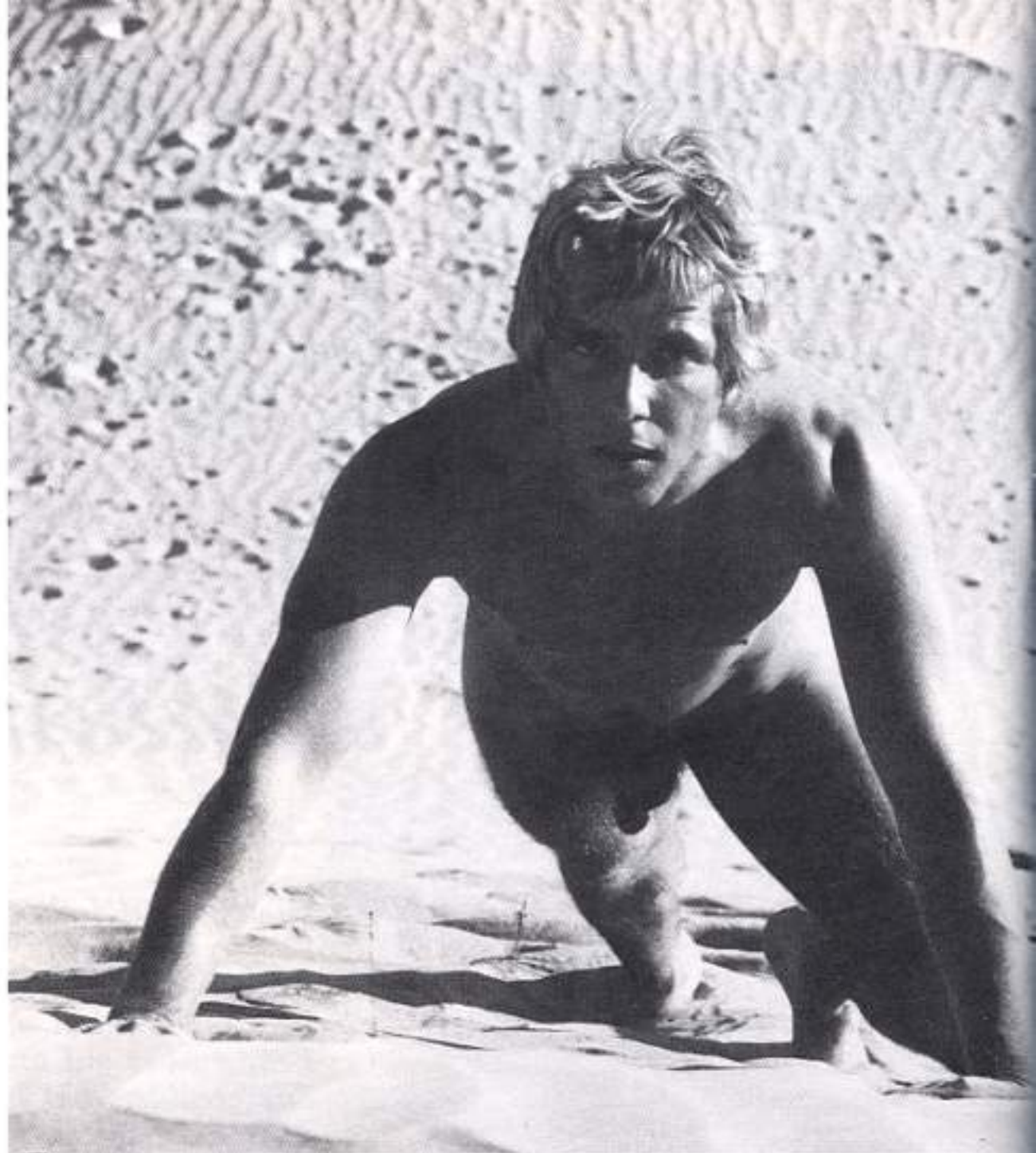
*How good it feels
this feeling of life . . .
the soft earth beneath my feet . . .
with the wind at my back.
Fear rushes out and I discover
this creature that is me . . . how strange
It is not ugly as I thought—as I was told*



*Has it always been so
Have I lived so long and never known
Have I dreaded this moment for so long
Living always in darkness
Hiding from this and nothing more . . .
Hiding from Life . . .*

*I begin now a journey
To explore these things I have hidden from.
I step from the shadows . . . unafraid
A new ray of sunshine glistens
across the surface of unexplored frontiers
beckoning to me.*

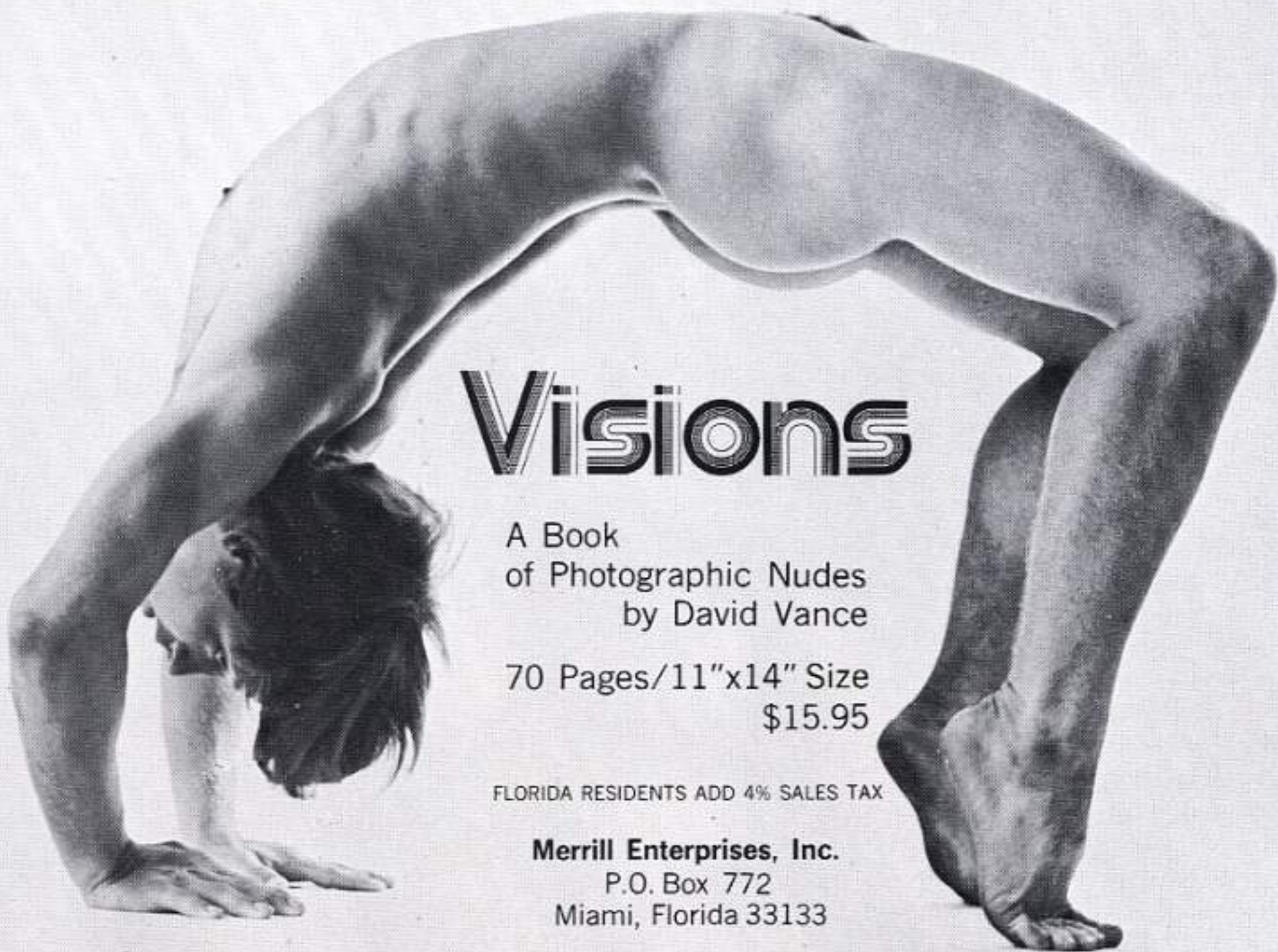
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*Go & see . . . Go and see
You are Free - Free - Free!*







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THEATRE *continued from page 42*

Mr. Quintero a genius then. His celebrated touch is strangely missing here and Robards never really catches fire until the second act. His desperation over the passing of his mother is quite moving, made all the more affecting by his line:

"I don't like your moon, Josie. It's an ad for the Past."

When he awakens from his drunken binge and notes the freshness of the new day, he sparkles with:

"Well, God seems to be putting on quite a display!"

But the rest of his performance simply isn't there. Colleen Dewhurst makes a strong Earth Mother Figure and she dominates most of the play. Even so, it remains a relentless study in tedium. The stark black-slat latticework that frames the abstract farmhouse setting is the ingenious handiwork of Ben Edwards.



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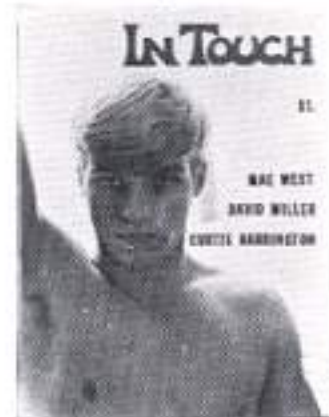
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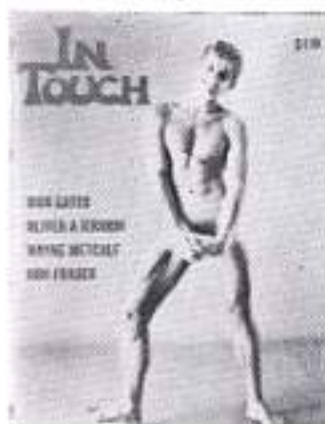
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